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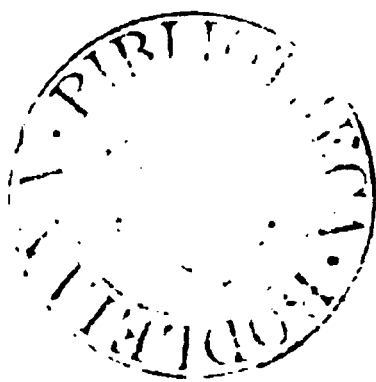
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ART. I.—TRADE-UNIONS: HOW FAR LEGITIMATE.

First, Second, Third, and Fourth Reports of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Organization and Rules of Trade-Unions and other Associations. V.Y.

TRADE-UNIONS are on their trial. Large and increasing numbers of workmen have banded together to promote their common interests; they claim to represent the feelings and wishes of the artisans in each trade; they possess large resources, and have used their power with such effect that while they proclaim higher wages, lighter labour, and increased influence, as fruits of their exertions, they are denounced by numerous opponents as illegal societies, using outrage and intimidation to coerce men and masters, and as injuring commerce, without permanent benefit even to the members of these unlawful unions. The men say that they have found a plan by which they can, and do, better their condition, and they claim the right to put their plan in practice under the protection of the law. They are answered by the assertion that trade-unions are nurseries of disaffection, fatal to liberty, hostile to merit, and injurious at once to capital and labour. On all hands legislation is called for; each party awaits with impatience the report of the Royal Commission now sitting; the unions demand recognition as corporate bodies able to possess property and to recover debts at law; while their opponents press for the complete abolition of the system, or at least for such repressive and restrictive measures as shall break the power of these combinations.

The issues are of imperial importance. Mistaken legislation in one direction may involve great detriment to our

commercial prosperity ; and errors of an opposite kind may alienate the great body of skilled artisans to whom the suffrage has just been largely intrusted. The loyalty of these men to our constitution as hitherto worked will in a great measure depend on the justice done to their demands by the expiring Parliament ; and no worse effect could follow the extension of the suffrage than an attempt by workmen to use their new power to alter legislation in a sense favourable to their immediate interests, but adverse to those of the nation. The evidence received by the Royal Commission, and the questions asked by the members of that Commission, seem to show that even among those who are familiar with trade, with workmen, and with the handling of economical questions, the gravest errors are rife—errors indorsed without hesitation by the greater portion of the press. The claims and practices of unions are judged on no fixed principles, and their legitimate action is condemned with almost the same rigour as is justly displayed in branding the foul crimes which they have fostered. The wishes of workmen are misunderstood, their habits are unknown, and they are pitied for hardships unheard of from the mouths of artisans, but mercifully vouched for by master builders.

The principles of political economy, though often quoted, are little understood ; we propose—*first*, to discuss those principles as affecting trade-unions ; *secondly*, to consider the right to combine ; *thirdly*, to describe unions as they exist ; and *finally*, to examine what legislative action is required. Before entering on these four subdivisions of our task, we will state briefly the general features of the case for and against trade-unions, and for the latter purpose shall draw largely from an article in the *Quarterly Review*.

This article begins with the assertion that unions are not economically beneficial to their members ; that they do not, and cannot, raise wages permanently. It is not denied that wages have risen since the establishment of unions, but this rise may have been due to large profits made in trade—not to the unions at all. When profits are large the demand for labour will be great, and wages must rise. When profits are small in a given trade, capital will be driven from that trade, and wages will fall. The action of trade-unions cannot, it is said, increase the wages-fund or capital out of which the workmen are to be paid, nor do they diminish the number of the recipients, though they may prevent the increase of that number by arbitrarily limiting the number of apprentices. Now, wages depend simply on the ratio between the capital employed as wages and the number of persons to be paid ; and unless by augmenting the

capital or by diminishing the number, in other words, by augmenting the demand or diminishing the supply, no permanent alteration in wages can be effected. The question for those who wish to raise the wages of labour is, not how to divide the existing wages fund in a manner more favourable to the working man, but how to increase competition for his labour among employers ; in other words, how to increase the wages fund. Trade-unions, far from even aiming at this end, drive capital away from trade by harassing employers, diminishing profits, and increasing risks. Therefore, in the long-run they tend to diminish wages, and though for a little while they may obtain an increase from an employer working, for instance, under a penalty, the increase is only temporary, and is little, if at all, short of a theft from that employer. But while they fail to increase wages, they do increase the cost of production ; they do therefore injure all consumers, themselves as well as others. By excluding competition, they may raise their own wages, but this exclusion constitutes a tyrannous monopoly which cannot be permitted for a day ; and even this monopoly can never raise the wages of working men as a whole. The main aim and object of trade-unions being to raise wages, the above arguments lead to the conclusion that this object is a delusion based on an obvious fallacy, so that unions are, so far even as concerns the interest of their members, an enormous blunder. But worse than this, they are injurious to the country at large, and their existence is irreconcilable with public policy. They injure the quality of all articles produced, by diminishing competition among artisans ; they are hostile to excellence among workmen, discouraging piece-work and over-time, by which the skilful man may hope to better his condition ; they oppose machinery, and foster dissension between employers and employed ; they limit the quantity of wealth produced, by limiting the number of producers ;—by all these means, without benefit to themselves, they banish trade, and increase the cost of produce to consumers. Worse still, they are not even honest, nor do they represent the true feelings and wishes of workmen ; they are governed by glib democrats, who resort to force and outrage to establish their power ; they are secret societies, and therefore odious ; they have been established by fraud, on the pretence of being benefit societies, for which purpose they are even now bankrupt ; the savings which should have been invested to provide for the benefits have been squandered in futile strikes, and even had every sixpence been profitably invested, the subscriptions are inadequate to provide for the payments promised. It is really a comfort to think that such monstrous organizations are even by the present law illegal.

and we must readily grant that the only remedy practicable is total abolition. Here and there we have reinforced the *Quarterly* argument by extracts from the evidence of Mr. Mault and others; and assuredly this impeachment, supported by evidence of murder, theft, and outrage, can be met by no light denial.

Let us now hear what men in unions claim to have accomplished, what objects they avow, and how they answer the accusations against them. As to wages, the men say:—"We *have* raised wages; if political economy says that this is impossible, so much the worse for political economy; we know that unions do raise wages, and our employers know it, and this is one reason why they are hostile to unions. Our opinion is no conjecture, but based on evidence collected for years from all parts of England,—evidence which we lay before you. The cry used always to be that strikes could not raise wages; now it often is that wages have by unions and strikes been raised so high that trade is banished to other countries. Not only do we raise wages, but by the establishment of working rules, by the collection of information as to the want and excess of labour in different towns, by the selection of good and exclusion of bad workmen, by discouraging piece-work and over-time, noxious practices both, we have greatly benefited our members, and at the same time we have benefited both our employers and the consumers of the wealth we produce. By the establishment of organized bodies with whom employers can treat and argue, we have diminished the number of strikes, and facilitated arbitration; our unions supervise the conduct of their members, and we have notably raised the social position of the artisan; by our benefit funds we encourage frugality, and have banished pauperism from among us. Your calculations as to our bankruptcy are based on a misconception of our rules; we do not discourage excellence; we do not oppose machinery; we are not governed by democrats; we no more injure trade by refusing to work for less than 36s. per week than a capitalist injures trade by refusing to invest his money for less than 10 per cent. The unions are popular even among non-members, and are recognised by the whole working class of the country as acting in their interests, and we so love our unions that we will emigrate or starve rather than abandon them. We admit that the great power given by unions has been abused by the ignorant in certain trades; we admit that even the best unions have from time to time made mistakes, and that the worst have incited men to murder and outrage; we will second every endeavour to prevent the recurrence of such crimes, but we contend that such great power has never yet been wielded by single men or by large bodies with less abuse of that power;

we claim to have our rights recognised by law ; we will cheerfully submit to those restrictions of our power which are required for the general good, but if you determine on abolition we will use our whole political power to reverse your decision."

The answer reads tamely after the accusation. Here and there it involves direct contradiction as to facts. It does not meet the case as to limiting the number of competitors, and it could only be honestly delivered by members of the best unions ; but before examining any of the minor contradictions, we must endeavour to settle the first question at issue, Can or cannot unions raise wages ? This really is a fundamental question. If unions cannot raise wages, it is futile to discuss whether they should be permitted to try ; they certainly cause great annoyance and loss by their endeavours, and also suffer much themselves ; if they cannot raise wages, neither can they obtain other indirect benefits, such as shorter hours, equivalent to increased pay. The one argument in favour of permitting combinations of workmen to bargain with their employers is that these combinations do enable men to make a more advantageous bargain with the capitalist. If this be not true, the policy of allowing an apparent but unreal privilege would be dishonest to the workman and unjust to the capitalist. It could only be palliated on the ground that we dare not interfere with the ignorance of the workmen, and must deceive them to keep them quiet. Let us, then, examine closely the arguments in favour of the proposition dinned daily into our ears, that no combination of workmen or of masters can alter the rate of wages.

These arguments take two forms, different in wording, but the same in essence, and are enounced as the doctrine of the Wages Fund, and the Law of Demand and Supply. Mr. Mill writes of the wages fund as follows :—

" Wages depend, then, on the proportion between the number of the labouring population and the capital or other funds devoted to the purchase of labour ; we will say, for shortness, the capital. If wages are higher at one time or place than at another, if the subsistence and comfort of the class of hired labourers are more ample, it is and can be for no other reason than because capital bears a greater proportion to population. It is not the absolute amount of accommodation or of production that is of importance to the labouring class ; it is not the amount even of the funds destined for distribution among the labourers : it is the proportion between those funds and the numbers among whom they are shared. The condition of the class can be bettered in no other way than by altering that proportion to their advantage ; and every scheme for their benefit which does not proceed on this as a foundation, is, for all permanent purposes, a delusion."

Very clear, and very true. When you know the number of recipients and the sum to be paid them, divide the number of shillings by the number of men, and you obtain the mean wages. If 1000 eggs are sold daily, and 1000 pence are daily spent on eggs, the mean price of eggs that day will be a penny a piece. The price of eggs depends on the egg fund, it seems. Diminish the number of men, diminish your divisor, says Mill, and your quotient will be larger. Sell only 500 eggs, and the price will be twopence, if the egg fund remains the same, which it will not. Still, we do not deny that by restricting the number of eggs for sale, and of labourers applying for employment, the price of eggs and rate of wages will rise though the wages and egg funds will fall. But we seem now to be leaving the clear and beaten path of simple division: apparently this same wages fund is not a constant quantity. It may diminish, it may increase. This becomes interesting to our labourers, who cannot readily diminish their numbers. Cannot this same wages fund be persuaded to increase for their benefit? How does it happen to be exactly the amount it is? What will make it rise, what will make it fall? The stock answer is, "My poor fellows, do not delude yourselves; the wages fund depends on the profits of capital; if profits are large the fund may increase, but everything tending to diminish the profits diminishes the wages fund, so if you or some of you for a little while get increased wages, diminishing our profits, the fund to be divided among you next year will be smaller; and so, however much we may regret it, you will infallibly get less than you do now; what you are now getting is the market price of your labour—the laws of political economy say so." Workmen do not always believe this, and sometimes do get an increase of wages; but the argument of the economists is elastic—they say the wages fund has increased; your new wages are now the market price of labour; you would have got it without asking. But all workmen are not quite sure that this is true, nor are we. The fallacy lies in the premiss that everything which diminishes profits diminishes the wages fund, or the saving which the capitalist applies to the purchase of labour. Of course the tendency in that direction must be admitted, but the motion of a body is not determined by one force only; to deduce its motion by calculation from the forces in action, we must take all the forces into account, all the tendencies; and we venture to say that in a large number of cases diminished profits on capital may cause an increase in the saving applied to the purposes of production. Take a concrete case first. A manufacturer having a large fixed capital in the form of a factory, has for some years cleared as gross receipts £100,000; he has paid as wages £80,000 per annum; for simplicity's sake we may assume that

he pays for his raw material and tools in wages only ; he has spent £20,000 per annum on his personal establishment. Under pressure from trade-unions he has thought it wise to give an increase of wages to his workmen for one year, though they have neither diminished in numbers nor have his profits increased ; he would rather not face the loss entailed by a strike. Such things do happen. That year he pays his workmen £90,000, and finds he has only £10,000 clear profits. What will this man do ? Will he next year pay a smaller number of workmen, employing say only £50,000 in wages at his original mill, and diverting the balance of £50,000 to increase other investments or his personal expenditure, or will he curtail his expenditure, and provide £90,000 as wages for his workmen next year too ? As a matter of observation, many manufacturers will continue the production to the extent of £100,000 per annum, and will increase the amount paid as wages. Their gains do not represent the profits on the wages fund alone, but on the fixed capital as well. If they diminish the rate of production in their factory by investing a large portion of their gross annual receipts elsewhere, they greatly diminish the returns on their fixed capital, so much indeed as to outweigh any moderate advantage they can obtain by investing annual receipts more profitably. This consideration will often lead a manufacturer to continue his business with increased wages and diminished profits. No manufacturer has come before the Commission to say, "I have always, or generally, diminished my business whenever I have had to give increased wages ;" and yet, whenever a man does continue his business at the original rate of production, with increased wages and constant, or nearly constant, receipts, he is increasing the wages fund or his circulating capital in the face of a diminished profit. Should he obtain an increase of price from the consumer, our argument is strengthened.

The greatest portion of the circulating capital of a country constituting its wages fund is of this nature. Year by year the savings of other classes add to this fund, but it is mainly composed of the price received by the manufacturer for his produce, a portion of which he habitually re-invests in the payment of labour without any conscious effort to save. We now assert that the proportion which he does so re-invest is not necessarily smaller because wages are larger or profits smaller. A manufacturer will generally work his mill or factory to the utmost so long as he does obtain a profit ; he does not voluntarily set aside a certain sum for wages, diminishing and increasing that sum according to profits, but he employs as many men as he can, and pays them what he must. How this "must" is determined, shall be considered further on. Obviously there is a

limit to action of this sort. Any conscious savings he will generally invest in other undertakings, and if his profits fall below a certain point, he will endeavour in all ways to divert the use of his fixed capital to other objects. He may be unable to control his personal expenditure; and so, if wages rise and profits fall beyond a certain point, his contribution to the wages fund will diminish, and possibly disappear, owing to his ruin. But how is this certain point to be determined? Are all manufacturers habitually carrying on their business at such profits, that should these diminish they will diminish their annual payments in wages? We think not, and if not, the wages fund may increase in the face of diminished profits.

Let us turn to the second class of capitalists, men who, not being manufacturers, save to invest money, with the object of obtaining an assured income as the reward of their saving. A portion of each new saving will find its way into the wages fund. Will these savings be increased or diminished as the rate of interest is high or low? On the one hand, a high rate of interest is a greater temptation to investment than a low one; but then with a low rate of interest a much larger sum must be invested to return a given income, and a given ideal income, of say £1000 per annum, is generally the object of investors of this class. Is it clear that the saving for investment in countries with a high average rate of interest, is greater in proportion to the incomes than in countries where a low rate of interest obtains? We doubt it extremely; indeed, we entirely disbelieve that saving increases in proportion to the rate of interest to be obtained. We do not believe that men determine if they can get 10 per cent. that they will invest £1000, but if they can only get 5 per cent. they will spend it. The contrary proposition is more nearly true: if men can get 10 per cent. for their money, they will consider they have made a sufficient provision for their family by investing £10,000; if they can only get 5 per cent. they feel compelled to invest £20,000 before retiring from business. In fine, both with the manufacturer re-investing old savings in his own business, and the professional man investing new savings, diminished profits on capital lead to diminished expenditure, and not always or generally to diminished saving. The reason why this fact is very generally denied may probably be, a confusion between profits and the fund out of which savings are taken. If, it is said, the profits from which savings are made for re-investment diminish, how can we expect savings to increase? But the renewed savings for re-investment which constitute the great bulk of the wages fund do not come out of profits, but out of gross receipts. Our typical manufacturer does not annually obtain the £80,000 or £90,000 used for wages out of his profits

of £10,000 or £20,000, but out of his gross annual receipts of £100,000. So that diminished profits do not entail a diminution in the fund from which renewed savings are made. They do diminish the fund from which new savings are drawn, and no one will deny that in face of falling profits and rising wages new investments in a particular trade will be checked.

Hitherto we have assumed that notwithstanding the increased cost of production consumers would pay no more for the produce. If they do pay more, the fund from which the renewed savings are drawn will increase also, and the wages fund will or may be increased still further. We took the other case first, as more unfavourable to our views.

But, it may be urged, the argument as to a possible increase of the wages fund notwithstanding diminished profits, cannot hold good in those employments which require but little fixed capital. Undoubtedly the more easily capital can be transferred from one business to another, the sooner will any possible increase of wages fund applicable to that business reach its limit; but this same transfer of capital is by no means an easy matter, as any manufacturer or man of business will tell us.

Some persons in speaking of the wages fund seem to imagine that there would be a material as well as a moral difficulty in paying increased wages. They reason as if wages were limited by the amount of cash which manufacturers hold. It is of no use, they say, that the manufacturer may be willing to pay increased wages, if he has not already saved money enough for the purpose. A man cannot give what he has not got. A man who will open his eyes and will look at the way in which wages are paid in practice, will never be deceived by this fallacy. There is a very considerable available sum in the hands of all solvent persons and manufacturers, used to provide against irregularities in receipts and payments. This fund in money, or in assets easily convertible into money, forms a kind of distributing reservoir, and might be called the reservoir fund. If it were not for a fund of this kind the richest man might be in continual straits for a few pounds because receipts do not arrive daily, but at intermittent and at more or less uncertain times. No solvent manufacturer (except in times of panic) would have any difficulty in doubling the wages of all his workmen next week and for many weeks following (though he might ultimately be ruined by the process), any more than a solvent consumer would have any difficulty in doubling his weekly expenditure, though he might ultimately leave himself without a penny. All money received by a manufacturer is first paid into the reservoir fund; from that fund it may pass

into four distinct channels: it may be spent, it may be invested in fixed capital unproductively, in fixed capital productively, or finally, in circulating capital out of which wages are paid. If the manufacture is profitable, the receipts paid into the reservoir fund continually exceed the sum returned into the circulating channel; an increase in the wages of the workmen increases the sum to be returned, and diminishes the sums flowing into the three other channels. Even if the trade is not profitable, wages may be increased, but only by drawing back through the second or third channel sums previously invested, until the manufacturer is wholly ruined. To allow this last re-absorption, savings made by some other person are certainly required, and in hard times these savings may not be forthcoming, so that in common language our manufacturer cannot realize his assets. He will be all the sooner ruined in this case by unprofitable trade; but so long as trade is profitable, in order to pay increased wages he need only divert out of the reservoir fund what, up to that time, he has habitually spent or consumed as income. Thus there is no material obstacle to an increase of wages, so long as any profit whatever is made by trade.

Having sifted the wages fund argument, we find that it tells us nothing as to the possible price of labour, because it does not tell us how the wages fund itself is determined. It may increase by obtaining a larger share of the gross receipts from the sale of produce, though profits may be less; it may be swelled by the increased savings of the community made in the face of a diminished average rate of interest; it may rise by an increase in the gross receipts received by the maker from the consumer, and the want of specie opposes no obstacle to an increase of wages so long as produce will sell for more than its cost. We see that in some uncertain way the wages fund is affected by the security of property, the effective desire of accumulation, profits made on capital, the number of labourers, peace or war, but we have found no better way than mere observation of determining whether a given change of circumstances will or will not augment the fund. One class of economists believe they can give a definite rule by which the price of labour may be determined, or at least by which any permanent change in that price is regulated. This rule would, therefore, if true, allow us to calculate either the wages fund or the change in the wages fund due to altered circumstances. This rule they name the Law of Demand and Supply. We will again take our definition of the law from Mr. Mill, who says—

“The idea of a ratio as between demand and supply is out of place,

and has no concern in the matter; the proper mathematical analogy is that of an equation.

"Demand and supply, the quantity demanded and the quantity supplied, will be made equal. If unequal at any moment, competition equalizes them, and the manner in which this is done is by an adjustment of the value. If the demand increases, the value rises; if the demand diminishes, the value falls; again, if the supply falls off, the value rises; and falls if the supply is increased. The rise or the fall continues until the demand and supply are again equal to one another; and the value which a commodity will bring in any market is no other than the value which in that market gives a demand just sufficient to carry off the existing or expected supply. . . . This then is the law of value with respect to all commodities not susceptible of being multiplied at pleasure.

"There are commodities of which, though capable of being increased or diminished to a great or even unlimited extent, the value never depends on anything but demand and supply. This is the case in particular with the commodity labour."

Well, as Mill says labour and commodities not capable of being multiplied at pleasure have their value fixed by demand and supply alone, let us first see what that law means as applied to some given commodity.

A thousand equal diamonds are offered for sale; a thousand purchasers equally desire them: what will be the price of diamonds? A thousand eggs have been imported to a henless island; a thousand islanders would like to have them for breakfast: what will be the price of eggs? No economist has hitherto stated the law of demand and supply so as allow this calculation to be made.

Let us examine more nearly what is meant by "demand" and "supply." The word *demand* is used in two distinct senses, and the confusion arising from these two meanings lies at the bottom of much bad reasoning. *Supply* is almost always used to signify "the quantity offered for sale," and can be expressed or measured by a number. Thus the supply of eggs is the number of eggs; the supply of land the number of acres in the market. When the demand is said to be equal to the supply, men mean that all of the commodity offered for sale is bought, and that no more would have been bought had it been offered. In this sense demand also means a quantity measured by a number; as Mill says, "A ratio between demand and supply is only intelligible if by demand we mean the quantity demanded." But the word *demand*, as popularly used, signifies a desire; and when 100 eggs are sold each day at 2d. each, instead of 1d., the demand is said to have increased; and so correct would this language be in any other than in a highly technical sense, that

correct reasoning will be impossible so long as this ambiguous word is used to signify the quantity demanded. The quantity demanded depends on the price at which the goods can be purchased; and the demand in the sense of a desire may be measured by value as expressed in money. Thus, in a place where 1000 eggs per diem are sold at 2d. each, the desire for eggs may be said to be twice as strong as in a place where 1000 eggs will fetch daily 1d. a piece only. Again, the number supplied, popularly called the supply, must not be confounded with the readiness to sell the commodity in question. We may say that the people who sell the 1000 eggs at 1d. are twice as ready to part with or supply eggs as those who sell them at 2d. The equality between demand and supply means equality between the number demanded and the number supplied at a given price; and to signify these numbers we shall use these words, and not the words demand and supply. No equality or ratio can be said to exist between the desire to buy and the readiness to sell. When our 1000 eggs are sold at 2d., the desire to buy was clearly greater than when they were sold at 1d., but the readiness to sell was less in the former case than in the latter. A high price indicates a great demand and a small supply, in the sense of readiness to sell. If the desire be measured by the product of the number sold and their price—in other words, by the whole sum spent,—the readiness of a community to sell, being inversely proportional to the price, might be measured by what is called the reciprocal of that price, or by the quotient of the number supplied by the money spent. Measured thus there is no equality or constant ratio between desire to buy and readiness to sell. The two may increase together, as when a larger number are sold at a constant price, or either may increase while the other diminishes, or both may decrease together. There is, indeed, an equality between the wish to buy and the reluctance to sell each individual thing, but this means no more than that the purchaser and seller must agree on one price before a transaction can take place. Still, as reluctance to sell is measured by the price demanded, we might state that when prices are constant, the desire to purchase is equal to the reluctance to sell, measuring one by the money spent and the other by the money received. These two equations, first between two numbers, and secondly between two values, are both true, and can one be deduced from the other; but unfortunately, because the number demanded has an effect on the reluctance to sell, and *vice versa*, people speak as if the equation lay between the number demanded and the readiness or perhaps the reluctance to sell—which is nonsense. Any increase in the number demanded at a given price indicates an

increase at the time in the whole desire for the thing wanted; but it is not true that an increased total desire for the thing wanted necessarily indicates an increase in the number demanded. At one time in a given town 1000 workmen may be wanted at 20s. per week, and at another time only 800 workmen at 30s. If the value of money has remained constant with respect to other commodities, the total desire of the community for that particular kind of labour may be said to be greater in the second case than in the first, though the number of labourers wanted is less. Again, if at one time 1000 are willing to work at 20s., and at another time none, or say only 100, will work at 20s., while 900 are willing to work for 25s., the readiness to supply labour will have diminished, though the number of labourers remains the same. To avoid confusion, we will avoid the equivocal words *demand* and *supply* altogether, and speak only of the number or quantity demanded and supplied as one pair of corresponding ideas, and the desire to purchase and reluctance to sell as a second pair of comparable magnitudes.¹

We assert that the number of things bought and sold may remain perfectly constant and yet a considerable change of price take place. Not only may the number remain equal at very different prices—this no one denies; but a thousand transactions

¹ We may now try to write the equation indicated by Mr. Mill. Let the quantity demanded be called D , and the variable price x . We know that D is affected by the price, diminishing as the price increases, and may therefore write $D = f \frac{1}{x}$, where f is not a simple factor, but is a mere

symbol, indicating that D increases as the price diminishes, and is affected by no other circumstance, an assumption which on any given market-day may be true. Next, let S be the number which at the price x will be supplied during the same time that the quantity D is bought. S will also vary with the price, but it will increase as the price increases. We may therefore write $S = Fx$, expressing the assumption that S is a function of the price, and is affected by no other circumstance. When D is equal to S , we have

the equation $f \frac{1}{x} = Fx$, by which the price x could be calculated, and would

be determined, if the quantities demanded and supplied varied according to any constant law, and merely in consequence of variation of price. There would then be only one natural and invariable value or price for each article. But this equation does not express all that Mill says. If the desire for the article increases, the value tends to rise. The quantity demanded then is not a mere function of the price. D must therefore be considered equal to

some more complicated expression, such as $f(A + \frac{1}{x})$, where A is some un-

known variable quantity. Again, the readiness to sell at a given price may diminish, and so diminish the quantity supplied, which is therefore not a mere function of price. To express this we write $S = F(B + x)$, where B again is an unknown variable quantity; thus when D is equal to S , we have

the new equation, $f(A + \frac{1}{x}) = F(B + x)$,—an equation in which, so long as

may take place this year at one price and a thousand transactions may take place next year at double the price without any variation whatever having taken place in the demand or supply, as measured by the number of goods supplied and sold. What is necessary for this result is simply that while a disinclination to supply the article at the old price arises, an inclination on the part of purchasers to buy at a higher price shall also arise. So long as the total desire for the article, and reluctance or readiness to sell it, are unaltered, the price of the commodity remains fixed. Competition between both buyers and purchasers brings back the price to this fixed amount whenever any accidental deviation occurs. This is the law of demand and supply, as usually understood. The price is no more fixed by competition than a weight is fixed by a balance and scales ; but the balance and scales serve to measure weights, and competition brings the price to the amount fixed by other considerations, which, in the case of a limited article, may be infinite in number, including everything capable of increasing the desire for the commodity, or the reluctance to part with it ; The action of the law as usually described is true, but partial ; the effect due to a disinclination on the part of purchasers to

A and B and f and F were all constant in value and form, x would remain constant, and would be fixed in terms of these magnitudes. If x were to rise by what we may term an accident for a day or two above the value determined by the equation, the first number would be smaller than the second, the quantity supplied would be in excess of that required, competition would therefore at once lower the price to its true value, as determined by the above equation, so that all the goods supplied might be sold. The consequence of a fall in price diminishing the second member would be to raise the first. The increased quantity wanted would bring back x to its true market value. Again, suppose that the desire to possess the goods increases by an increase of A ; if B remains constant then x must rise to maintain our equation. If the readiness to sell increases by an increase of B , x must fall. Our equation thus expresses every relation between value, demand, and supply, which Mill states as expressing the law of value with respect to all commodities not susceptible of being multiplied at pleasure. But there is nothing in this law to prevent A , f , F and B from varying any day or any hour, from motives of the most opposite kind.

When the quantity demanded at a fixed price increases, A is increased. If B varies at the same time to a corresponding extent, we may have x the same as before, but a brisk trade instead of a slow one. If, on the other hand, B diminishes while A is constant, the price will rise while the number of transactions will become more limited, but if A rises while B falls, we may have a new and higher value of x , with a constant number of transactions ; this is the conclusion to which we especially wish to draw attention. A diminished supply conveys to the minds of most persons the idea of absolutely fewer things for sale ; but when an exact definition is sought of the number of things for sale, the idea of price is necessarily added ; the things must be for sale at a given price, and an increase in the price at which a given number will be supplied produces many of the effects due to a diminution in the number supplied at a constant price.

sell at the old price is admitted as a virtual diminution of supply, but this increased price will, it is said, diminish the demand, meaning the number demanded, and so the price may rise, but the number demanded, as well as the number supplied, will fall; on the other hand, the demand, meaning either number demanded or desire to purchase, may rise; this they say will increase the number supplied under the stimulus of an increased price, and the price will rise with an increased number of transactions. No one has ever denied these two actions, both tending to an increase of price—but one with an increased trade, the other with a diminished trade. How is it that we are not equally familiar with the third case, where the demand, meaning the desire to purchase, increases, and the supply, meaning readiness to sell, diminishes at the same time, so that as before we have an increased price, but this time with neither an increase nor a decrease in the number of transactions?¹ A change of price at any time may be due to increased desire for possession, or increased reluctance to sell; the increased reluctance to sell may increase the desire for possession, or it may diminish this desire; the action in any one case can only be determined by experiment. If the holders of a thousand diamonds refuse to sell except at an average increase of 20 per cent. in price, no one can tell except by experiment whether more or less money will be spent in diamonds next year, nor even whether more or fewer diamonds will be bought.

To apply this reasoning to labour:—Wages, it is said, can only increase by an increase in the demand or by a decrease in the supply; and decrease in the supply is always interpreted to mean decrease in the number of men in want of employment. Now, an equivalent effect to that produced by a decrease in the number supplied is produced whenever a given number of men who were yesterday willing to work at 30s. per week are to-day unwilling to work at that price, and require 31s. instead of 30s. If while the readiness to sell labour is decreased the desire to purchase it does not increase, we allow that to re-establish equality between the number demanded and the number supplied, the number demanded or employed must fall as wages rise; but if the diminished readiness to work be accompanied by an increased wish for labourers, wages may rise, and the number employed remain the same, though the demand and

¹ The omission of this case from consideration tends to obscure the fact, that a great change in price may accompany a very small change in the number of transactions, and indeed that change of price has no invariable connexion with a change in the number of transactions, unless on the assumption that the quantities A , B , f and F all remain constant, which will be sensibly true during any short period. These quantities in the long-run all may, and do vary, for every commodity.

supply, as measured by the number demanded and supplied, would remain constant. Really it seems ridiculous to take so much pains to prove the self-evident proposition that if men want higher wages, and masters see that it is their interest to give those wages, the transaction may occur and all the men remain employed.

A second effect which may follow, and perhaps most generally does follow, the unwillingness of men to work except at increased wages, is this: the number employed may actually diminish, and yet the desire for labour, as measured by the total fund spent for labour, may increase; so that the reduced number, with augmented wages, may receive more than the larger number at lower wages; in this case it may be the interest of the workman to support his fellows out of work by a contribution from his gains, rather than, by a reduction in his own requirements, to allow them to find employment. We have reasoned so far on the assumption that the workmen act as one body, as is sensibly the case where unions are strong. We have therefore neglected the effect of competition among workmen. Where competition can occur, it weakens the effect which an increased reluctance to sell their labour on the part of some workmen can produce in increasing the total desire for their work. The smaller the united body which refuses the low wages, the less their power; but whatever their size and importance, the tendency of their action remains the same.

It may here be argued, that the increased desire or demand on the part of the masters would have given a rise of wages independently of any action on the part of the men; but it by no means follows that without the diminished willingness to work on the part of the men the increased desire would ever have arisen. The master builders of London want for their present work 2000 men. They are paying them 30s. a week; there may be no reason why they should want an increased number, and still less reason why *proprio motu* they should wish to give them 36s.; but let the men decline to work for less than 36s., the masters, if making a good profit, will still want 2000 men to do their work, and may therefore agree to advance the wages. The demand, in the sense of desire for labour, may thus be said to have increased, but it has increased solely in consequence of the diminished willingness to sell. On the other hand, if trade is bad and the workmen are unwilling to work, the masters will not care to give 36s., and so the diminished readiness to sell labour may diminish instead of increasing the desire for it; and if the men are obstinate, some may get employment at 36s. for urgent matters, but the whole desire for labour and number demanded will both diminish.

An antagonist might still urge this argument : When trade is so good that masters can afford the advance of wages, they would naturally extend their business, and would want more hands ; it is this potential increase in the number of hands wanted that really determines the increase of wages—not the refusal of the men to work for less than 36s. This need not always or even generally be true, but even in this case the action of the men in demanding more wages determines a rise of wages instead of extension of employment.¹

Our argument is briefly this :—Wages, like the price of all other limited commodities, depend on a conflict between the desire for the commodity and the reluctance to sell it. Anything affecting either feeling as to labour will alter wages. The total desire measured by the total sum paid for wages, may increase in consequence of large profits leading men to wish for an extension of trade, but it may also increase owing to increased reluctance on the part of the labourers to sell, leading the purchasers of labour and produce, one or both, to pay more, lest they should lose wholly, or in part, their profits, or the enjoyment of the produce. Competition is the process by which the price is ascertained at which the desire for the commodity and the reluctance to sell it are equal, but in no way can be said to determine the price.

We have come to a point where the identity of the wages fund argument with the demand and supply argument is obvious. The wages fund is the desire for labour, as measured by the total sum paid for it. That desire may increase or decrease in consequence of the increased reluctance of men to sell their labour. The increase of the fund invested by the capitalist may be due to increased payments he receives or expects to receive from his customers, or it may be directly due to a relinquishment of profits. It is wholly impossible to say when this will or will not be the case ; it is impossible to fix any one given rate of average return on capital which may be taken as a kind of standard towards which, in all times and places, the profits tend. By the joint action of capital and labour, profits are made ; that is to say, produce results from their action which exceeds the value of produce consumed by them in the process. Each claims a share in the profits ; each must have some share, or each will refuse his aid. How much

¹ To return to our equation : Under the influence of good trade *A* may rise and *B* fall, raising the value of *x*, and leaving the numerical value of each side of the equation unaltered. Or, on the other hand, *A* and *B* may both rise, while *x* remains constant. The action of the men determines the former change, corresponding to an increase of wages, in distinction to the latter change, indicating an increased number employed.

must each have ? in what proportion shall the profits be divided ? We apprehend that this is purely a question of bargain, and that the share each receives will vary, and may legitimately vary, within very wide limits. The capitalist may not force the labourer to work ; the labourer may not force the capitalist to invest savings productively ; each must tempt the other, and it is entirely a question of experiment how much temptation will in each case be required. It is quite possible that the temptation which was sufficient yesterday will not be sufficient to-day. Those who misapply the doctrine of demand and supply, or the wages fund argument, assume that the sum available to pay the workman is fixed beforehand, or, if not fixed, must be diminished by any increase of wages. To assume this is to beg the question. Every effect which is distinctly seen to follow on changes in demand and supply, as popularly understood, will follow without this wholly arbitrary assumption of fixed wages for a fixed supply of workmen ; and these known effects are not inconsistent with the fact that workmen, by bargaining, may in certain cases raise their wages. When more workmen are wanted than can be found, undoubtedly wages will rise without any bargaining ; the competition among masters for workmen in that case indicates the increased desire, it does not create it ; and when more workmen want work than are wanted, wages will fall in spite of bargaining ; the competition among workmen indicates their increased readiness to sell ; but when the number wanted and the number able to work are not very different, bargaining may raise wages or prevent a fall ; and in the two other cases it may increase a rise and diminish a fall—a conclusion surely not far removed from common sense. The contrary view, that somehow wages or prices are fixed by a law is something like the idea that the strength of a beam is fixed by an equation. We can imagine a party of wiseacres who should meet the proposal of an engineer to cheapen their bridges by saying, “ Pray, don’t be so foolish ; you ought to know that the strength of a beam is determined by mathematics ; ” and our primitive engineer, guiltless of algebra, might say, “ So much the worse for mathematics ; I know I can make beams lighter and stronger and cheaper, and I’ve done it.” At first this would be shortly denied ; but at last one of the party would find out that the mathematics were all right after all, the equations for the strength of a beam perfectly correct, only, that as some of the terms were variable, it was quite consistent with algebra that beams should be made stronger by a better distribution of material. Even so economists who know that the equation exists, determining prices, should remember that there are other variables in the equation besides prices, and that the law only determines the price in terms of these variables.

If it be granted that bargaining does affect wages, it will readily be allowed that an association with savings enables its members to bargain more advantageously than isolated workmen could do. If the alternative before the labourer is work at the wages offered or starvation, he will be much less resolute in his views as to his worth, than when the alternative lies between work at high wages and mere privation; and a large mass, acting in concert, finds support in the mutual approval of its members. Joint action also causes greater inconvenience to the capitalists, and forces them to make up their mind at one given time. This point requires no elaboration. Many persons think the unions ought not to be allowed to exercise the powers they possess, but few, if any, will deny that if wages can be altered by bargaining, unions can drive the harder bargain.

We have so far, with Mill, assumed that labour is on the same footing as to value as commodities of which the quantity cannot be increased; but the grounds of that assumption should be understood. The cost of articles which *can* be multiplied at will is rightly supposed to depend ultimately on the cost of production. Why? Because there is no room for the exercise of any unwillingness to sell, such as may occur in the case of holders of a monopoly. If one set of holders will not sell without a profit above the average, new makers will produce, and by their competition soon reduce the cost to that which represents an ordinary profit on outlay.¹

The *prima facie* reason why labour cannot be included in this category of objects is, that the quantity for sale cannot be increased or diminished quickly enough. The cost of manufacture of labour is (neglecting previous outlay on education) the cost of the weekly sustenance of the labourer, who has to go on producing himself, and however small his profits on his absolutely necessary outlay may be, he is forced to sell or die; but then he has the great advantage that by eating twice as much he cannot do twice as much work, so that at any time when he is all wanted, he gets the benefit of being a limited article,

¹ Returning to our equation, there is no room for B ; the number supplied can only depend on Fx ; but if the variable B disappears, A , as an independent variable, disappears too; for A could only vary in our equation without a change in fx or Fx by the variation of B . We then find that the price of a commodity such as this is absolutely fixed once for all, so long as the ratio between f and F remains constant. Now, the number supplied at a given price will increase precisely as the number wanted increases. So long as the profit remains unaltered—in other words, $F=fz$, where z is a factor or function depending on the cost of manufacture—hence the ratio between F and f can vary only from a variation in the cost of manufacture, in which one possible variation is a change in the average rate of profit expected by the maker.

and may get more than his prime cost ; but when he is not all wanted, and must sell his labour, he may be driven to cheapen his prime cost to starvation wages, or wages at which he can barely exist ; whereas other articles, if the profit falls too low, are simply not produced. Mill points out, very justly, that if time be given for adjustment, the labourer comes into the category of unlimited articles ; for though he will not avoid daily producing himself by eating, he may avoid reproducing himself in children, and will avoid doing so if his profit as a labourer be below a certain amount. This certain amount depends on what the labourer considers the minimum at which it is worth while to exist. The natural price of labour is fixed in this manner quite as definitely as the natural price of any unlimited commodity is fixed by the cost of its production, including in that cost the current rate of profit in trade. So far, therefore, it would appear that, after all, granting time, we might bring wages into the second category, in which bargaining avails nothing ; but there are here one or two remarks to be made. If the standard of comfort be so raised that our labourer positively will not work unless he has more food and better clothes than last year, his prime cost is raised ; but, considering the objection that men have to starvation and the workhouse, it is impossible that his standard should rise, unless he has some saving or fund to prevent his starving or to allow of emigration. This increase in the standard of comfort held by the labourer is analogous to the rate of profits expected by the manufacturer. If manufacturers, as a body, determine that it really is not worth while to produce goods except at an increased profit, the prime cost of their produce will be increased. Manufacturers could not act up to this determination unless they had savings—unless they combined, and unless they could prevent competition. The workman can only raise his price on precisely the same conditions, but he is fortunate so far, that competitors cannot readily be produced for any skilled employment. Ultimately, whenever population increases at such rate that competitors are practically unlimited, and where this population can flow without check into any skilled employment, wages must fall to such a point that no further competitors will enter the lists. But this increase in the number of competitors, and fall in the standard required as an inducement, both depend on man's own choice and on the standard of comfort once established. Whether, therefore, we look on wages as determined at any given time by the law of demand and supply, or as determined in the long-run by the cost of living, we find that the standard of comfort expected by the men, and the possession of savings sufficient to ward off starvation, may exercise great influence on the value of labour.

Much has been said on the identity of the interests of capital and labour. Well-meaning but fruitless attempts are made to teach workmen that capital and labour are never in antagonism. No one can deny that each needs the other; but they have a common interest only as the horse and his rider have a common interest. If the horse starves the rider must walk; if the horse jibs he must go to the knacker. So the rider feeds the horse, and the horse carries the rider. So far they have common interests; but it is none the less true that they have opposed interests, inasmuch as the horse would like to eat plenty of corn and do as little work as possible; while the rider, on the contrary, would be better pleased the less his horse ate and the farther he trotted. Workmen are all the less likely to see the common interest, if they hear the antagonism persistently denied with what seems to them hypocrisy. They think it monstrous that one of two parties to a bargain should be told to shut his eyes, and open his hands and take the wages fixed by Political Economy, which allegorical personage looks very like an employer on pay-day. On this ground of a common interest the workmen might as well require that all profits should be paid to them, and that employers should thankfully accept the share Political Economy, in the shape of a union secretary, might think fit to award them.

Let us openly face the fact, that wages and profits on capital are matters of bargain between men and master, and then we shall be prepared to consider under what conditions that bargain may be most advantageously made in the interests of the whole community. Revising our argument, and confining its application to a stationary community, we find that annually, in addition to fixed capital employed in production, a certain circulating capital is employed in the payment of wages to productive labourers. Annually the capital and labour produce wealth of more value than the circulating capital. This new wealth may be divided in an infinite variety of ways. The same sum as before may be spent as circulating capital in the shape of wages, and the whole excess of the wealth produced be consumed by the capitalist as his reward for saving. But this constancy need not be maintained; it is equally possible that the wealth may be divided in other proportions. What does in practice determine the proportions? We answer, the will of the capitalist and of the labourer. The exercise of this free will is subject to the heaviest penalties. The capitalist may refuse to re-invest so large a proportion of his wealth, and may diminish wages. His penalty may be that fewer workmen will work—perhaps none; his profits next year may diminish instead of increasing, he may find no profits, and have to live by consum-

ing the capital he would fain invest. Again, if the workmen demand a larger share, they do it at their peril; they may get a smaller share, they may get none. Thus a perpetual and inevitable strife arises as to the distribution of the wealth produced by the conjunction of labour and capital; each party declares their share to be the smallest they can possibly accept. "I will starve or emigrate rather than take less than 36s. per week," says the workman. "I will spend my wealth, or invest it abroad or in non-productive investments unless I get 15 per cent.," says the capitalist.¹ The sincerity of the two parties to the bargain cannot be tested except by the practical test of a refusal to work, or a refusal to employ workmen. It cannot be contended that the proportions of distribution once fixed will be constant, or that any natural proportion whatever does exist. No man by reasoning beforehand can discover what rate of profit will reward a man for saving, or in other words, what is the natural interest on capital. No man by reasoning *a priori* can determine what food, lodging, raiment, amusement will be sufficient for an artisan, or in other words, what are the natural wages of that artisan. Both the necessary reward to induce saving, and the standard of comfort, will vary immensely with custom, education, government, climate, and indeed with every circumstance which affects man's desire for wealth.

In the assertion of their determination, the capitalists stand at a great advantage when compared with an individual labourer who has no accumulated savings. He must work or starve, or break into open rebellion. When he has saved money, he may emigrate or change his occupation, since he will have time at his command. If many workmen at once determine not to work below a certain standard, and if they have accumulated funds, they stand more or less on an equal footing with the capitalist. They can wait, and he can wait; they suffer, and he suffers; the force of their determination is tested by the time during which each will endure the loss entailed. The capitalist sees opportunities of profits lost, he sees rivals supplanting him in trade; if his capital has been borrowed, he may see ruin impending. The workman sees his savings vanish, he endures privation at his home, he sees a rival workman at his bench, he must face unknown changes, starve, or live on charity.

This torture soon settles whether really the capitalist will be content with 14 per cent., or the workman with 30s. Nor is there any other test by which the proportion required to induce investment and to induce work can be settled. Workmen will

¹ There is no means in any one case of knowing what profit an employer really does make; the workman openly states his claim for so much a week; the employer does not state his profit, nor can be expected to do so.

continue to think it outrageous that the capitalist will not be content with less than 15 per cent. Masters will continue to think it monstrous that workmen who live uncommonly well on 36s. will not work for less than 40s. In truth, the master has no moral obligation to save or invest capital in consideration of any particular rate of interest, nor is it the duty of the workman to work at any given rate of wages. Capital and labour *are* antagonists, they must fight for the spoil, but they fight under this singular condition, which should put buttons on the foils—if one kills the other, the victor cannot long survive; nay, each feels every wound he gives his foe.

We have now completed the first branch of our inquiry, and, assuming that trade-unions can and do materially increase wages, will proceed to consider whether combination for this and analogous purposes ought to be permitted, and if permitted, under what restrictions, both as to the objects sought and the means employed to compass those objects; in brief, what are or what ought to be the rights of trade-unions, taking for our guide the interest of the community and the laws of positive morality.

Writers who admit that unions do and can raise wages, rarely contend that any legal restriction should be put on what they call the *right* to combine for the purpose of raising wages. Even the *Quarterly*, before venturing to recommend the abolition of unions, undertakes to prove that they do not benefit the workman by increasing his pay. Workmen generally hold the most decided belief that they have a *right* to combine with this object. So they have, while the law remains unaltered, but (we are almost afraid to write such heresy) they do not come into the world clothed with any natural right to combine, and the utility of these combinations to the nation is not so clear as they think. Granting that the law forces no man to sell his labour except on such terms as suit him (with exceptions which do not vitiate the reasoning), it does not follow that the law must and ought to grant a right of combination. How that poor word “right” is misused! It is perhaps hopeless to try to explain in a few words to those who do not know it already, that a “right” has any other meaning than something which is thought nice by the person using the word. We will, however, quote a passage from Mr. Austin’s work on the Province of Jurisprudence :—

“Every right supposes a duty incumbent on a party or parties other than the party entitled. Through the imposition of that corresponding duty, the right was conferred. Through the continuance of that corresponding duty, the right continues to exist. If that corresponding duty be the creature of a law imperative, the right is a right properly

so called. If that corresponding duty be the creature of a law improper, the right is styled a right by an analogical extension of the term. Consequently, a right existing through a duty imposed by the law of God, or a right existing through a duty imposed by positive law, is a right properly so called. Where the duty is the creature of a positive moral rule, the nature of the corresponding right depends upon the nature of the rule. If the rule imposing the duty be a law imperative and proper, the right is a right properly so called. If the rule imposing the duty be a law set by opinion, the right is styled a *right* through an analogical extension of the term. Rights conferred by the law of God, or rights existing through duties imposed by the law of God, may be styled *Divine*. Rights conferred by positive law, or rights existing through duties imposed by positive law, may be styled emphatically *legal*. Or it may be said of rights conferred by positive law, that they are sanctioned or protected *legally*. The rights, proper or improper, which are conferred by positive morality, may be styled *moral*. Or it may be said of rights conferred by positive morality, that they are sanctioned or protected *morally*."

No one will contend that Divine law enforces the duty of permitting or aiding trade-unions. Positive law may or may not, as it pleases Parliament. The whole question then as to the right of combination depends on the question whether there is a positive moral law imposing the duty of allowing or sanctioning trade-unions. Positive morality is unfortunately less well defined than Divine and positive law. We, for our part, cannot admit that any positive morality sanctions such combinations if they are injurious to the country, but will freely grant that so far as they are beneficent to the community they have a sanction. What we wish workmen would understand is, that they have no rights other than are sanctioned by Divine law, the law of their country, and positive morality; and that whether a supposed right has or has not the sanction of positive morality is a fair matter for argument, not to be settled by doggedly repeating a set phrase that every man has a right to vote, or a right to combine, or a right to be comfortable, etc. etc., but to be proved by showing that the exercise of this right benefits the community. Especially this right to combine is no clear matter, and always has been and ought to be conferred with great caution by positive law. For instance, almost every man has a right to walk up and down in the streets of London, but it would be intolerable that any 500 men should be allowed to combine, and all walk one way, blocking up the street; when the right to combine is granted, as to Volunteers, the right of walking about in any direction they please is restricted. Any one may go into Trafalgar Square; but a right to combine, even to hold a meeting, is quite another matter. Any one may carry on a

trade, but if several people combine to carry on trade, the right to combine, whether as partners, as a joint-stock or limited liability company, is conferred with restrictions devised in the interest of the community. People may think the laws affecting the joint-stock companies bad, and may wish to change them, but no one complains that the great powers of those companies are regulated by positive law. If joint-stock companies were clearly injurious to the community, they might be and ought to be abolished to-morrow, for there is no positive moral right to combine for the purpose of trading, nor is there any positive moral right to combine for the purpose of selling labour. Those who support trade-unions must therefore argue thus: These unions raise wages; they so far benefit the community by benefiting that section of it which is most numerous and least well off. Diminished profits to capital cause an evil which does not outweigh the good of increased wages, especially as there is a limit beyond which, if wages rise, the whole payment to the working classes will diminish, so that they will learn by experience at what point consistently with the good of the community their wages must cease for the time to rise. Their opponents, granting, as some do, that the unions raise wages, contend that by doing so they injure the consumer, first, by the direct increase of cost of the goods which he buys; and secondly, by the indirect decrease of production likely to result from diminished profits to capital. Unions raise prices and restrict trade. If the prices of produce rise in all trades, the purchasing power of the wages will remain the same, and the nominal benefit to workmen will confer no real benefit, while the loss to capitalists and annuitants will be doubled. It must, we think, be admitted that if unions become very general and the wages of the whole working classes rise, the purchasing power of the wages will not increase so much as the nominal value of the wages. But as the cost of produce does not wholly depend on the wages paid in this country, nor wholly on wages paid anywhere, but partly on the profits of capital, it must equally be admitted that the purchasing power of the wages will rise with their nominal amount, though not equally, and there will result, therefore, a tangible gain to the workman, and a loss to capitalists and annuitants. Looking at the relative position of the rich and poor, we do not think that the permission to combine should be withheld because it tends to diminish the present inequality of condition. Great inequality is necessary and desirable, but it is at present great enough to admit of some reduction. The accusation that unions do restrict trade is also well founded. No rationally conducted combination will so restrict trade as to diminish the total

wages fund, but a rational combination may diminish the rapidity of its extension, by diminishing the profits of capital. The inducement to save, and the fund out of which new savings are made are both diminished; and though other reasons, such as the desire for a given income, may tend to increase capital, still observation seems to show that trade will extend faster with large profits and small wages than with small profits and large wages. Is the rapid extension of trade a permanent good? Is it better that there shall be a working population of twenty-five millions with small wages, much pauperism, and great total wealth, or a population of twenty millions, less total wealth, but good wages, and little pauperism? To put the question is to answer it. If unions raise wages and the standard of comfort, the mere restriction to an increased trade will be no evil, provided the increased standard of comfort leads to a corresponding restriction of the increase of population. If it do not, then indeed the temporary gain to the fathers will be fatal to the children.

At one and the same time to diminish the increase in the production of wealth, and increase the number among whom the wealth is to be divided, is to insure a future generation of paupers. Trade-unions may for once increase the share of the workman in the profits on production, but they can only do it once, and so soon as the limit has been reached beyond which the wages fund under their action will decrease instead of increasing, they can no longer benefit the workman further than by maintaining the good they have won. When that wages fund has reached its maximum ratio to the total produce of the country, then every word said by Mill on the subject of the necessary limitation to population is applicable. Trade-unions could not maintain themselves in the face of paupers clamouring for employment, and perhaps the clear perception which those unions produce of the necessity of limited competition to the wellbeing of competitors for bread, may lead even the English workman to act on the precepts of Mill, as well as to vote for him and cheer him. Meanwhile, simple restriction of the extension of trade is not *per se* an evil, and none of the pleas against trade-unions founded upon it will hold water. When the Bank of England raises its rate of discount to 6, 7, 10 per cent. it restricts trade—unsound trade, you say; but is not trade unsound which requires for its success that the workmen shall be *quasi* paupers? The laws on joint-stock companies, the standing orders of the House of Commons, the determination of any board of directors not to invest money in an undertaking which promises to return less than five per cent., taxes, wars, Factory Acts—all these things are restrictions

on trade, some wise, some inevitable; thus, we cannot forbid actions simply because they restrict trade, and we can see no reason why combinations of capitalists should be permitted to fix the rate of interest at which they will invest their money, and combinations of workmen forbidden to fix the rate at which they will sell their labour. They no more restrict trade by demanding high wages than capitalists do by demanding high profits. The same reasoning answers the allegation that trade-unions drive away trade. Unquestionably, if the workmen are sufficiently foolish to persist in their demands for wages which the trade cannot afford, they may drive away the trade; but again, if capitalists are so foolish as not to sell unless at a profit so great as to prevent successful competition with other countries, they may lose their business, ruining themselves and their workmen. We do not, therefore, prescribe a given rate of profit as a maximum, but trust to self-interest as the strongest of motives to prevent such suicidal action. Workmen in practice may be found less sensible than employers, but there is much evidence in the Blue-Books to show that the unions do look very keenly into the possibility of foreign competition; and in an ideal union it is clear that information among the men that the trade was being lost would lead them to abate their demands.

An odd fallacy has been mooted lately, chiefly by Americans, to the effect that free-trade and high wages are incompatible—that, in effect, free-trade tends to lower wages, and that if the unions raise wages free-trade must be abandoned. The effect of free-trade at any place is to reduce the price of articles which cannot advantageously be made there, but it increases the price of articles which can be advantageously made there; and as under perfect free-trade no article would be produced anywhere but where it would be advantageously produced, it raises the price paid at each place for those articles, and raises the fund out of which wages arise. Free-trade, therefore, not only increases the purchasing power of fixed wages, but actually tends to raise wages. Thus, supposing wine can be more advantageously made in France and beer in England, under free-trade the average price of beer in the two countries will be higher than it was in England when excluded from France, and wine with free-trade will be dearer in the two countries than wine in France when excluded from England. But the average price of beer and wine in France and England will, with free-trade, be lower than without it. The Frenchman, if he sets his heart on alternate bottles of Bass and Beaune, will be able to purchase them for less than before; but the brewer of Bass and the

grower of Beaune will get more money with free-trade than without it, and will be able to pay higher wages, until of course by competition his profits are brought down to the average rate. Free-trade can only depress wages of those commodities which were already made at a disadvantage in any given place. If this disadvantage be due to excessive wages, it will depress wages ; but unless the manufacture can bear the average rate of wages, it ought not to be carried on in that place. The workmen have, therefore, in such a case to decide whether they prefer to abandon their trade or to work for lower wages ; but here again they are simply in the same position as the employer. Free-trade tends to diminish profits on all articles which cannot be advantageously made in a place, and so a producer of such articles must either abandon his trade or be content with small profits. Free-trade is good for both capital and labour when applied to proper objects ; it is inimical to capital and labour when improperly, that is to say wastefully, employed. It is found expedient to allow the capitalist to consult his own interest rather than prescribe his course of action by law ; and we think it will be found equally expedient to allow the workman to consult his interest, and to make no attempt to keep down wages by preventing the combination necessary to allow workmen to make a bargain.

When the right to combine is granted, it can only be granted in the interest of the whole community, not in the interest of the members of any particular combination. Joint-stock companies are allowed not in the interest of their shareholders, but because joint-stock companies are supposed to benefit the nation. The law granting the right ought therefore to impose limits on the action of the combination wherever that action is hurtful to the community, as in the case of a company, by imposing a limit to the profits it shall divide among its shareholders. The very first limitation to the powers of a trade-union should be aimed at preventing any violent or sudden change in the labour market. A sudden refusal to work causes much greater inconvenience than a refusal to work at a future time ; it may cause great suffering to the community, as when all cabs are withdrawn, or when engine-drivers strike suddenly ; and it may extort wages for a time which the capitalist would never have given, if he had been aware, before entering on a certain course of action, of the demand his workmen would make. This can create no permanent rise of wages, and it does harm both to public and to employer, driving away capital without any advantage to the workman. No law could permit all the bakers one day to declare that they would not sell bread under double or treble the price charged the day before, or to declare that for the next month they would make no bread. No law could

permit all the railway officials round London to declare that to-morrow they would not work. We need not, however, deny to bakers and railway officials the right to combine. Let them give six months' notice, and the public can provide against the threatened loss or inconvenience. Any employer receiving a six months' notice will be free to choose whether he will enter into new engagements; if so, on what terms; and though he may still be fettered by old engagements, a six months' notice will generally extricate him from any serious embarrassment.

This simple restriction, which apparently would be accepted readily by the unions, is far from being the only one required. A combination permitted with the object of raising wages inevitably uses its power to obtain collateral benefits, generally equivalent to increased pay, though differing in form; in fine, they bargain not only as to wages, but as to all the conditions of the contract between man and master.

All arguments in favour of permitting bargains for money apply to bargains for other privileges, such as a diminution of the hours of labour, the notice to be given before dismissal, the allowance to be made for travelling, etc. But as some conditions are illegal in any contract, we are at liberty to consider what conditions shall be declared illegal in this particular class of agreement between employer and workman. We assert that *the contract must contain no provision in virtue of which the workman or the master shall undertake to injure a third person who is no party to the contract, and that all other conditions may properly be made a matter of bargain.* This principle will serve to distinguish the right from the wrong action of unions, when in the next division of our subject we consider their actual practice, as explained in the evidence before the Commissioners. Observe, we do not say that workmen must not combine to injure other people. Masters might say that by combining to make them pay high wages unions injured them. Consumers might complain of high prices as an injury. Fellow-labourers thrown out of work by a strike may complain that they suffer by the action of the combination. Yet if a bargain is to be allowed at all, these injuries must follow. We say that the workmen and employers must not be allowed to agree on terms one of which is the injury of a third person. If a contract of this form is entered into, the workman is bribing his employer to injure this third person. The employer wants work done; the workman says, "I will do it on these conditions:—1st, You shall pay me 30s. a week; 2d, My working hours shall not exceed 56 in each week; 3d, You shall turn off John Smith." Wherever, as in this case, one condition of the agreement is that a third person shall be injured, the agreement is contrary to the laws of positive morality, it is and should be not only illegal, but

subject to a penalty for both the parties to such an agreement. We need hardly have recourse to first principles to prove this, and shall assume it as self-evident; our only care will be to prove that if enforced, it is sufficient to restrict the action of trade-unions within harmless limits.

To resume: We find that although combination to raise wages and guard the other interests of workmen is no natural right, it may be permitted consistently with the interests of the community, provided sudden action be prevented, which might both derange the necessary machinery of daily production and traffic, and also unnecessarily harass the capitalist engaged in production; and we further declare that the legitimate field for the action of the combination in driving its bargain is defined by the principle that no injury to a third person shall form any part of that bargain.

We turn now to the description of trade-unions as they are; and assuming that the general scope and action of unions is sufficiently known, we shall forthwith discuss those rules and practices which are either certainly pernicious, or are thought so by many writers.

The atrocious outrages detected at Sheffield, and among the Manchester brickmakers, require little comment here; not, indeed, that too much can be said to show the execration in which such crimes are held: they are only possible in societies where the criminal is conscious of the support and approbation of his associates—where the opinions of men are vile, and their conscience degraded. It is therefore most necessary that the thieves and murderers should know that beyond that depraved circle they are known and loathed as simple thieves and murderers. We do not pass by these outrages quickly, as of small account, but because there is no question but that they are outrages, that they deserve the heaviest penalties, and that further legislation is desirable for their better prevention, detection, and punishment. By and by we will discuss the remedies and safeguards against these crimes; but now, when about to discuss the merits of various rules and practices, it were waste time to prove that assassination, arson, theft, and the destruction of property must remain crimes, even if committed by members of a trade-union in the interests of what they call the trade.

Unions wholly free from outrage, and whose members neither practise personal violence nor even intimidation, do nevertheless interfere with non-society men—knobsticks, as they are called by engineers. The wretched knobstick need not fear that he will be murdered or even beaten, but he is persecuted nevertheless; he is jeered at and snubbed on all possible occasions; he is betrayed to foremen for peccadilloes; he receives

none of those little aids by which the other men lighten one another's labour; apprentices fetch him no beer; he is generally rather an inferior workman, and his work receives its full due of criticism; he is an outcast, a pariah, and fear of personal violence is not required to render this position a wretched one. Some societies will not allow him to work in the same shop with their members, even as though he tainted the air; and upon the whole, perhaps, these societies are the most merciful. Workmen in general cannot be brought to see the wickedness of their conduct towards the poor knobstick. They reason thus: "If he is a competent workman, and will pay a very moderate subscription, we will receive him among us; if he is not with us he is against us; and while he acts as our enemy, he receives great part of the benefits we painfully gain for ourselves by self-denial and privation; we strike, we starve, we gain the victories, and then this fellow, who fought against us, shares the spoil. Our wages rise, and so do his, unless we can prevent it, as we certainly will if we can by any means within the law." Odd as it may seem, the knobstick takes much the same view of his own position; he feels himself a sneak, who for money betrays his fellows; he looks on the union with fear and longing, but with reverence. He is unskilful, poor, weak, and a traitor; they are skilled, rich, strong, and noble; yes, even when they morally kick him; for *they* serve a common cause, *he* stands alone an outcast; he wishes he could work better, could scrape that entrance-money together, and pay the fine standing against his name. Sometimes he does, and feels himself a free man at the very moment when he would generally be described as entering into slavery.

The above description is drawn from experience among the engineers. In trades where the union is weaker, non-society men may meet with less contempt, and greater facilities in joining are often held out; and again, there are unions which treat them much worse, refusing to work in a shop where a single non-society man is employed. With the engineers, every man would belong to the union if he could. In other trades there are doubtless men who disapprove of the conduct of the unions, and would much rather not belong to them or acquiesce in their proceedings, but who are nevertheless driven into the unions by the harassing conduct above described; but we believe this to be a small class. In considering the treatment which the knobsticks receive, and which is cruelly wrong, we must remember how natural that particular form of cruelty is to man, and how society is pervaded from top to bottom with a similar feeling. The knobstick is the *parvenu*—the man who has not entered the profession by the right gate.

A saving clause generally exists in favour of great merit ; and it does take *great* merit to overcome the barriers erected by the actual possessor of any patronage or privilege. Men can get into the Artillery or Engineers by competition ; does any one think a snob could stop in those corps ? We remember very well the case of a young man who had served his apprenticeship as pupil to a very eminent mechanical engineer, but who was told by a civil engineer, that whatever his merits or knowledge he must not look forward to the position of a resident engineer on a railway, a position worth from £250 to £400 per annum, because he had come into the profession by a wrong gate, *i.e.*, through a mechanical engineer's office, not through a civil engineer's office. Be it in law, physic, church, army, or navy, the man who does not come in at the right gate will be looked upon with an evil eye. We fear the feeling is too deep-rooted in our English nature to be met by any law to the contrary. Great merit of course overcomes the feeling, and wins regard in spite of all restrictions, and this more readily among cultivated than uncultivated men ; but shall we not feel greater indignation at the physician who refuses to attend a case where a midwife has been employed, than at a workman who declines to work beside a knobstick ?

While we frankly allow that there is no hope of obtaining full justice for the non-society man wherever unions are strong, we can point out one great distinction between the cases of oppression among gentlemen and those among workmen. The social indignities heaped on the victim are the same in both cases ; but the workmen often go further—they make a bargain with their employer that he shall join in the persecution, that as one consideration received in return for their labour they shall be able to shut the door against their weak competitor. They thus bribe the employer to deprive workmen of the wages they could otherwise gain. This action falls distinctly within the rule which we laid down, that no compact should be allowed, one condition of which was the injury of a third party. Neither master nor man should be suffered to agree to a rule excluding the knobstick ; we fear he will be excluded by the system of contumely, after all has been done that can be done for him, but we can at least protect him against positive enactments.

The case of labourers employed to do the work of skilled artisans is closely analogous but not identical. Perhaps some of our readers may not be aware of the great distinction in social status between the artisan and the labourer. In works on political economy the labourer means a man who lives by the labour of his hands, but in workmen's language a labourer means a man of wholly different and

much lower standing than the skilled workman. The labourer in each trade does the work requiring comparatively little skill, but much strength and hard work, and in workshops the line between labourers and artisans or mechanics is as clear and as strongly drawn as that between employers and workmen. Not that a labourer is necessarily or generally a mere beast of burden without any skill ; on the contrary, an engineer's labourer or a bricklayer's labourer requires considerable training ; and so it is in each branch of trade. Custom has partitioned the work between two classes, one receiving nearly twice the wages of the other, and consisting of men with some education, men who dress in a good black coat on Sundays, and who look on the other or labouring class as one with whose members they cannot associate out of the workshop, while in the workshop the labourers are treated as servants. Labourers have sometimes foremen of their own ; they have unions also, in emulation of their betters ; but the labourer and mechanic are as different as the mechanic and the gentleman. This being the relation between the two classes, it is a mortal sin in a labourer to presume to encroach on the field which the mechanic arrogates to himself. Of course labourers, by seeing mechanics constantly at work, are frequently able to do the simpler parts of the work as well as they. Woe to the labourer who is caught doing the work of his betters ; he will not be beaten, any more than a gentleman's servant wearing his master's clothes will be thrashed, but he will not long keep his employment. The subdivision of the work into two categories has come about in the interest of all concerned. It has analogies in the distinctions between apothecaries, general practitioners, and physicians, between solicitors and barristers. It would be very inconvenient in any workshop if the labourers were generally looking to promotion as mechanics, nor will they ever desire it as a body ; but precisely as there should be no legal impediment to a practitioner who wished to become a physician, or to a solicitor who wished to become a barrister, so there should be no legal, or rather illegal, disabilities preventing a labourer from changing his condition or work. Few of the unions, we imagine, would object to this ; they object to a labourer who remains a labourer, but does odds and ends of their work. The objection will never be eradicated, but judged by our rule the men would not be justified in striking against the employment of one or more labourers in ways of which they did not approve.

There is yet one more form of interference with competition : those who will not work on certain conditions, who are on strike, bribe other men who are willing to work, not to do so. This is indefensible, according to the rule laid down. The

union must not contract with any man, or body of men, to the injury of a third person—the master. If this simple rule could therefore be enforced against men and masters, it would prevent strikes against non-society men, and against the employment of labourers to do any special class of work. It would remove the disabilities which, under unions as they are, do weigh on labourers and similar competitors in the labour market, and it would abolish the system of buying off competing workmen during strikes. The coercion of non-society men by what are sometimes called moral means would remain ; but against this society at large is powerless in all ranks ; and we warn all those who fancy that the unions are oligarchies ruling tyrannically a disaffected multitude outside the pale, that the competition of outsiders against the societies will not be much more active than at present, when all coercion is at an end ; for, incredible as it may seem, trade-unions are looked up to by the mass of workmen of all grades as the champions of labour, whose rules may injure individuals here and there, but on the whole benefit the great majority.

From what precedes it is already apparent that, in bargaining as to wages, unions think it their business to settle many collateral conditions ; and, in fact, no relation between employer and employed escapes their vigilance. At first sight, all men who pique themselves on being liberal, are disposed to concede to workmen the right of refusing to work unless the conditions of the employment suit them as well as the wages ; but a little consideration has already shown us that we cannot allow men to stipulate for any conditions whatever. We will now point out some of those conditions which are indefensible, but which have been claimed, ay, and established, by the workmen.

Sometimes the societies choose the materials the masters shall employ, such as the size and make of bricks, or the quality of stone to be used. Sometimes they choose the place where the materials shall be prepared for use, as when they refuse to set stones worked at the quarry instead of at the building. Sometimes they refuse to allow the employment of certain machinery. Sometimes they claim the right of dismissing their own superior officers, as their foremen. Sometimes they even choose the means of transport of the materials to be used, refusing to fix bricks brought on a given canal, or by a given carter. They even claim a veto over contractors, and sometimes architects. In fine, it is hard to say in what matter affecting their employer they will not occasionally interfere, when it is their interest to do so.

These claims are selected from isolated instances in special trades ; they do not represent the general conduct of unions, and it must be singularly galling to workmen to find every instance

of unjust action discovered in any petty branch or trade attributed to the general policy of their societies. On the contrary, many skilled artisans will not hesitate to denounce interference in every case above cited as unjust and intolerable. The difficulty is to show this to the more ignorant workman, who replies doggedly, "I have a right to do what I please with my own labour, and will not work if you get bricks from Jones less than four inches thick, or stones ready dressed from Robinson's quarries, or if Smith cuts them, or if Green is to be foreman, or if you use barrows instead of hods." We answer, "O dogged objector! you have not a right to do what you please with your own, but only to do that which is lawful, and it shall not be lawful for you to use your labour as a payment to your employer for injuries which you wish to inflict on Brown, Jones, Robinson, Green, and the customer who wants $2\frac{1}{4}$ inch bricks. You must not spend your money standing outside your grocer's door, and paying all who come there sixpence each, on condition that they shall deal elsewhere. A bargain between two people to injure a third is a conspiracy, and you shall not sell your labour on those most objectionable conditions." The ground commonly taken against these and similar conditions, that they are contrary to free-trade and injurious to customers, though true as far as it goes, is insufficient. Our dogged bricklayer asks if he and his employer are not to be free to agree on any conditions they please, and calls that free-trade. It is true that we cannot pretend to prevent everything injurious to customers. High wages and high profits are injurious to customers; we do not interfere with these in general; but from the principle of preventing a contract between two parties, containing a condition injurious to a third party, the impropriety of all the above claims follows as a simple consequence. If our bricklayer does not see it, he must be made to see it.

The case of one trade striking in support of another, as masons in support of bricklayers, offers greater difficulty, supposing the original strike to be for a legitimate object. If the support were bought by one trade from another, the action would be illegal. The masons' union must not contract with the bricklayers' union to injure the master for a consideration obtained from the bricklayers; but if the masons received no consideration, specified or implied, we do not see that they could be prevented from supporting their colleagues. So far as their contract with their employers is concerned, they are at liberty to make an advantage to a third party one of the conditions of the contract. They may say to the employer, "You shall pay me five shillings a day, and that mason one shilling extra, or I will not work for you." The hours of labour, the conditions on which notice of dismissal shall be given, the regulations as to

lost time, allowances for walking, for travelling, are all proper subjects for negotiation, and may fitly be included in any contract.

The rules of a workshop include all these matters, but they include others which are uncondemned by the principle hitherto employed to distinguish good from evil. These are the rules as to over-time, piece-work, and the standard rate of wages—all vexed questions. The standard rate of wages is differently interpreted by men and masters. The men say "it is a minimum below which no one of our members shall work, and we will take care to have no members much below the average. If we do not carefully select our members as competent workmen, they will not find employment at all at our standard rate. We shall then have to support these incompetent members out of our own funds; we are therefore bound, under a very stringent penalty, to admit none but competent workmen." The masters, on the other hand, declare the so-called minimum to be virtually a maximum, fixed so high that they cannot afford to give the best workmen more than the standard rate, because they have to pay the inferior men more than their value. They also allege that the men interfere to prevent skilled workmen obtaining higher wages. This the men deny, we think with truth, alleging that masters are not at all in the habit of offering superior men higher wages. The masters allege that they would more often do so if they were not afraid that the rise would be made a pretext for a demand for an increased standard rate; they also express great compassion for the inferior workman, who, not being worth the standard rate, cannot get employment at all. On this last point all grievance would cease if there were no coercion against non-society men. The inferior workman would simply not join the society, and the master could then pay him what he pleased. We doubt whether the best masters would be very anxious to see him in their shops. We think the men have here the best of the argument, and that the masters are hardly candid in speaking of bargains with individual men. Such bargains never have been common. New workmen are almost always engaged at the current rate for average workmen, and either kept or dismissed without material change in those wages, unless the rate changes. Mr. Smith in his evidence, in answer to a leading question, says, "he" (the employer) "would not bargain with each individual man," but points out that if he wanted more workmen he would instruct his foreman to offer 6d. a day extra, that is to say, over the current rate of wages. Even Mr. Mault, who acted as a kind of advocate, with a brief against the unions, speaks of the "cur-

rent rate of wages." The separate bargain with each man, except in extreme cases, has never obtained, and never will. No satisfactory evidence was brought showing that men of extra skill did receive higher wages without unions than with unions, and the case against unions as levelling the men broke down, though urged almost with importunity by the Commissioners. No workman came forward to say, "I should have 5s. a week more but for the unions." There is good evidence that highly skilled workmen in unions do receive more than less skilled workmen.¹ This point would be a small one if no coercion were used to non-society men, as these ambitious workmen would quit the union if they thought it retarded their progress; but it is certainly to be regretted that all the unions do not act upon a simple principle involved in the carpenters' and joiners' trade-rules, recently adopted at Birmingham: "The ordinary rate of wages for skilled operatives of the various branches to be 6½d. per hour. Superior and inferior workmen to be rated by the employer or foreman."

The middle-class public greatly misapprehend the question of extra skill. In such professions as the law or physic extra skill has an enormous extra value. The best advice may be worth 100. guineas, when the average advice is only worth one. The difference in skill between workmen is not at all after this manner. If the average workman be worth 35s.; the very best will not be worth more than 40s. The difference in wages usually given does not generally exceed a shilling or two per week. The great advantage given by skill is certainty of employment. The highly skilled workman is always spoken of by middle-class writers as a man anxious and likely to rise in the world. This is untrue; the men who rise do not rise in virtue of their skill as workmen, but because they possess other qualities far more valuable, and which, in fact, are rarely found in combination with extreme skill at the bench. The evidence given before the Commission has failed to show that skilled workmen think themselves aggrieved, or that the unions have prevented workmen from

¹ The assertion that unions wish to reduce good and bad men to one level is continually repeated, but we find no corroborative evidence anywhere. Masters say that they are afraid of giving good workmen extra wages, lest this should lead the men to expect a general rise. They also say, they cannot afford to give extra pay when the general rate is high. Neither statement bears on the workman's wish for equality. Neither with nor without unions is there any machinery of competition by which the man of extra skill can enforce full extra payment, because of the understanding between masters that one shall not entice away the other's best hands. The objection to piece-work is due to no objection to skill; if there be any such objection, it can only exist in some local or small trades, and we are really curious to know how the cry arose.

rising. In general, all allegations on the part of masters that unions are baneful to their members must be received with great caution. The members of unions are extremely well satisfied with them, as any one mixing with workmen will soon discover. In fine, if unions are to bargain, they can only bargain for the standard rate of wages; they may refuse to allow their own members to receive less, taking the risk of having to support incompetent members. It is wrong that skilled workmen should be prevented from gaining in unions as much as they would out of the union, and this is, in fact, not practised; if it were, and if the highly skilled men chose to remain in the unions without coercion, we fail to see how we can interfere to prevent their working at less wages than they are worth. The complaint that unions made men indolent seems also based on misconception. Many masters complain that men are lazy, and declare that unions make them lazy. It is undeniable that men who are tolerably certain of employment will not work so hard as men to whom loss of employment means pauperism. If, therefore, unions have made and do make men more independent and less liable to starve, they probably do make them less industrious; but though hard work is good, we doubt the propriety of keeping men poor in order that they may work the harder. As a proof of indolence, masters cite the general dislike of over-time avowed by trade unions.

The question of over-time is thoroughly misunderstood by the general public. By refusing to work more than ten hours, or even eight hours a day, a man may put his employer to some inconvenience; he may make less money than if he worked fourteen or sixteen hours per diem, and indirectly he may increase the cost of articles to the consumer; but surely if he can by working eight hours each day gain as much money as he requires, society has no right to ask him to work longer; when he bargains with his master that he shall not be made to work longer, this condition, so far from being directly injurious to any third party, is beneficial to his fellow-workmen, since more of them will be employed than if he worked sixteen hours each day. But, says the Press, he ought to be energetic, hard-working; he ought not to be satisfied with what he can earn in eight hours. Why not? Is contentment so great a crime? The country will never progress if our workmen become indolent, it is said. True enough; but what is indolence? Do you for the progress of the country desire that workmen shall work eight, ten, twelve, or sixteen hours each day? Is it not perhaps quite as well that 1000 men should work hard for ten hours a day, as 800 should work for fourteen, or even 700 for sixteen hours each? "Ah! but,"

says the middle-class lawyer, "where should I have been if I had not worked late every night for years; and what a shame it is to prevent the ambitious workman from pushing his way by hard work too; or suppose he has a large family, as I have, what an atrocious thing is this that a trade society shall tell him No, you must not work extra hours to gain enough to support and start your sons and daughters in life. These trade-unions are levellers, foes to merit and progress." Gentlemen who reason thus know neither the objects nor the habits of workmen. If any individual who pleased could work over-time without entailing equal work on all his fellows, there would be little or no objection to over-time; but if over-time is made at all, it must be made by a large proportion of the men employed in a shop. The engine must be at work, the gas burning, the time-keeper at the gate, the foreman present; and does any one suppose this can be done for an odd man here and there, who wishes to get on, or earn extra pay? No; the rule in a shop is, that all or none work over-time. Of course, one branch of the shop, as the pattern-makers, may not be working extra hours, though the erectors are; but the work in any branch of the shop where over-time is made must be in full swing, or over-time would not pay the masters. Over-time, gentlemen, means this:—You are engaged at a salary to work in an office from 9 to 5, which most of you think long hours. One day your employer comes into the office and says to you, "For the next six months you must all come back after dinner, and work from 7 to 10 every evening; of course you will be paid for your extra hours at an increased rate." The consternation in the office would be great; here and there one of you would like it, but to the mass it would be intolerable. They could not go out to dinner or to the theatre; they would have to give up their reading at home; they could not see their friends; and if this sort of thing were to go on year after year, and become the rule, not the exception, most of you would look out for lighter work and less pay. Over-time, habitual over-time we mean, is due to the simplest possible cause. It allows employers to make more money, with a given fixed capital. Suppose that their works are large enough to turn out 50 locomotives per annum, with men working 10 hours a day; then if the men work 14 hours a day, the works may perhaps turn out 60 or 65 locomotives per annum. The profits on the capital invested will therefore be so much increased, that for the extra hours wages can be profitably paid at a higher rate—at time and a quarter, or time and a half, in technical language. Masters say, as Mr. Smith says in his evidence, their works are not elastic, and if they get extra orders they

must work extra time. As brick walls are not elastic, they stretch flesh and blood, and it being, as we have shown, clearly their interest to keep their productive powers at a maximum, they keep flesh and blood somewhat tightly stretched, so that in many works the habitual hours are from 6 in the morning to 8 at night, and in some from 6 to 10. Unions have opposed this, and most properly so. It is better for the men and better for the country that a larger number of men should be employed for the smaller number of hours. Never mind how the men employ their leisure ; we will neither assume with some that they pass it in laudable courses of study, nor with others that they pass it in the pothouse ; independently of all these really irrelevant arguments, we say there is no reason why workmen as a body should not decline to work more than a given number of hours, provided in those hours they can make the wages they require. It may be inconvenient to a few of their number not to have the opportunity of making more, but it would be intolerable that a large mass of workmen should, night after night and year after year, have all of them to work till 10 o'clock, in order that one per cent. of their number should rise to be a master, or that even five per cent., with extra large families, should be more at their ease. In truth, the middle-class mind is so imbued with the one longing to *get on*, that they cannot conceive a healthy state of society in which the members are actually contented with their position. Your middle-class man must make his way and end his days with greater means, and in a higher rank of society, than his father, or he has failed. Nay, such is the struggle, that unless he steadily strives to advance he will recede, and, falling back, will come to real ruin and privation. Failing to perceive the happier condition of skilled workmen, who need not struggle at all, and who scoff at the idea that to become a draughtsman or a clerk is an advance, the middle class think, as Mr. Gladstone said at Oldham, that the best condition of things for the labouring classes is that in which it shall be easiest for the able or the diligent man to rise out of it. What a blunder is this ! On the contrary, the best state for the working man is that in which he can be good, happy, and well off, remaining in that state. Not one in a thousand can ever hope to rise, and we must not legislate for this unit, but for the 999 who desire no better than to do their duty *in* the condition of life in which they were born, not *out* of it,—which last is the whole aim of the educated Englishman.

We have spoken of habitual over-time ; as to occasional over-time in the face of a real emergency, no union ought to object to it, and we think few do, unless there be some standing quarrel. We have known a gang of a dozen shipwrights work thirty-six

hours on a stretch, ay, and work hard too, and be back at their work after one night's rest. No indolence this, nor any uncommon case; but then the men must feel that there is a real occasion calling for extra exertion.

Piece-work is no better understood than over-time. In some places, and in many trades, as at Birmingham in the hardware trades, the men *will* have piece-work, and decline to be paid by the day. There some masters deprecate piece-work. In other trades and other places, the men set their face against piece-work, and there the masters uphold it. This is no accusation against either party; what answers best for masters does not always answer best for the men, and *vice versa*. Unlike over-time, piece-work has its good as well as bad points. The clever, hard-working, and ingenious workman, who contracts to do a given piece of work for a fixed price, will work harder and make more money than a man working by the day. His invention is also called into play, and various clever devices in aid of work are continually invented by men working by the piece. They make tools specially adapted to the job, and getting handy, often turn out the work, done well, and with surprising quickness. A master will then often diminish the contract price; the man grumbles a little, but submits, so long as it is his interest to do so; and in good workshops, there is a kind of honourable understanding that men at piece-work shall be allowed to make time and a third; that is to say, at the end of the week their profits will not be considered excessive if they receive one-third more than men in receipt of daily wages. So far, piece-work is distinctly beneficial. Men working by the day do not like it, for it makes them seem lazy; they therefore urge against it, that it tends to make men scamp work, *i.e.*, do it only just well enough to pass, and that where work cannot be thoroughly inspected this scamping is carried very far. This is probably true, but it would apply to all contracts; and with all submission to the workmen, we do not think that their zeal for good work would lead them to oppose the practice very resolutely. No rules against using inferior kinds of iron or unseasoned wood appear to be issued by the societies, and the secretaries would no doubt say these matters rested between the employers and their customers, so that zeal against the bad work due to a particular plan of payment seems uncalled for. In truth, piece-work has some tendency to diminish wages in certain trades, and also tends to make men work harder; and as the average man dislikes low wages and hard work, he opposes piece-work, to the detriment undoubtedly of the skilful hard-working man. This is much to be regretted, and might drive the skilful man out of the unions, if there was no moral coercion keeping him in. We do not see how legis-

lation can force a body of men to take contracts rather than wages. We can only provide legal protection for those men who prefer a contract to a salary. No general rule about piece-work can be laid down. Where articles are made by thousands, not by tens, piece-work tends to raise wages. Men become very expert, so that their labour is worth more; they do work at home also, and keep their tools and inventions secret; and the master well knows that paying by the day he would get less for his money, even if the earnings of the workmen were less per week. In these cases piece-work is the rule, not the exception; and yet it has some very bad effects. It prevents any modification in the design and pattern of the articles produced. The workmen either flatly refuse to make the new design, or finding by a few trials how much longer it takes them to make than the old form, they demand such an exorbitant price that the manufacturer prefers to keep in the old rut. Birmingham is, we believe, losing her pre-eminence in the hardware market partly if not mainly in consequence of this vicious system of payment restraining invention and progress, while both in America and on the Continent the quality of work and the patterns used have greatly improved. Thus in laying down the law about piece-work, general rules must be avoided, and the attention directed to the special customs of each trade.

As an instance of misconception due to ignorance of special customs, we may remind our readers of a paragraph which went the round of the papers, stating that the union of engineers had a rule under which a man making any extra profit by piece-work was forced to share that profit among all his mates, though they were simply receiving daily wages. What a picture this raised of a hard-working man who, before he could make one shilling for himself, had to gain a pound for twenty other idle people! The explanation turns upon a special form of contract, devised for the convenience of men and masters, and applicable, for instance, to the erection or putting together of a locomotive engine, the parts of which have been prepared in the fitting-shop and boiler-shed. A gang of half a dozen men may be employed to erect the engine, and these work under a leading hand. The employer finds it his interest to let the erection of the engine as a contract to this gang, who undertake to finish the work for a fixed sum, say £50. The contract is not, however, made in form between the half-dozen men, who have no corporate capacity, but with the leading hand as their representative. As it would be very inconvenient to the men to wait for the completion of the job before receiving payment, they are each paid the usual weekly wages, and the balance due to them when the work is done is paid to the leading hand for distribution. He is sometimes, indeed generally, allowed by his mates

rather a larger share than he would get if the division were made strictly according to the wages at which each man is rated in the shops. It appears that some leading hands took it into their heads that they might keep the balance to themselves, as probably at law they might have a right to do. The union very properly stopped this. All the men are working by the piece, and all should make like profit. If any one of them skulked his work, the others would either force him to quit the gang, or at the least would take care never to work associated with him again. This was explained to the Commission by Mr. Allan, but it was apparently not very clearly understood.

The limitation of apprentices is a common but not universal rule among trade-unions—the object being to keep up wages by preventing competition. This condition directly injures all apprentices who are excluded under it, and we think it therefore an improper condition in the contract between master and man. It is highly valued by the men as a very powerful means of raising wages; and while they admit that this is the general scope of the rule, they defend their conduct by several arguments which deserve consideration. First, they say that they are willing to enter into a bargain to work for their masters, but not to teach; that they do not, in fact, impose this condition injurious to a third party, but simply refuse to enter into a special subsidiary contract to teach, that being no essential part of their business. This is so far a sound argument, that we think it would be unanswerable if they would allow masters to employ apprentices in distinct rooms, taught by workmen who did not share this objection to the education of competitors; but neither masters nor men will look at this as a practical issue from the difficulty. Unless, therefore, the men allow apprentices to work along with them they do exclude young men from the trade, and make their injury a condition upon which the society man will work. Another argument is, that if no limitation were imposed wages would fall so rapidly that really the benefit to those admitted into the trade would vanish, and that the union is acting kindly in preventing lads from embarking in a trade in such numbers as would prevent them from ever earning a comfortable livelihood. Specious this, but false—as most arguments are which attempt to prove that a rule devised for your own benefit really benefits the person against whom it is aimed. It would no doubt be pleasant for skilled workmen to possess a monopoly of their trades, and only to admit such numbers as would keep their wages at a comfortable rate. Administered with a little good sense, such a rule as this would insure the existence of a class of well-to-do artisans;—but how about those excluded? No monopoly can be allowed for the benefit of a privileged class of workmen who are to administer

the patronage as seems good to them, regardless of the poverty of all applicants whom they refuse. Workmen compare their trades to ships, which when full can receive no more with comfort; but if a ship's crew, finding a crowd of famished creatures on an island, told them, "Really, good people, we should be most inconveniently crowded if you came on board; why, we should have to be put on short rations, and you know you would not like that yourselves;" the answer would be—"Have pity on us; short rations are not starvation, overcrowding is not abandonment;" and the crew would deserve hanging who left the wretches behind rather than sacrifice some comfort. A low standard of comfort, implying low wages, is an evil, and a great evil; but it is a worse evil to create an artificially high standard among the few, to the detriment of the many. Of course, rules which simply prevented the accumulation of an undue number of lads in one shop would be defensible enough, and educational restrictions might also be permitted, analogous to those which fence round most of the learned professions. These restrictions do limit competition; but the members of the several professions do not simply select *proprio motu* who shall and who shall not be free to enter these professions. Mr. Roebuck told at Sheffield a pitiful story of an orphan lad¹ supposed to have suffered exclusion under one of these arbitrary rules determining who may and who may not become an apprentice. It is a pity he should have used an argument so easily answered. All rules, all laws, however beneficial on the whole, work hardly in individual cases, and workmen know this as well as Mr. Roebuck ought to know it.

We have now discussed the main rules of trade-unions—some bad, some indifferent, some good. There are minor regulations about which a great fuss has been made. Here and there a rule is found that members shall not speak to employers, which simply is an endeavour to stop talebearing; there is here and there a rule against *chasing*, which means that some men have been suspected of maliciously, or for extra pay, driving their mates to work harder than was pleasant, by showing what they, the chasers, could do;—wrong, no doubt, and meaning that workmen squabble sometimes in an undignified manner, but having no reference whatever to the really skilled workman, who is honoured in and out of unions by all men. Then there are lists of black sheep here and there. Some masters copied this practice by the way, but explained that their black sheep got white in time, whereas the men's black sheep were dyed in grain; but the men explained that their black sheep would be bleached by the payment of a fine; and indeed, that these por-

¹ It so happens, the lad was not excluded, but the union did ask for his exclusion.

tentious lists mean that if a sinner is repentant, he must pay a fine varying say from 2s. 6d. to £2, according to the enormity of his offence, before he can once again be admitted as a lamb into the fold—many of those fines being simply safeguards against the intermission of the weekly payments whenever the said sheep preferred not to pay them. It is preposterous to make a fuss about these trivial matters. Let us settle, on some rational principle, how far the action of unions may extend on really important points, and leave the management of bricklayers' etiquette to bricklayers, and smile rather than frown when we hear that a man may be fined 6d. for tattling.

Passing from the examination of the rules, with their merits and demerits, we will say a few words as to their administration. On this point there is as great a difference between the practice of various unions and various trades as between man and man. Such societies as the Amalgamated Engineers or the Amalgamated Joiners and Carpenters fight with courtesy when they think they must fight, and enforce their rules against peccant brethren with justice and without rancour. Of course where there are opposing interests there will be disputes, and where there are disputes there will be some recrimination; but after reading Mr. Mault's attack and Mr. Applegarth's reply, we conclude that masters have little cause to blame these unions of superior workmen. The executive council and secretaries are really superior men, and prevent instead of fomenting strikes. The masons do not stand so high; bricklayers lower still; with them may be classed plasterers; and when we reach bricklayers' labourers and brickmakers, we reach the realm where violence and outrage are used as the sanction of trade rules. In the better societies, moderate fines or exclusion from the society are ample securities against any infraction of the laws. It is not till we reach Sheffield and the grinding trades that we find the payment of arrears enforced by maiming and murder. The wretches do not see that when they whine a complaint that they are driven to it; having no legal redress against defaulters, they pronounce the condemnation of their unions. Exclusion should be and is the bitterest punishment in the better unions, even though exclusion is followed by no necessary loss of work. The grinders dare not exclude their members. A club or an insurance office need never sue for arrears. Expulsion is a very simple remedy, entirely in their own hands; and unless expulsion be felt as a punishment, the club is of no benefit to the member. There is evidence to show that the better class of unions facilitate arbitration upon disputed points, and settle rules with the masters more easily than can be done when the workmen are disorganized. It is natural enough that masters should resent having to settle any rules at

all, and having to meet the unions as their equals, with whom they are to bargain, discussing every condition of the contract, as if with a brother capitalist. They naturally regret the good old times when the workman was a servant, often a trusted and devoted servant, but still a servant, who must do as he was told. That is past, and the world will not turn back, so it is useless to discuss whether or not a reverse motion would, on the whole, be profitable. The old form of good feeling as between master and dependant is gone, but it is quite possible that good feeling in a new form should grow up. We hope and expect that it will; but so long as masters try to crush the unions, and to detach men from them, this new kind feeling is impossible. The sincere attachment of men to their unions admits of no rational doubt. Over and over again employers have tried to put an end to unions by declaring that they would employ no union men; as often unions have come out of the struggle more vigorous than ever. Men will starve, they will emigrate; they have starved, they have emigrated, rather than abandon these institutions. Men trust in them, as they trust in themselves, with a thorough British self-reliance. A Frenchman clamours for work and protection from his Government, or from his master. They look for their benefits from the head of the establishment as they look for benefits at the hands of the Government. Englishmen are too self-reliant to follow any similar course of life. The English workmen ask nothing but wages and respect from their employers; and from the Government they ask leave to be allowed to manage their own affairs. They organize themselves and govern themselves on a small scale, as Great Britain at large is governed on a large scale; and when organized, they say little about the rights of man, or communism, or principles of any kind. They want good wages, and where the shoe pinches they try to ease it. They have done so with so much success, and have had so much pleasure in managing their own affairs, that they feel a loyalty to their unions akin to that felt by the middle classes to Parliament. To deny this feeling shows ignorance, to ignore it folly. Would that the workmen felt towards our Government what they feel for the unions; they may come to feel this, and if they do England will be stronger than she is now. It is the fashion to speak of the workmen as tools in the hands of secretaries and delegates, who foment strikes to their own profit. Among the lower trades the men may be in the hands of low men, though probably even there the governor truly represents the governed. The large unions are no more in the hands of their leaders than England is in the hands of Parliamentary leaders. The unions have their Gladstones and Disraelis *in parvo* no doubt, but these are representative men; and the

constitution of a union is singularly well suited to secure an accurate representation of the feelings of a majority, and a full expression to the opinions of a minority. The officers are elected by universal suffrage, and all decrees are passed in the same manner. This, we allow, affords small guarantee for a true expression of feeling. Shareholders may all vote, but directors govern; fellows of learned societies elect, but the councils choose. But why? Because of the great difficulty in organizing any opposition, in finding a nucleus round which discontented members can rally. But trade-unions are divided into many branches, each with a committee and local secretary, each holding a separate meeting, generally in a separate town, before any vote is given. Thus the carpenters have 190 branches, the engineers 308 branches; and any discontented branch can express its opposition, and can make known its feelings to all other branches, while the executive council or committee can never personally explain their motives, or personally influence more than a very few branches. No better plan could be devised against the growth of dictation; and except in small local societies, we see no signs of dictatorship. In the large societies the accounts are regularly printed, distributed, and scrutinized by every branch; and each one has a direct interest in preventing a misapplication of funds by any of the others. The incomes of six of the societies concerning which evidence was given before the Commissioners, ranged from £2700 per annum to nearly £87,000 per annum. Is not the collection and successful administration of these funds a very striking proof of the powers of self-government possessed by workmen?

Not an instance of malversation in these societies was brought before the Commissioners; no workmen appeared to complain that they were defrauded; no complaint was made of any difficulty in collecting the funds. The accounts appear to be well kept, and the expenses of management were not shown to be excessive. (The small local societies, such as those in Sheffield, differ *toto cælo* from the account just given.) The monthly circulars published by the leading societies are very creditable documents. They record the votes given on all questions by all the branches. They contain the reports from all branches of the state of trade in the several districts; also the number of sick and the number out of employment in each place, with the amount of relief distributed from the funds of the union. The decisions of the executive council and resolutions of branches are also printed. A number of the circular or report issued by the Amalgamated Joiners and Carpenters, taken at hazard, contains, besides the above official matters, an account of the presentation of a

testimonial to a gentleman who had rendered assistance in courts of arbitration; a suggestion that technical education might prove one of the benefits of trade-unions, with a resolution of the executive council in support of the suggestion; a report of a speech by Mr. Grenfell, M.P., on trade-unions, urging the stock doctrines of political economy; a portion of a paper on trade societies and co-operative production, by Mr. Ludlow; some short account of co-operation in America; reports of the proceedings at branch anniversaries, with the accompaniments of loyal toasts, evergreens, and allegorical designs, such as Justice trampling outrage under foot, and holding a balance with a scale, on which the word "Arbitration" is inscribed. Next comes a letter from the operative bricklayers of Burslem, who mean well, though the style of their secretary is cloudy. He says of trade-unions:—

"Although they may in some instances have exceeded the bounds of discretion, and perhaps acted tyrannically, yet, as a body of men, they must execrate the conduct of such officials as those of Sheffield and Manchester, believing that education (compulsory or otherwise) would have prevented such a state of things—as witness those trades where the greatest amount of it exists."

Inarticulate this, but good. The report concludes with an open column, containing letters from their members. One letter suggests a plan for a co-operative society; one advocates a reform in the method of voting; and one calls for a trade directory. We are tempted to give this last letter *in extenso*. The style of the joiner differs considerably from that of the bricklayer.

"BROTHER MEMBERS,—At a time when trade is generally in a very depressed state throughout the country, it may not altogether be out of place to consider whether we cannot afford some additional facilities to those of our members who are unfortunately compelled to search for employment.

"I have heard many members state the difficulty they have experienced in finding out the workshops whenever they have ventured into a locality with which they were not well acquainted. This is not to be wondered at in London, where many of the shops are situated in some court or alley, so that a man might pass by every day for a month without once dreaming that a joiner's shop was to be found in the immediate vicinity. And I am quite sure that many of us who reside in the north of London would be nearly as much at a loss in looking for a job in Lambeth or the Borough, as we should be in Birmingham or Manchester. This state of things is not, I believe, confined to the metropolis; it prevails also in other districts.

"To supply the want which I consider at present exists, I would suggest that schedules be issued from the General Office, on which each Branch could forward a return of the names and addresses of all

the building firms in the vicinity. A committee might be appointed by each Branch for the purpose of filling up the schedules, and the result of their labours might be read over to the Branch for final approval, and signed by the officers, before it is forwarded to the General Office. From these returns a Trade Directory might be compiled, and issued to the Branches; a copy might be kept with the vacant book of each Branch for the use of any member who might require it, whilst those who might desire a copy for private use could be supplied at a reasonable price. The returns could be revised and a new edition issued whenever such a course might be deemed necessary.

"If this plan were adopted, I believe much time and trouble might be saved which is now needlessly expended, as a member when signing the vacant book might copy on a slip of paper the addresses of any firms he might wish to visit. A member seeking employment in a strange town would be especially benefited by such an arrangement.

"The policy of our society, as I understand it, is to endeavour to remove as much as possible of our surplus labour into those districts where trade is brisk, and where it may find profitable employment. With this view we publish a monthly return of the state of trade in each town where a Branch of our Society exists. Would it not also be a step in the right direction if we published a Directory which would furnish valuable information to members on travel, and to many others in want of employment?

"The adoption of this suggestion would involve very little expense, and might easily be carried into effect by the Executive Council, should it meet with the approval of the members. I therefore take the liberty of soliciting the Branches to express their opinions thereon by resolution in the usual way.—Yours fraternally,

"JOHN D. PRIOR, Islington Branch.

"5 WAKELING TERRACE, BRIDE STREET, N.

"January 4th, 1868."

Remark, that in the above report there are no leading articles, and no matter but what strictly bears on the union and the interests of its members.¹ In a society conducted upon this plan, we cannot doubt that any course of action decided upon does truly represent the wishes of the members. Yet, when men refuse to work for certain wages, a portion of the press invariably deplores the unhappy fate of the poor men misled and duped by secretaries and delegates who are supposed to find their account in ruining the societies they serve. Lately even, the leading journals have deplored the blind obstinacy of the shipwrights at the east end of London, who will not consent to a reduction of wages. We are told that it is intolerable that men who will not work for six shillings a day should be supported

¹ The Annual Reports of large societies contain detailed statements of expenditure, receipts, funds, etc. The Engineers' Report for 1867 has 429 pages, that of the Carpenters 159 pages.

by the poor-rates and by charity. Only as a matter of fact, we believe that none of the union shipwrights have received anything either from charity or the poor-rates. Other papers say the strike is supported by contributions from distant branches, whose members force the Millwall men to refuse reasonable wages. The Millwall men remark that there is no strike, and that they are living on their savings, and are not supported from the union funds. Probably this assertion would require some qualification before it expressed all the facts; but we believe the Millwall men to have been hitherto quite as much in favour of refusing to submit to any reduction of wages as the other branches or unions. They may be wise or foolish; it may be better for them that few or no ships should be built at Millwall, or it may be a great loss. If, owing to the dearness of provisions and cost of transport, ships are built in the Thames at a disadvantage, it will be better for the whole country, in the long-run, that shipbuilding should not be practised there. That is the true free-trade principle. But whatever be thought of these questions, we cannot refuse men the right to decline twenty shillings a day, so long as they support themselves or one another, and do not hinder competition. But "think of the distress they occasion among the labourers, and other trades who would take lower wages, but who cannot work without shipwrights." Poor fellows! they do suffer sadly, but to force shipwrights to work at wages they will not voluntarily accept is equivalent to confiscation of property. Vast misery is caused when a capitalist, finding that he can invest his money more profitably elsewhere, closes a mill. We do not compel him to be content with two per cent., when he will not invest without the profit of ten. People are amazed when they hear a man declare that he cannot bring up his family if he has less than seven shillings a day, and point to labourers who support large families on three shillings a day. The shipwright may very properly plead that his standard of comfort and education is wholly different from that of the labourer, and that what he means is just what a gentleman means who says he can't marry under five hundred a year. A high standard is very far from an unmixed evil; it is almost an unmixed good.

There is much discrepancy between the various estimates of the proportion of men in each trade who have hitherto joined unions. Mr. Mault, for the building trades, puts the number as low as 10 per cent., and tries to convince us that these 10 per cent., being organized, do lead and govern 90 per cent. disorganized; though the latter are backed by the masters and Colonel Maude. Mr. Applegarth thinks about half the

men in the building trade belong to the unions, and that in large towns this proportion is far exceeded. Mr. Mault includes, as in the trade, the boys, the labourers, and all the little country workmen, taking his gross numbers from the census ; his estimate is, therefore, obviously very incorrect, and we do not think many masters will indorse his estimate from practical experience. According to one estimate 700,000 men are now enrolled in trade-unions. The large societies are increasing very rapidly ; most of them increased by about one-fourth during last year. The Engineers' Society, with 33,600 members, an income of £86,885, a reserve fund of £140,000, and 308 branches, stands far ahead of all others, but it increased by only 3300 members last year. If, as some think, it already includes 90 per cent. of all the men working at the trade, no further very rapid increase is possible. No masters came forward to give evidence against this society. Nor did Mr. Allan, the secretary, complain of the masters. Such disputes as have occurred in this trade of late years seem to have been of a very trifling character. The engineers did not go to Geneva, nor take part in the great trade conference with which Mr. Potter was connected.

The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, numbering 8261 members, with an income of £10,487, £8320¹ in hand, and 190 branches, is very similar in organization and in general conduct to the Engineers' Society. Both of these unions are benefit or mutual insurance societies as well as trade societies. They have an allowance for the sick, a superannuation allowance, a payment for burial expenses, and they give £100 to any member who is so disabled by an accident that he cannot follow his trade. Most of the unions have some benefits, and partake in some degree of the nature of friendly societies, but the superannuation payment is generally omitted. These benefits are sometimes most unjustly described as mere traps, to entice prudent men into unions. It is far more true that the trade-unions have taught their members to be provident. The benefits, great or small, are so unmixed a good, that the opponents of unions have endeavoured to show that after all they are, as benefit societies, mere swindling concerns, that the subscriptions from members are quite insufficient to provide for the benefits promised, even in the great Engineers' Society, with its £140,000 of capital. These enemies to unions have got an actuary, Mr. Tucker, to come and pronounce the curse of bankruptcy on unions from this point of view ; and he has been generally acknowledged a true prophet by writers. Mr. Allan holds up

¹ In 1868 the fund is £14,171.

facts in the face of Mr. Tucker's calculations which he does not attempt to reconcile with his deductions, and the facts seem to contradict the figures.

The following table shows the payments which, according to Mr. Tucker, would be required to provide for the engineers' benefits :—

| Age of Entry. | MONTHLY PAYMENTS | | | Total. |
|---------------|---|--------------------------------------|---|--------------|
| | To provide 10s. per Week in Sickness, up to 65. | To provide Superannuation Allowance. | To provide for a Payment of £12 at Death. | |
| | <i>s. d.</i> | <i>s. d.</i> | <i>s. d.</i> | <i>s. d.</i> |
| 25 | 1 1 | 2 2 | 0 4½ | 3 7½ |
| 30 | 1 3 | 2 10 | 0 5½ | 3 6½ |
| 35 | 1 3½ | 3 10 | 0 6½ | 5 7½ |
| 40 | 1 5 | 5 5 | 0 7½ | 7 5½ |
| 45 | 1 7½ | 6 10 | 0 9½ | 9 3 |

Now, as the actual subscriptions of the members amount to only 4s. 4d. per month, it seems clear that the society, spending about half its income on trade purposes and management, must be bankrupt.

Mr. Allan in reply says, We have paid all calls upon us for sixteen years, and our funds in hand increase rapidly. We had ten years' experience in an older society, and may therefore count twenty-six years' experience against your calculations. We have also many sources of income that you do not count. Mr. Tucker rejoins, saying, Your members have increased so rapidly that your soundness has never been put to the test. Mr. Allan hands in statements showing for each year the payment under each head, and points out that one-third of the members leave before dying or receiving superannuation allowance, and Mr. Glen Finlaison has been called in to advise the Commissioners further.

On looking over the figures it is clear that the statistics on which Mr. Tucker reasoned do not apply to trade societies. Thus from 1858 to 1866, the amount paid by the engineers for sick benefits amounted on the average to 8½d. per month per member, and this payment per member was sensibly constant during those nine years, being 8½d. for 1858 and 7½d. in 1866. During the seven preceding years the benefit was a little smaller, and the average per month per member was 6½d., presenting the same stationary character. These amounts are about

half what Mr. Tucker would make a man of thirty pay. The difference is partly accounted for by the fact that the 10s. per week is reduced to 5s. after twenty-six weeks' illness; but it must be chiefly due to the supervision under which every such member lives—a supervision of great service to the really sick, but fatal to malingering. Mr. Allan in fact here completely refutes the calculations, and the constancy of the payments year by year proves that their small amount does not depend on any exceptional youth on the part of the members. The superannuation allowance, on the other hand, has not reached its maximum among the engineers; it has increased from $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per month per member in 1852 (and 0 in 1851) to 3d. in 1865 and 1866—still very far from the 2s. 2d. which Mr. Tucker would relentlessly exact from every subscriber. This enormous discrepancy is due to three causes:—

1. The maximum has not yet been reached.
2. No man has a right to the superannuation allowance at any given age, but must continue to work so long as the society can find employment for him, so that a very large proportion of the men work till they die.
3. One-third of the members fall off before becoming entitled to the allowance.

Mr. Glen Finlaison will in course of time tell us how much all these circumstances ought theoretically to diminish Mr. Tucker's estimate.

The payment per month per member for the burial benefit shows a gradual increase, rising from $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 3d. in the sixteen years, but during the last nine years the increase has been very slow, being $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. in 1858, and 3d. in 1866. Out of every 100 men in the society at a given time, 33 do not die at all, but retire; this ought therefore to diminish Mr. Tucker's estimate by one-third; but these men who never receive the funeral benefit contribute to the fund from which the others are paid, and diminish by so much their contributions. The longer they stop in the society the greater is this action; without any very complex calculation, we see that from this one cause Mr. Tucker's estimate must be diminished by considerably more than one-third, nearly by one-half—in which case the actual payments of the engineers will, even from Mr. Tucker's table, have nearly reached their maximum. If the average age of members, as would appear from this, has reached a constant maximum, the superannuation allowance is also nearly a maximum, in which case $8\frac{1}{2}$ d. for sickness, with 3d. for superannuation, and 3d. for funeral, in all 14d. a month, will really be sufficient to provide for benefits which would cost in the actuary's estimate 3s. $7\frac{1}{2}$ d., even on a preposterously favourable assumption as to the youth of mem-

bers when they join the society. The question turns chiefly on the superannuation allowance. We wait with curiosity for Mr. Glen Finlaison's report; but even this gentleman can have no statistics as to the number of mechanics who are unable to support themselves in old age by their craft, and how long infirm men live after stopping work. In the absence of data, assumptions are quite worthless. Meanwhile, we venture to remind Mr. Tucker that, for trade purposes, and expenses of management combined, the Engineers' Society does not spend so large a proportion of its receipts as the St. Patrick's and some other friendly societies spend on management alone. Moreover, if the funds do fall short of the calls upon them, trade-societies can call upon their members for extra payments.¹ Sir Daniel Gooch and others suggest that these calls will not be met. No such case has yet arisen, nor in a mutual insurance society do we think it likely to arise, but of course with long practice workmen may emulate the financial morality even of railway directors. Meanwhile, let it be well understood that not a single case of repudiation has been discovered among any of the larger societies. Even Assurance Companies have met their liabilities with less certainty than trade-unions; between 1844 and 1866, 308 Assurance Companies have ceased to exist; of these, 59 are winding up in the Court of Chancery. In 1867, the total number of companies was 204, so that the failures form a considerable percentage of the whole number.

Reviewing, as a whole, the conduct of trade-unions, we find that they differ one from another as man differs from man. Among small unions of ignorant uneducated men we find organized villany of the grossest stamp. In larger unions of better workmen we find narrow views enforced with blind selfishness, but without violence. In the largest unions, formed by the most skilled artisans, we find few objectionable rules, and few disputes between master and man; while the struggles that do occur are carried on with little bitterness and absolutely no violence. These last unions comprise benefit societies of great value. In all cases we find an intense attachment of workmen to the union, joined with dislike of those who cannot or will not join the society,—a dislike which in the better trades involves social discomfort, and in Sheffield the risk of assassination. We find the cries about piece-work and over-time to be founded on ignorance; that the indolence complained of arises not from unions, but from the natural slackening which results from increased comfort and diminished risk of want. We find the accusation of levelling unsupported

¹ The ironfounders are now being severely tested, but they have survived many tests during the last fifty-seven years.

by the evidence of any levelled workman, and wholly denied by the unions. We find that the government of unions does truly represent the wishes of their members, that they do assure those members against want, and that they do increase the wages of the working classes. Let us not reason of an imaginary working man, ground down by the tyranny of a secretary, secretly loathing his oppressor, losing the substance of wages while grasping at the shadow, and using violence to coerce a majority whom he cannot convince, and with whom he secretly agrees. Let us not seek with middle-class complacency to patronize the oppressed being, and deliver him from his thralldom. So doing, we shall seem but wretched hypocrites to workmen blindly unable to comprehend our blindness. No; it is the wearer who knows where the shoe pinches. Masters hate unions; workmen love them. Let those who feel them to be adversaries destroy them if they can; the workman will fight hard, but in the great trades they have used and will use no foul weapons, and will feel little bitterness to open opponents.

We prophesy no dismal revolution, no war of fustian with broadcloth, no violence of any kind, if the attempt be made to abolish unions; we only expect then shortly to see candidates of the highest respectability on the hustings swallowing unwholesome pledges to support the worst rules trade-unions have yet devised. Now is our opportunity. If we show that we can govern wisely, workmen may consent to be governed. If we act with folly we must soon learn to follow our new masters. Educated Englishmen have hitherto known how to lead, and we therefore dismiss the question whether workmen shall still be permitted to combine, and consider only what remedies shall be applied to the gangrened spots found here and there, and what restrictions are really necessary in the interests of society and in protection of the rights of the minority.

Admitting that total abolition is out of the question as impolitic, undeserved, and impossible, we must insist that the great power granted to the bodies of workmen shall be administered under stringent regulations, clearly defining the rights and duties of the workmen, securing masters against extortion, independent workmen against coercion, and individual members of the unions against fraud or oppression by the majority. The better unions may complain that they have deserved no penal enactments, but laws are made for good and bad alike, the good man differing from the bad, not as living under a different law, but as never incurring its penalties. In treating of the legal action required, we have to consider simply how to prevent these crimes and misdemeanours which some unions have been shown to foster.

First, it will be necessary to give the unions a corporate existence, enabling them to sue and be sued ; not but that the better unions are almost indifferent upon this point, finding expulsion an ample remedy against defaulting subscribers, as is the case with clubs ; nor yet is a corporate existence necessary to allow the unions securely to possess property—the device of trustees would meet, and has met this want. Giving a legal remedy against debtors will remove that shadow of justification which has been quite falsely pleaded in extenuation of rattenning (*i.e.* coercion by theft), in the case of the grinding trades ; but removing the excuse will not prevent the crime. We advise legalizing not on the above grounds, but in order that the whole body of workmen may be responsible for their conduct to individual members and to society ; in order that any benefits promised may be secured ; in order that no unjust expulsion or illegal levy of funds may be enforced by an irresponsible body, and in order that the unions may suffer as a body when they transgress the law. There is so clear an agreement between all parties on this point that arguments in support of legalizing are unnecessary, and we need only discuss the conditions under which a corporate capacity may be granted.

The conditions on which unlimited joint-stock companies are allowed to exist need not be very widely departed from in the case of unions. The Government ought no more to interfere as to the sufficiency of the payments by members to meet the benefits promised, than they ought to declare publicly whether a given joint-stock company is sound or unsound ; but they may properly insist that the liability of the members of the association shall be unlimited, so that no member subscribing on the faith of mutual assurance need be without a legal remedy against the body and the individuals for any sums which may become due to him. The names of all members should be made public, and every change of membership, by death, expulsion, or withdrawal should also be published, with the cause of the change, and a legal appeal against expulsion should be established. The rules of the union should be the articles of association, providing for their own modification, and for the passing of bye-laws within certain limits. The duty of the registrar should be confined to certifying whether the articles of the association contained any illegal provisions, and no society should be permitted to exist except in the form now sketched. We would leave the widest possible scope to legal societies, and would forbid secret societies under heavy penalties. Of course the accounts of these societies should be audited, but we attribute little virtue to the system of audits. We do not see how an auditor, even if he examine a

voucher for every payment, is to discover whether or no the voucher be forged ; if a dozen men, when a branch wishes to misapply funds, sign receipts, say for payments during sickness, and the secretary duly enters these payments in his book, how can any auditor, however appointed, discover that these men were not sick, but that the funds have been misapplied ? In cases of crime paid for out of union funds, a bungle in the accounts might assist detection, but simple misappropriation of funds will not be detected by auditing. Again, suppose it to have been detected, the auditor refuses to pass the accounts. If the union approve the misappropriation they have only to subscribe the amount, recoup the peccant branch, and the accounts must pass. This is no punishment for misappropriation. If £10 are misapplied without detection the union will possess a balance of say £90. If detected they will have to subscribe £10, but they do not lose this, they simply raise their balance to £100. This form of punishment would be as sensible as though a judge were to condemn a prisoner to pay out of his pocket a fine of 40s. to his own bankers. The simple refusal of an auditor to pass accounts will be no punishment, and will not even cause temporary inconvenience, unless the misappropriation has been very large. What can follow a refusal to pass the accounts ? In a joint-stock company no dividend can be declared ; but are we prepared to say that in a union no benefits shall be paid while the accounts remain uncertified ? No ; there is no magic either in the word audit nor in the thing, and if the auditor is to have any power to enforce correct accounts, he must have the power of inflicting penalties for non-compliance with the regulations. He will be of little use as a protection against the action of unions, but may be useful in protecting the interests of members defrauded by their officers.

What rules shall be legal, what rules shall be illegal ? We propose that the union should be treated as a single body, existing for the purpose of contracting for the sale of labour, and that no contract shall be allowed which, by any of its conditions, requires the injury of a third person or body, not a party to the contract. No rules permitting or enforcing such contracts should therefore be legal, and we see no other restriction which has been shown by evidence to be necessary. This principle would render illegal,—strikes against outsiders ; against machinery ; against any special materials, any given contractor ; against the limitation of apprentices. It would leave the union the fullest scope to determine the conditions on which its members would sell their labour, so long as these conditions were within the competence of their employer and of themselves.

Our principle would allow all bargains as to hours of labour, the amount of wages, the time of their payment, the conditions of dismissal, the penalties enforced in workshops against workmen, the acceptance or refusal of piece-work, the establishment of courts of arbitration, and the time during which any given set of rules, forming part of a contract, shall be binding. No special provision is wanted against murder, theft, intimidation, or violence. All these things *are* illegal. A provision against threats might be found useful, and is suggested in the proposed Act drawn up by the conference of amalgamated trades.¹

In addition to the above restrictions, we would forbid all sudden strikes; that is to say, we would require that no contract should be terminated suddenly either by masters or men, but that a notice of from three to six months should always be required. By this we do not mean that a master shall not be at liberty to discharge a workman, or a workman to leave his master, with any notice agreed to under the rules; but that when given rules are accepted by masters and men, neither party shall be at liberty to require a change without a notice of from three to six months. The above restrictions should all apply to associations of masters, or to single masters, treated as the purchasers of labour. Thus they would be prevented from stipulating that union men should not work for other masters who might happen to be obnoxious to the leading employers; and the penalty for any illegal agreement should be equally enforced against master and man, whether proposed in the interest of the former or of the latter.

What then shall be these penalties? We answer without hesitation, Fines levied on both parties to the illegal contract, if this has been completed, and levied on the party proposing the illegal contract, if this has not been completed. To fine a single workman is a farce. To imprison him is a hardship, unless he has committed a crime or misdemeanour, for which, by the law as it stands, he would be personally liable. Nor do the unimprisoned 999 suffer very much from the imprisonment of their herald or representative; they feel very angry, subscribe large sums for him and for his relations, but vicarious suffering touches them little. If unions are to be restrained as a body, they must be punished as a body. The fines may be equal for masters and men, and should be heavy enough to be really felt. It will be said that the unions will never take any collective action in wrong-doing, but will

¹ This Bill aims at protecting the funds of the Societies, and freeing them from liability under the law of conspiracy; it contains a provision as to the selection of juries in cases of offences committed by Trade-Unions which the men had better abandon forthwith.

use some scape-goat of a man to commit illegal actions, and that thus they will escape any joint responsibility. The evidence before the Commissioners, except in cases of outrage, does not show this. It is the union which strikes; it is the union which demands unreasonable and improper conditions. Facts will show whether the union has or has not supported a particular demand on the part of a number of its members. There may be some attempt hereafter at equivocation; but if all members of a union are withdrawn from a given shop, the motive of the strike and the attendant facts will not be easily concealed from a jury. The case of outrage and crime committed by one member of a union, in its interest, will always present greater difficulties, just as the detection of a criminal who has committed murder is always more or less difficult. But even in this case we strongly advocate a punishment for the union whenever complicity of the main body with the criminal can be established to the satisfaction of a jury. We might then obtain informers without indemnification as to the whole union; and we should be spared the degradation of discovering great crimes only on condition of allowing them to pass unpunished. Of course occasionally this would lead to the punishment of some innocent persons along with the guilty; but if innocent persons belonging to an association by their supineness allow the commission of crime or folly by their associates, they must suffer, and ought to suffer, precisely as the innocent shareholders of a mismanaged company must suffer, and ought to suffer, by the misconduct of secretaries and directors. If they fear this, they need not join these associations at all. These involuntary accomplices should have their remedy against single branches of the society, secretaries, or others who may have involved them without their consent.

Our recommendations are briefly, Turn trade-unions into legal associations, with power to contract for the sale of the labour of their members; declare what contracts are illegal, and punish the association as a mass for any illegal transaction it promotes, threatens to promote, or sanctions; require publicity, and enforce regular accounts; punish individuals for misconduct as individuals, and punish the body for misconduct as a body.

We have said nothing about arbitration—a pet plan with many well-meaning persons. Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms. Voluntary arbitration is an excellent method for settling small points and avoiding quarrels upon matters of sentiment, which are by no means the least serious quarrels; and courts of arbitration or conciliation will come naturally to be established wherever unions and masters are animated by good feeling; indeed, they have been established, and have worked well.

As a means of determining wages, or any of the main conditions of a contract, they are quite useless, except within very narrow limits. Mr. Kettle arbitrated as to wages by the simple plan of finding out what wages were given in the neighbourhood—a very good plan, but hardly applicable on a large scale. Arbitration cannot fix the average price of sugar, land, or labour, though it may decide whether the average price of the day has been offered for any small quantity of these commodities. Until bargains in the market and on 'Change can be replaced by arbitration, arbitration will not replace strikes as a means of determining the market value of labour.

A much more mischievous suggestion has clearly taken deep root in the minds of some of the Commissioners—namely, that trade societies should not be allowed to exist as benefit societies. In the interests of the community, no less than those of workmen, we earnestly trust that the impolicy of this proposal may be seen in time. It has been put forward, as though in the interest of the workmen; but the suggestion came from no working man. No man has complained of not receiving the benefit to which he was entitled. No man has complained that to meet such payments to others he has submitted to vexatious exactions exceeding the subscriptions he undertook to pay. The men are thoroughly satisfied with the mutual assurance system which has grown up. Englishmen of the lower classes find much difficulty in setting by sufficient sums out of their earnings to provide against sickness, accidents, or old age, while retaining command of the capital saved. The recklessness and improvidence of the Englishman is too well known; but in the form of subscriptions to benefit societies they do and can save, being unable to withdraw their deposits. These trade and other benefit societies have induced thousands to save thus, who would never save in other ways; the best unions wholly prevent pauperism among their members. These admirable provisions are to be destroyed! and why? Because, forsooth, the accumulation of funds destined to provide these benefits is supposed to be a temptation to extravagance in striking. In other words, the capitalist is supposed to be more ready to peril his position than the spendthrift or needy man. The evidence is wholly against such reasoning. The societies with large benefit funds are the most reasonably managed. If a large fund is accumulated for trade purposes only, it forms an irresistible temptation to strike. How else can it be employed? Masters would at least have the melancholy satisfaction of being able to foretell when a strike was imminent, by simply watching the accumulation of the trade fund. But a subscriber to a benefit society, who sees the fund applied to trade purposes, knows

that he must make good every farthing wasted. The fund that goes is his fund; either he will some day share it, or if it goes he must some day replace it, by extra payments. You say the men are too stupid to understand this; but you are wrong. The men do understand it, and even the dumbest are taught when, after a strike, whips and levies come week after week to enable the union to meet its liabilities. They will repudiate, you say; they have not repudiated, and little good is to be got by repudiation when the assurance is mutual. To provide against the conceivable case of all the young men of a trade repudiating a debt mainly owed to old ones, the dissolution of a company or withdrawal of members may properly be subjected to some restriction, though it seems hardly worth while to provide for a contingency which is highly improbable. So strongly do we feel on the subject, that we would rather urge that no trade society should be allowed to exist without certain benefits. No better guarantee could be obtained for a prudent administration of the funds. This is no theory, but a fact. Separate trade and benefit societies involve separate expenses of management, separate governing bodies; if restricted to a given trade, the funds will infallibly be improperly used for trade purposes; if they are unrestricted to one trade, the supervision of each member by all the others, allowing benefits to be cheaply purchased, would be sacrificed. You also sacrifice the *esprit de corps* which brings in the thoughtless lad as well as the sober middle-aged man. In a word, let those who advocate the separation say distinctly in whose interest they desire it. If for the workman, believe that he knows best what he wishes, and wait for complaints before you force your aid upon him. If you desire the separation in order to weaken unions, say so. It may weaken them, but it will force them to be aggressive, and diminish their responsibility. A precious plan this to avoid quarrels! you give a man money which he can spend in no other way than in fighting, and then prevent him from accumulating other property, so that he can lose nothing in the fray! Of all the folly talked about unions, surely this is the most mischievous, supported though it be by men of real benevolence, who prate of widows and orphans as though hundreds such had been defrauded, as has truly been the case in some of the very friendly societies they so strongly advocate in opposition to trade-unions, which have hitherto everywhere met their engagements.

In conclusion, we have only to urge that before men are condemned for practices which at first sight may seem unreasonable and even unjust, care should be taken to understand the practices, and the arguments should be heard which the men

have to urge in their favour. When we speak of the men, we speak of the secretaries or others among them who have the gift of speech. Many English workmen, not dull of understanding, cannot explain themselves, and what is more, they will not do so, in answer to avowedly hostile inquiries. The Press, in notices and articles written for the middle classes, and written by men ignorant of workmen, has so very generally misunderstood and misrepresented the action of unions, as to have raised a feeling of angry contempt, preventing even wise and reasonable advice from being listened to. Above all, let us beware of believing that the men are suffering from hardships, of which masters draw a harrowing picture, but of which no artisan complains. Workmen are wedded to the system of unions from no irrational motives, but because they have by their aid obtained great benefits.

The members find great pleasure in the management of their own affairs, and boast of the kindly feeling and enlarged sympathies which co-operation induces, at least within the pale.

The artisan enrolled in one of the great societies may with some truth speak as follows:—"To unions we owe increased wages, diminished labour, freedom from care; in hard times, and in sickness, from want of work and want of bread, the union protects us; neither by accident nor in old age shall we or ours be paupers; we ask no patronage, receive no charity, fear no oppression; we live as free men, owing our welfare to our own providence, and we shall maintain our power by using it with prudence." There is indeed a sad reverse to this pleasant picture. The best things may be misused, and trade-unions have been misused; but were we to abolish all institutions misapplied, all rights abused, all customs warped from their true aim, what fragment of society could we retain? Let us neither seek to destroy trade-unions, strong as they are for good and evil, nor yet fear with a firm hand to set a legal limit to their power. With good laws and sound teaching these bodies may yet become the pride of our country, affording one more proof of the great faculty Englishmen possess of self-government. Under bad laws, ignorant dislike, and unsound advice, they may indeed turn to a curse, fostering disloyalty and outrage, fatal to trade, and to the well-being of all classes. God grant that we may be wise in time!

- ART. II.—1. *L'Idée de Dieu*. Par E. CARO. Paris, 1864.
 2. *La Philosophie de Goethe*. Par E. CARO.
 3. *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*. Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris, 1862.
 4. *Essais de Morale et de Critique*. Par ERNEST RENAN. 1859.
 5. *Averroës et l'Averroïsme*. Par ERNEST RENAN. 1861.
 6. *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Second Series.

To know the best that is known, and to say it—that is the definition of criticism which an ambitious English critic has founded upon the practice of France, for the use of his countrymen. Mr. Arnold continues the tradition of Dryden in sending us to school across the channel, but Dryden did not consider the journey indispensable. He was a good critic, but a better poet, so he boasted of the native riches which only needed to be set off by foreign art: Mr. Arnold, a good poet but a better critic, points to the foreign riches which may relieve our poverty. True, he may urge that times are changed. We are in a fair way to accept his definition; yet it would have astonished Boileau as much as Addison, La Harpe as much as Jeffrey. Those estimable critics never imagined that an author was a sort of literary jackal or lion's provider to the critical appetite; they never reflected that second-hand omniscience would be the proper function, or the reasonable aspiration, of a fortnightly review. Perhaps, if they had heard that this ideal was realized at Paris, they might have thought Plato's contemptuous simile of the man with the looking-glass more applicable to the repetitions of criticism than the creations of poetry: perhaps it might have strengthened their suspicion, to find the first of French critics modestly stating the result of his inquiries among mathematicians, about the character of M. Biot's mathematical talent, or making up his mind on Buffon's scientific rank, in reliance on M. Flourens's edition of his works.

But though modern French criticism may appear to outsiders what Aristotle's metaphysics appeared to Bacon, "a depredation of other sciences rather than a true province of knowledge," yet criticism in France has a character and an inspiration of its own. Knowledge changes its character in passing through the critical alembic. To the critic, knowledge is not a systematic whole growing day by day till it becomes co-extensive with the universe; it is a collection of methods and results, rather than of facts or laws. Ethics is the science of motives and circumstances rather than of duties; history is the record of tendencies rather than of actions; art is to be studied in its

temporary conditions rather than in its universal aims. A philosopher may proclaim his opinions, a critic detects his wishes in confessing his own; when controversialists are weary with debating doctrines, a critic professes to narrate their history. In a word, criticism, in the modern sense, is the result of the failure of many efforts, the exhaustion of many careers, the decadence of many institutions. People examine the mechanism of society, because ambition is impracticable; the results of physical science and even of psychology seem more indisputable, because philosophy is impossible. That is why French criticism is disinterested, subject to two rather important drawbacks—it has to vindicate its own freedom and its own security. It would be condemned, if any dogmatic authority were to conquer society; it would be silenced, if any dogmatic passion were to invade society. It is more than an accident, that far the ablest organ of French criticism is also an organ of the Orleanist party, one of whose ablest politicians has discovered that Christianity is a valuable bulwark against socialism, because it is the only system which gives a meaning to misery. The house of Orleans represents the emancipation of the literary class, and it represents the disappointment of the expectations which menace the security of the classes on whom literary men depend for a public. Hence, side by side with *exposés* of the extravagance of Imperial finance, we have querulous articles on our own Reform question, where, though we may miss something of the sparkling vigour of Mr. Lowe's denunciations, the intelligent foreigner supplies us with other grounds of alarm: for it would never have occurred to the most timid native that the *wealth* of the Trades Unions made them as formidable to our civilisation as the monasteries. This is worthy of the ingenious observer who sets forth the effects upon the rural population of the austere ritual of the Anglican Church, where the clergyman kneels down to pray and change his surplice at the foot of the pulpit stairs. Side by side with elaborate expositions of the last results of comparative philology, we have now some gorgeous cloud-castle of M. Renan, built on the transformations that humanity may effect in the visible universe; now a slightly ponderous tribute to M. Guizot's defence of Christianity; or a protest against Hegelianism, or materialism, from one of the indefatigable writers who are always rediscovering the theism of Descartes, sometimes with, and sometimes without, his doctrine of the immortality of the soul; but, in any case, without the least suspicion that they are condemned to the hopeless labour of the daughters of Danaus. For the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is not exclusive; there is nothing which an able writer may not advocate in its pages, except the

merits of Imperialism, or the *Vie de César*, or perhaps the temporal power of the Pope. There is a reason for these exceptions: the jurisdiction of a préfet, or a bishop with an influence on a préfet, is apt to press rather hardly on the educated classes, who have plenty of property and plenty of intelligence, and who only need to be left to enjoy them at their own discretion. It is to such an order that civil and religious liberty is important for its own sake; to the immense majority of the population a good despotism is the best of governments, until they are ready to assume power themselves.

There we find instalments of M. Mignet's history of Francis I. and Charles V., side by side with instalments of M. Caro's indictment against Goethe for the essentially Spinozistic character of the philosophy which underlies all his contributions to both poetry and science. M. Caro is himself an interesting figure; it is impossible to imagine a greater contrast in controversy than the manner in which he and Mr. Mansel attack the same opponents. The Bampton lecturer is never content with a bare refutation. M. Caro is argumentative, but not contemptuous. Mr. Mansel is impatient till every form of rationalism is an object of public loathing and contempt: M. Caro seems to be afraid to betray a Parisian Antichrist except with a kiss, though there is no real danger of his courage failing before the crucifixion is complete. An unfriendly critic might suspect that there was something of timidity in his courtesy; and the suspicion would be confirmed by the pathetic enumeration of the perils to which the slightest serious protest in favour of a spiritual philosophy exposes a literary Frenchman under the Second Empire.

Whether danger can excuse cowardice, or self-pity heighten heroism, our readers will be in a better position to judge after reading a few extracts from M. Caro's alarming description of the partisan liberalism of France, which thinks that civil liberty is never secure and modern civilisation is never guaranteed against the ghosts of the Middle Ages while Christianity is still erect in our midst as a perpetual insurrection against modern society. According to him, another La Bruyère is needed to paint this liberalism as it deserves:—

“It is an inverted fanaticism, a back-handed intolerance, for free-thinkers can be intolerant too, and their intolerance is the most odious of all, for it is aggravated by a lie. Those delightful liberals never suspect that liberalism implies a love of liberty, even the liberty of antagonists. You may affirm that you would maintain all the conditions and guarantees of lay life, all the rights of free thought, all the principles of civil society, and the independence of Church and State. That is not enough. This jealous keen-sighted party suspects not only all Catholics whatever, from such absolutists as Bossuet to such

liberals as M. S. de Sacy; but also every Protestant who does not subscribe to every apotheosis the party may decree, every philosopher who makes profession of Christian spiritualism. The day that M. de Pressensé took up his pen to refute M. Renan, another Protestant was put on the list of suspects, where M. Guizot has long figured since he declared his faith in the supernatural. People talk of the sensitive despotism of orthodoxy; I know no orthodoxy more sensitive or more despotic than this which I have endeavoured to describe.”¹

It will be seen from these specimens, and many more might have been added, that criticism, which sometimes claims to be the modern representative of the mediæval clergy, has emancipated itself completely from the spirit and letter of the mediæval maxim, “Clericus clericum non decimat.” We are not sorry for the change, for if critics were not to be subject to criticism in the first place, our vocation would be gone, in the second place, we should have no fellow-labourers; and in dealing with a writer like M. Renan, it is a peculiar advantage to be able to avail ourselves of the criticism of his countrymen. In England, we do not think of dwelling on the personal history of living English writers, and M. Renan is an author whose personal history has exercised an unusual influence on his thought. In England, again, we are in danger of forming our opinion of him too exclusively from the *Vie de Jésus*, a work which it is impossible for us to criticise, since the necessity of the subject seems to convert every reader into a conscious opponent, or an unconscious partisan of the main positions of the book. The peculiar conditions of French life, to which the work itself is adapted, enabled M. Sainte-Beuve to review it without involving himself too deeply in earnest controversy. He tells us very precisely what three of his friends thought of it; he tells us rather confusedly what *he* thought of what *they* thought, and leaves us with an impression that the book is stronger than its critics, and weaker than its subject. We learn also from him that M. Renan is the youngest of his family—twelve years younger than the sister, who relieved him from material cares, when he severed the ties which bound him to the Catholic Church, and whom he lost on the oriental pilgrimage in which she accompanied him. From the repose of a Breton fireside, he passed to a little school kept by ecclesiastics—country priests of the old stock—grave, well-instructed men, who taught polite literature solidly and sensibly; men too old to be affected by the encroachments of the neo-catholic or clerico-romantic party. M. Renan, we are assured, has always been very grateful to their memory. His studies there were so successful that he was promoted to a seminary, then under the control of the present

¹ *L’Idée de Dieu*, par E. Caro, p. 163.

Bishop of Orleans. There he entered upon a new world, and came in contact for the first time with the worldly Catholicism of Paris, which was born in M. Sainte-Beuve's lifetime, and has been growing under his eyes in strength and pomp from day to day; a Catholicism at once agitating and agitated, superficial and material, always feverish, always in a hurry to profit by every cry, every reputation, every fashion of the day, and all the latest machinery for combat and enjoyment, losing no opportunity for firing the brain or the liver; the Catholicism which has produced the rising generation, that one contemplates with admiration at its work in France,—which, we may add, has crossed the channel, though for the present it halts at the Tweed. After three years of this training, he was admitted to Saint Sulpice, and commenced his philosophical studies at the establishment of Issy, where he found again, for two years, the repose and solidity of his early Breton training. In a graceful and tolerant essay on Lamennais, M. Renan speaks highly of the intellectual benefits of the routine of ecclesiastical training:—

“The education of the clergy, which has serious drawbacks as a training for civil and practical life, acts admirably in awakening and developing intellectual originality. There may be more system, more depth, more discipline in the training of the University, but it is subject to the drawback of being too uniform, leaving too little place for the individual taste of pupil or professor. The Church, in literature, is, after all, less dogmatic than the University. Her taste may be less pure, her methods not so strict, but she does not idolize the literature of the seventeenth century. Perhaps with her substance is less entirely sacrificed to form; if her training is more declamatory, it is less rhetorical. This holds especially in the higher training. In the absence of all inspection, all official control, the intellectual *régime* of the large seminaries is that of the most complete liberty, as nothing, or next to nothing, is required of the pupil as a rigid obligation; he is left in full possession of himself. With this, and with absolute seclusion, and long hours of meditation and silence, and incessant preoccupation, with a goal above all personal desires, it is easy to understand that such houses must be an admirable scene for the development of a faculty of conscious thought. Such a mode of life crushes the feeble, but gives singular energy to such as are capable of independent thought.”¹

Nevertheless his first doubts were awakened by the study of natural science, though they were not yet too strong to be relieved by Malebranche, and the young Sulpicien could still rest at one of the intermediate stations, where the great Oratorian had spent a lifetime. The doubts that had been aroused by

¹ *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, p. 148.

the study of nature were deepened by the contrast which he believed he found between the facts of history and scholastic orthodoxy: he observes himself that it is hard to say how many have been introduced to heresy by the *solvuntur objecta* of theological treatises. This suggests a reflection which we believe to be important in these days of controversy. In many sciences, such truth as is accessible gains by collision with error. Neither Mr. Mansel's disciples nor Mr. Mill's would value the doctrines for which they contend, unless they had to contend for them; we get a clearer notion of Greece from Mr. Grote than from Bishop Thirlwall, just because he is more combative. Probably no one without a genius for grandiloquence could long derive intense enjoyment from a liberty which he had not to conquer or defend. About art the case may be doubtful. Few have an organization sufficiently sensitive to enjoy it for its own sake, in perfect repose: a protest against a consciously realized error,—an avoidance of a consciously realized fault makes our interest more lively though less pure. But about religion, not even the example of Spain can make us hesitate. The perfection of faith and devotion is only for those who turn their backs on other things; who are content to live in a pit, and see the stars. In one sense a doctrine is profaned even more when it is defended than when it is attacked: a pious opponent takes his tone from the splendour and pathos of the ancient creed, but the reply is thrown in part at least into the form of a *reductio ad horribile*, and takes its tone from all the worst parts of the attack. M. Renan's taste did not suffer in creating his impossible and fascinating Antichrist, but even Mr. Browning becomes vulgar, when he condescends to meet such sophistries on intellectual grounds.

But we have wandered from M. Renan's history. In the second year of his residence he learnt Hebrew, and was himself appointed to deliver an elementary lecture to his fellow-students. Meanwhile he read Herder, which furnishes M. Sainte-Beuve with an opportunity for eulogizing the sciences which Germany has created, and France has hitherto neglected to adopt. These studies had a very tranquillizing effect on M. Renan, who learnt that it was possible to be eloquent in honour of Christianity, without believing in it; and that if he had lived in Germany, he might have found a situation where it would have been possible to pursue his investigations freely, yet not defiantly, without breaking with venerable things or names. In France this was impossible; the sympathizing biographer, who obviously values intellectual liberty more than truth or sincerity, says, "However, our intellectual precision, our arid forms, our crushing rules, forbid such indecision, though it is often fruit-

ful and salutary, we are compelled to choose between *yes* and *no*.”¹

In his transition from Christian faith to an exclusively scientific career, we are told that there was nothing of the convulsion which preceded the revolt of Lamennais. M. Renan was yet unpledged, and had fewer ties to break: moreover, Lamennais had thrown himself into a great cause, in which he believed the interests of humanity to be at stake; M. Renan desires nothing better than to leave humanity to cherish its old beliefs, slightly eviscerated, while he and those who sympathize with him philosophize at leisure under their breath. So he came out of the conflict without a scar, though with wounds, which he would have us believe still bleed inwardly; he came with the tastes of a priest, the creed of a *savant*, and a conscience of his own. He cares little or nothing for secular progress, or the omnipresent ideas of 1789, he cares little for industrial displays like those of 1855 or 1867. He can scarcely be said to care for truth, unless to think it too precious to be attained and too sacred to be communicated is a trustworthy evidence of sincere devotion. When we try to ascertain what makes life valuable to him, we find it is something like the spiritual selfishness which is wrongly attributed to devotees. For an enlightened devotee is sedulously on his guard against letting his delight in his own feelings take the place of the object which gave them birth; in the eyes of M. Renan there is something illusory in all objects of devotion, and the only reality worth having is to be found in the luxurious and elevated sensations which such illusions serve to cultivate. He has told us in his latest work, that if the human race were ten times as intelligent, it would be a hundred times as religious, and that if its intelligence were raised to a still higher power, it would plunge from one ecstasy to another through the voluptuous languors of eternity. We do not know whether Comte might have approved of this devotional ideal; we are certain that Saint Theresa would have condemned it even more severely in the name of religious sincerity, than Jeremy Bentham in the name of practical utility.

When his emancipation was completed, M. Renan sought a new career in the University. At that time M. Cousin and his philosophy were supreme; but he was too generous to throw obstacles in the way of a student whose opinions differed from his own. But the style of teaching at the University was too dogmatic and too unhistorical to suit M. Renan. In France, neither philosophers nor the public have any idea of more than two forms of philosophical teaching: one where all lecturers

¹ *Nouveaux Lundis*, ii. 388.

repeat and enforce the official doctrines ; another where every lecturer is free to propagate his own. The first process is naturally rather barren, and reduces philosophy, as M. Taine suggests, to a safe tepid bath for young boys ; the second is not only unsettling, but, we are assured, intolerably irritating to the sensitive ears of a French audience. As it would be too much to hope that French professors should confine themselves in their lecture-rooms to the history of opinion, and adjourn the discussion of absolute truth to university sermons, it is probably as well to surrender all philosophical teaching on the ground that some questions are better evaded than answered ; for there is the respectable authority of Goethe's wise men for affirming that questioners are by all means to be avoided. When the University had failed him, he naturally took refuge in literature ; and for a year or two, we are told, his writings bore traces, since effaced, of resentment against the yoke which he had worn. But however sedulously he might cultivate a purely literary spirit, and however successfully he might develop his literary aptitudes, his own theological pre-occupation, and the sensitive vigilance of the religious world, were too much for his peace of mind. The public could not understand M. Renan's delicate and plaintive protests, that he had not the slightest wish to disturb the belief which he incidentally disapproved ; so perhaps he judged wisely in abstaining from a formal defence, and taking refuge in flowery ambiguities. This course gave friendly critics an opportunity for insisting on the ethereal resignation, whose only reply to calumny was to soar to still loftier regions, and disappear in the golden cloud of poetry.

The scheme whose normal development was thus disturbed, was too extensive to have been adequately executed ; for it was nothing less than an harmonious series of contributions to the religious history of mankind, in which every essay presupposed the first principles of a science which will never exist. To crystallize every character, every nation, every epoch, in the appropriate formula, to ascertain the significance of each as making up the common stock of human thought, is a task simply too difficult for the human mind. When we endeavour to form a complete conception of a single character, we do not encounter the same preliminary difficulty as when we try to conceive an ultimate point of space ; the attempt is not simply unmeaning, it fails from the number of details we have to consider ; from the difficulty of deciding which of them shall be regarded as a key to the rest. It is a rare triumph when a critic can succeed as M. Sainte-Beuve has succeeded in his subtle account of Madame de Krüdner, in representing one hemi-

sphere so completely as to suggest the existence of another. He shows the devotional side of her worldliness, the worldly side of her devotion; how she went into raptures of pious astonishment at the success of her manœuvres to take Paris by storm; how, after her conversion, she found the principal proof of the Divine mercy to mankind in the excitement which attended her preaching; he quotes Saint Evremond to prove how fashionable ladies take to religion as a *pis aller*; in a word, he gives a complete picture of her life from a secular point of view, and he lets you see that another point of view is possible, while he exposes the incongruities which result from the attempt of her biographer to blend the two in one tableau. It is impossible to formulate a single character; it is obviously yet more impossible to formulate the character of an age. A tendency which is obscured in an individual, may become plain in a society; but of two impossibilities, it is easier to ascertain how far Cromwell obeyed his conscience, than how far Catholicism really controlled mediæval life. Again, when we come to the transition from one age to another, what various explanations have been given of the Reformation! It has been considered a glorious triumph of Divine grace; a horrible caricature of one or two Christian doctrines, to the destruction of the rest; a mere reaction against the corruptions of the fifteenth century; a mere incident of the Renaissance; a movement towards liberty of conscience; a movement towards freedom of thought; an aristocratic movement; a democratic movement. If we ask which of these conceptions is true, it requires a knowledge of all ecclesiastical history to answer; and yet the answer is a step to a complete knowledge of ecclesiastical history. Nevertheless, the problem of the Reformation is one of the easiest which M. Renan has to solve in constructing his religious system of humanity, for the data are not ludicrously inadequate. There is one postulate, however, which gives an illusory stability to such cloud-castles.

Long before Germany had invented the sciences which M. Sainte-Beuve wishes to see imported into France, or kept in quarantine beyond the Rhine, Pope had enunciated the pompous falsism, 'Whatever is, is right.' To this talisman every lock flies open. It is as easy to justify one epoch as all; the world has been in travail since the creation to bring forth the magnificence of to-day. Nothing valuable has been lost; there is no such thing as accident; the wilful folly of mankind cannot destroy what is worthy to survive. Whatever has perished may be disregarded; it perishes because it could not endure, as opium produces sleep by a soporific tendency. It is a curious proof of the insatiable curiosity which prefers any theory

whatever to the confession of ignorance, that the only serious opposition which is made to this arbitrary and oppressive fatalism comes from the cynicism of such writers as Pascal, who make the fate of the universe depend on the length of Cleopatra's nose; or the flippant humility, which is quite as anxious to disclaim responsibility as to acknowledge weakness, and shelters itself from the pedantry of general laws in the *Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz*, and the adventures of *Gil Blas*. An orthodox writer like Guizot is a more persistent offender than an heterodox writer like M. Renan; just because he has a more definite object to glorify, since a semi-Calvinist Providence is a less fluctuating ideal than the consciousness of the human race. Accordingly, his subtle analysis of the actual course of events, which frequently succeeds in explaining the 'how,' is supplemented by barren formulas which profess to explain the 'why.' Such phrases as 'it was too late,' 'the time was not yet come,' really tell us very little. They are intended to show why what many people desired remained unexecuted, but unless we are too proud to use them, authorities will never be wanting to prove how much accident and caprice can do to stifle or paralyse desires widely felt, worthily represented, and adequately supported.

In M. Renan this solemnity of assumption is connected with his sacerdotal instincts; he wishes for an elaborate ideal which may wean its worshippers from the interests of every day, and he is not sorry that his ideal should be a little arbitrary and baseless, in order that its worship may breathe a counsel of perfection for the few, than an obligation for the many. Hence, too, his laudable aversion to one whole side of French literature, which we may as well describe in the words of M. Sainte-Beuve:—

"At every period the bent of French genius has been towards gaiety, levity; good sense always ready, but petulant, imprudent, contemptuous, and turbulent; towards malicious satire; and one must add towards indecent jests. If this element were to rule alone and unchecked, what would be the fate of our language and literature? Nothing would be lost in cleverness, but would they retain their grandeur, their elevation, their force, their majesty, in a word, their tone? For what is called tone, can only result from the combination of opposite qualities and elements, which sustain and counteract each other."¹

The contrast may be traced from the early epics, and the licentious *Fabliaux*, through Bossuet and La Fontaine, Saint Juste and Camille Desmoulins, to Lamartine and Royer Collard on one side, and Béranger on the other. There can be little uncertainty on which side M. Renan is to be reckoned. If the general tone

¹ *Nouveaux Lundis*, ii. 381.

of his writings left any doubt upon the question, he has determined his own place, by his fervent denunciations of the farce of *Patelin*, as well as by his depreciation of Molière and Béranger, who preach as the perfection of the natural law, wine, women, song. Apparently this austerity is almost too much for his friendly critic, who evidently suspects that the world would be rather dull if the supernatural were banished, and all the restraints it once imposed retained; to say nothing of the chance that the perpetual elegy of M. Renan might become as wearisome as the perpetual dithyramb of M. Quinet. Accordingly, M. Sainte-Beuve takes shelter under a dictum of M. Renan himself, that to avoid a conclusion is often a mark of subtlety, and subsides into the safe propositions that M. Renan and Béranger are both necessary to complete the French character, and that as the predilections of the former run counter to the national bias, it is fortunate that he can recommend them by a graceful style. One might fancy that the same temperament which makes M. Sainte-Beuve loth to surrender the rank luxuriance of national life, where so many flowers grow among the weeds, makes him anxious to retain the protecting shadow of a superintending Providence. So at least we are inclined to explain his evident eagerness to find a theist in M. Renan. Probably few of that writer's admirers are doomed to total disappointment, all will find in him what they seek, *quemvis hominem secum adtulit ad nos*. It is certainly difficult, as M. Sainte-Beuve points out, to discover a meaning for duty, unless the Highest Good be an objective reality which will rebuke prosperous and contented self-deceivers when they see it face to face. In the same way, progress seems to imply a definite external goal, to which mankind are gradually approaching, for otherwise it is hard to decide between the conflicting claims of several divergent tendencies, each of which gathers force as time goes on, to represent the main current of humanity. M. Renan himself is not insensible to the danger, that the analysis which he applies to spiritual facts may be applied by others to spiritual ideas; and it is difficult to think that the obstinate scruples on which he relies are not due to the education against which he rebelled: for whatever M. Renan may be inclined to suppose, there is nothing in the nature of the case to make rooted wishes and traditional reverence better reasons for faith in the ideal, than for faith in the Gospel, or to make the matter-of-fact style of argument with which the Resurrection is assailed less effective when turned against the supremacy of a beneficent Creator. On this latter point M. Renan abstains from definite statement, but the assumption that the work of humanity is holy implies an independent guarantee of its perfection—a God in fact,—more

strongly than occasional invocations, which sometimes sound too sentimental to be serious.

Whatever doubt there may be as to the precise object of the worship of which M. Renan has constituted himself the priest, there can be none as to the sacrifice which it requires. The present Emperor of the French has been suspected of a desire to confine the Romans to the cultivation of ruins, which, to be sure, yield a better harvest than revolutions, but he never approached the lyrical unction of the following extract from M. Renan:—

“For my part, I tremble to think of the day when this sublime mass of ruins shall be penetrated anew by life. I cannot conceive Rome except just as it is, a museum for all grandeurs which have fallen, a *rendezvous* for all whom this world persecutes, for the sovereigns it has dethroned, the politicians it has deceived, for all whom it has sickened and disgusted; and if ever the fatal tide of modern commonplace threatened to pierce through this barrier of consecrated ruins, I could wish to have priests and monks paid to preserve it, to maintain misery and gloom within, desolation and fever around.”¹

Surely this is an echo of the famous prayer of Torquemada, that God would come down to help him in his holy warfare against the pravity of relapsed Jews. It is idle to explain away such fervour as a mere recoil from vulgarity, such as preserved Petrarch from the pedantic infidelity of the Italian Averroists; it is the normal clerical taste for suffering and contemplation, only the contemplation is to be intellectual and æsthetic, not moral or devotional, because M. Renan found he had a stronger vocation to be a *savant* than a priest. It is natural that he should despise the boasted ideas of 1789. They are not necessarily vulgar, they are capable of all the ethical and artistic elevation with which they are presented in the funeral oration of Pericles; but they are necessarily lay; there is no place in them for the exaltation of the elect of Christianity, still less for the more exclusive dignity of the worshippers of the ideal. In Athens, in New England, there has always been the assumption, in one form or another, that all the Lord's people are prophets: in Christendom the Gospel is preached to the poor, but one always seems to hear M. Renan muttering under his breath, “This people, which know not the law, is—blessed.” He applauds the wisdom of the Catholic Church in withdrawing the Bible from the people. Of course the reason is ready; Americans and Englishmen read the Bible; all exercise their private judgment on theology, and antiquity is taught at Oxford as badly as in the days of Rollin. In France, no one reads the Bible, no one forms a theology of his own, and

¹ *Les Révolutions d'Italie*, 259.

France is at least as enlightened as England, Old or New. No doubt it is better for the poor to read the Bible than nothing, but they might easily have better books to read; and then we have the old example of the bad effects of the Old Testament upon the Puritans. M. Renan obviously thinks that the monopoly of priests was a good preparation for the monopoly of men of science; obviously also he feels with the corrupter clergy of the Middle Ages, that such exclusive pretensions need some apology; that it is invidious to take away the key of knowledge. The mediæval clergy recommended the people to look at the painted windows while mass was being said in an unknown tongue. M. Renan finds that, while very few are capable of science, none are excluded from the ideal; indeed the simple may find an ample compensation in his spontaneous instincts, for what they lose on the side of reflection. Even if the consolation is illusory, and the sentimental *savant* is superior to the village curé, the inequality is the fault of nature, and must exist even under an orthodox view of the spiritual world, whereupon he appeals to the instance of Martha and Mary,—not very happily we think, for after all Martha was free to choose the good part. Nor do we quite understand why this inequality is to be more painful to the privileged classes than to their inferiors. Of course it is true that a more intense and varied life is exposed to regrets and disappointments, from which an oyster or even a fool is comparatively free, from which a stolid worldly drudge, we may add, is safer than a devout and simple Breton. But the test of mere satisfaction is misleading. Those who experience such regrets and disappointments do not wish to exchange them for sluggish content; and those who are satisfied with the innocent pleasures of a routine existence, have once been ambitious of the pleasures and pains of superiority, and would not refuse them if they were attainable.

But perhaps we are dwelling too long on an afterthought, which is creditable to M. Renan's modesty, but might be effaced without intellectual loss from his writings. The first thought is franker and truer. "A cultivated man can feed upon art and science, and upon the elevated exercise of all the highest faculties; but the illiterate has nothing but religion. . . . Intellectual elevation will always be the property of a small minority, and if this minority is left free in its own development, it will not busy itself about the way in which the rest mould God to their own image."¹ Even when M. Renan gives us his natural thought, unembarrassed by well-meant attempts at reconciliation, which his opponents cannot but regard as an insult or an imbecility, we invariably find one element which

¹ *Études d'Histoire Religieuse*, Preface, p. 16.

baffles us entirely ; we cannot divine what M. Renan means by the "ideal." He does not define it, he does not describe it, he incessantly alludes to it. Sometimes it seems an abstraction from history ; sometimes simply a contrast to everyday life ; sometimes the thought of the best and most interesting characters. Any or all of these conceptions are intelligible separately, perhaps together, but not in M. Renan's context. We can understand that it is possible to think of a better world than this, or to think of this world as better than it is ; but one cannot understand how such thoughts are the highest reality. Mankind cannot accustom themselves to such a way of thinking, and this is one of the ultimate tests of truth, or at least of credibility ; it is not a way of thinking that it is possible to cultivate or acquire. A man of science learns to think of colour as depending on so many vibrations of light ; a devotee learns to rejoice in suffering, and each can teach the lesson in his turn ; but no one seems able to teach the worship of the "ideal." We confess we should like to see an explanation of the following sentence, which we feel it is cruel to translate :—"In the first centuries of our era, in the midst of a world of corruption, where every virtue had taken wing, when none of the cities of earth was a worthy sphere for the display of noble instincts, where was a refuge found for lofty souls ? In the eternal city of the ideal." This is not the only instance where we fail to grasp the assumptions which seem to underlie M. Renan's writings. We do not see why he infers the non-existence of miracles from a valuable remark of M. Littré (which, perhaps, needs to be taken with some limitation), that they never occur where they can be scientifically tested : it would be as reasonable for a trout to infer the non-existence of live May flies, from the fact that they never appear under water, where they could be observed at leisure—by trout.

The masterly essay on the origin of Islam increases our regret that his subtle investigations of yet more interesting questions should so often rest upon premises which preclude not only agreement, but fruitful and satisfactory discussion. The hidden forces of spontaneity are in their place, when used to explain the origin of a false religion. They are not at variance with a more concrete and forcible description of the process of illusion, "when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh ; but he waketh, and, behold, he is faint, and his soul hath appetite." Hence the mechanical reproduction of the half conscious state, in which the soul projects its own determinations into the outer world, and receives them back as an answer from on High. Hence the indecision, the perfidies, the cruelties, which marked Mahomet's later years ; hence the

transformation of his church into an empire, whose foundations were sealed with the blood of his sincerest converts, extirpated by the venal adherents who had been won by the imposture and the compromise which grew with success, and made success more rapid and more sure. Hence, too, the superiority of the disciple to the master; the deceived to the deceiver. The faith of Omar proved stronger than the faith of Mahomet in more than one decisive crisis, just because Mahomet was, and Omar was not, the founder of Mahometanism. So at least M. Renan affirms, and on this point his authority is unimpeachable, because disinterested, for he expressly disclaims the modern theories which represent St. Paul as superior to his Lord, and the true founder of Christianity.

It is naturally easier to criticise M. Renan's social views, though they too are deeply coloured by his moral and literary prepossessions. We agree almost entirely with his article on the Exhibition, and confess to sharing his regret that few visitors disappoint exhibitors, by the parting reflection, "How many things I can do without!" Still we wish for a little enthusiasm in his recognition of the benefit that even the most prosaic progress will confer on the immense majority of our fellow-creatures, if it abridges their labours and lessens their privations; they cannot be elevated by mechanical labours, nor softened by sordid privations.

But his horror of mere popularity has misled him in his estimate of Channing. He admits himself that his criticism has been one-sided; that more relief has been given to Channing's want of scientific attainments and critical subtlety, than to his charity and moral earnestness. His excuse is, that he was preoccupied with the disappearance of high culture and high genius, and that Channing's Utopia would have been dreary for the want of them. Undoubtedly Channing's literary and æsthetic side was not his strong side; but we are inclined to think that the triumph of his principles would do more for art and literature than the triumph of M. Renan's. A general uniformity of conditions is by no means unfavourable to art. A Persian might plausibly have urged everything against the society of Greece which Europeans urge against the society of America; and yet the society of Greece produced the only perfect art the world has yet seen. A Roman of the fifth century might have made just the same objections to the monastic ideal of society which M. Renan makes to Channing's, and yet the monastic society produced an art only inferior to the art of Greece. If culture is disappearing, it is not due to optimism or liberalism, but to the love of money, and Channing was not the preacher of self-interest; if genius is disappearing, that is not

due to the disappearance of ignorance or prejudice, but to an insatiable curiosity. A preacher whose teaching does not go beyond the song of the angels at the Nativity, and who feels the holiness of sunset in simplicity, does more for art and culture than if his *hortus-siccus* contained the flowers of every mythology under heaven: he is of those who ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward.

When we turn to consider M. Renan, not as a teacher of humanity, not as a too contemptuous spectator of industrial progress, it is easier to agree with him, less invidious to criticise him. Scarcely any praise is too high for his Essay on the Poetry of the Celtic Races, which strikes us as far superior to Mr. Arnold's delicate study on the Celtic element in our own literature; not only in breadth of habitual knowledge, but in repose of keeping. M. Renan assumes that his readers start with a serious interest in the subject, consequently he does not attempt to awaken their flagging attention with anecdotes about the Llandudno Eisteddfod or Thomas Moore, nor insist with disproportionate emphasis on the Pindarism or Titanism of Llywarch-Hen. M. Renan is content to give us a portrait,—Mr. Arnold insists on ascertaining the specific characteristics of Celtic art. He will not be content without an anatomical examination. We have no wish to depreciate science, but the parade of comparative anatomy is not artistic, when it only leads to a provisional result. It is really better to be told what the qualities of the Celtic race were, than what the qualities of other nations were not. It is instructive to read a description of the feminine, inward shrinking character of the whole race, based upon the Mabinogion, and the legends of Saint Brandan, and his own Breton souvenirs, with a passing hint that this is peculiarly applicable to the Cymric branch. Of course there is something one-sided in this description; for instance, it does not prepare us to recognise as a Cymric utterance the following noble triad:—Three things are highly disgraceful to a Cumro. To see with one eye, to hear with one ear, and to fight with one hand. Nevertheless, so far as he goes, M. Renan has real information to give, but we are not sure that Mr. Arnold's phrases about sentimentality and irritability are not empty as well as comprehensive. No doubt they explain the hardy qualities of the Gael, quite as well as the softer qualities of the Cymry, signalized by M. Renan; no doubt, also, they explain how the Celtic infusion in our nationality produced that delicate religiosity which makes the Olney Hymns so incontestably superior to the *Lyra Germanica*. Still we are afraid that a writer of Mr. Arnold's range of knowledge might discover as much sentimentality and irritability in other

semi-civilized races; and the unlearned may be permitted to complain with Pascal, that formulæ which explains so much should always require so much explanation.

The elaborate essay on Averroës and Averroïsme is at once a beautiful example of French scholarship, and a telling piece of veiled but not ineffective controversy. Frenchmen are fond of representing their University as the one bulwark which still protects intellectual independence against the advancing tide of clerical education. According to M. Renan, the University of Paris discharged the same glorious function in the thirteenth century. Certainly he has produced decisive evidence that there was a strong Averroïst party in Christendom, which all the energies of the angelical Doctor were needed to defeat: he has shown strong reason for believing that the University of Paris was the focus of this insurrection, and even for suspecting the complicity of the great Franciscan order, though, if this had been the case, we should have expected Guillaume de St. Amour, the champion of the University against the Mendicants, to have chosen the Friars Preachers rather than the Friars Minors as the principal objects of his invective. In fact, the system of Averroës, for its own sake, is what attracts his historian least. M. Renan is interested in the unsuccessful struggle of Averroës against the reactionary bigotry of the African immigrants, who destroyed the intellectual life of Spanish Mahometanism; he is interested even in the resistance which his dull Paduan continuators opposed to the Inquisition; he is interested in the filiation of Arabian philosophy to Greek; but he is not interested in its approximation to truth. Hence his work, though a model of condensed investigation and lucid and accurate statement, would be mechanical, if it were not difficult; one feels that literary history is taking a direction on which it will sink rapidly towards the level of Photius, when the labours of scholars have smoothed the road.

In this respect the essay on the Religions of Antiquity is much fresher and more suggestive, though scientifically it is less complete. It is interesting to see how a writer unacquainted with the researches of comparative mythologists has seized the connexion between language and mythology:—

“An indefinite sense, expressed by most perfect and definite form, is the essential characteristic of Greek art and Greek mythology. For mythology is a second language, born like the first, of the echo of nature in consciousness; like the first, inexplicable by analysis, though its mystery reveals itself to such as can comprehend the hidden forces of spontaneity, the secret harmony of nature and the soul, the eternal hieroglyphism on which the expression of human sentiments rests.”—*Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse*, p. 19.

The earlier part of this extract is perfect, but when we hear of hidden forces of spontaneity, and perpetual hieroglyphism, we sigh for the comparatively definite guesses of Professor Max Müller, which, if they do not reveal facts, at least set something like facts before us. There may be no more evidence for saying that blue-eyed Athenè armed with the ægis of her father, is the personification of the blue sky gleaming through the storm clouds, than that Minerva is female nature conceived on its spiritual and religious side, but we can understand the early Greeks thinking of one, and we have some difficulty in thinking ourselves of the other. It may be uncertain whether Hermes represents the wind, or the dawn, or neither; it may be a good description of the final Greek conception of him to say,—

“Mercury is human nature regarded on the side of its industrial aptitudes; he is the ephebus, with all the beauty of the supple vigour which the gymnasium can give;”¹

but the solution only differs in degree from the old-fashioned platitude of the god of thieves; it throws no light whatever on the origin of the conception which it expands, not incorrectly, but does not attempt to explain. Again, when we are told that the contest of Apollo and Hermes represents the contest between the worship of the conquering Dorians and the conquered Pelasgians of Arcadia, we have a right to ask in a fifth revised edition for the comparison of this view with the conjecture of comparative mythology, that here we have one of the endless versions of the sun's victory over morning twilight.

M. Renan may very likely be right in thinking that the results of the new science are still too confused and uncertain to be laid before the French public, but we are scarcely convinced that they leave the doctrine of his article unaffected.

But whatever may be the defects of his criticism of M. Creuzer's system, they are compensated by his singularly graceful account of M. Creuzer's life, which gives us a beautiful impression of the lives of the German scholars of the grand school; the originality and delicacy to be found under a mask of simplicity and almost dulness; the lofty *naïveté* which is only possible to serious conviction; the character which is stamped pedantic by the pedantic levity of France. We learn to realize the infancy whose dreams were fostered under the vaults of St. Elizabeth's Church at Marburg, and moved to the harmonies of the grand old ecclesiastical music, in which M. Renan believes we can trace the lingering echoes of the lyre of a Pindar and a Sappho; to realize the ideal repose of a man-

¹ *Études d'Histoire Religieuse*, p. 20.

hood which neither controversies nor calumnies could disturb, and the idyllic amenities of the learned ladies of Holland, who continue the traditions of Padua. Perhaps we shall fall into the pedantry of levity ourselves, if we insist on a doubt, whether some remarks on the vulgarity of the point of view in *Tartuffe* and *les Femmes Savantes* are as well placed as they are well founded.

Again, the little essay on Ary Scheffer's picture of the Temptation is very graceful; but a criticism on a serious work of religious art is scarcely the place for pleasantry on the arch-enemy, as a poor victim of calumny, an unfortunate revolutionist, driven into hazardous enterprises by a passion for activity. It is doubtful whether a compassionate representation of evil is a proof that evil has lost its power; undoubtedly unmixed evil is rare, but its dominion is only strengthened by the good which it absorbs.

A pleasanter feature of M. Renan's critical character reveals itself in his tribute to M. de Sacy. An obsolete style of criticism, a liberalism more generous than logical, a piety genuine, doubtless, and delicate, but narrow in its honesty and pedantic in its delicacy, do not seem strong titles to the respect of the most daring of contemporary critics. M. Sainte-Beuve would have been coldly appreciative; M. Taine would have treated him as intelligent schoolboys treat an awkward master, not without regard to their own manly dignity; while M. Renan is positively enthusiastic over the uprightness and respectability, which are the true aristocracy of modern times. He delights in the idyll of the *Rue de la Serpent*, as he calls the history of M. de Sacy's literary ancestors; who studied antiquities after Lebeau and history after Rollin; who were in earnest, and respected themselves, and had a character, in spite of their prejudices and their petty quarrels. He acquiesces in the severe judgment passed by M. de Sacy on the present and immediate future of France; since it coincides with his own fervid alarm, at the growing disinclination for the life of self-devotion, and for disinterested occupations, and affords him an opportunity for enlarging on his favourite commonplace, that the world is no happier for the machinery of happiness. It is equally interesting to mark the point of divergence. The conservative tastes which are so valuable in morals are pronounced unfavourable to the hesitation and curiosity of the critic. Here we think M. de Sacy has at least the advantage of consistency; it may not be justifiable, though we are inclined to think it is inevitable, to gratify our moral taste in the choice of first principles; but if we are to select our principles in this way, in the last resort, our moral taste must be the paramount in-

fluence in determining our belief on historical questions, as well as others. For the real supremacy must rest somewhere, not only in the society, but in the individual; and therefore, after the homage which M. Renan renders to M. de Sacy, it is useless to protest that history cannot be sacrificed under penalty of losing models more valuable than those of the seventeenth century. Perhaps, also, there is something exaggerated in the admiration for historical right, which makes him single out a defective sense of the sacredness of prescription, as the one flaw in the liberalism of M. de Sacy, which is therefore pronounced to lack the one sufficient protection against the degradation of China, where the rights of each are sacrificed to the happiness of all, and moral interests are postponed to temporal expediency. M. Renan reminds us that their *a priori* origin has made French liberties weak; he does not remind us that their historical origin has made English liberties narrow, even selfish. He belongs to a school which is always magnifying the local liberty of England; perhaps he may be cured by the sight of an English school, which is always magnifying the administrative energy of France. Perhaps it is not too much to ask the cultivated opposition on either side of the channel, to raise their ambition higher; to seek a remedy and not a change of evils; to remember that a British vestryman is as bad as a French préfet, and a French préfet as a British vestryman. But M. Renan is certainly right in refusing to despair of France, because the Revolution which created a hierarchy of public officials has failed to create a system of public bodies, and in pointing out that the variety of type which still exists in European society is a guarantee against the stifling of civilisation by one official routine.

M. de Sacy is protected by his respectability, by his orthodoxy, we had almost said by his dulness; he does not compete in any way with M. Renan, or encroach upon his public; but there is something pretentious in M. Cousin's brilliancy, while his somewhat ostentatious patronage of Christianity cannot have been pleasant to a quondam seminarist. Nor is M. Renan blind to the defective acquaintance of the famous eclectic with the mysteries of German philosophy; but he leaves Hegel's sneers where he found them. He does not tell us, that though Cousin might have caught a few German fish, he was careful to drown them in French sauce. He only points out that M. Cousin did not borrow enough to stifle his own originality. He could see the grotesque aspect which eclecticism presents as the philosophy of parliamentary government, but he gravely reminds us that Cousin was not the first offender, that Royer Collard had already proclaimed that every *régime* had a philosophy of its own, which

perhaps is only a more solemn repetition of the familiar adage, "Let me make a nation's ballads, and let who will make its laws." The same charity reigns in M. Renan's appreciation of the numberless difficulties and artifices and reserves which M. Cousin imposed upon himself, when he resolved to become the founder of a school, and to undertake cure of souls. These humiliations only serve to impress M. Renan more deeply with the self-devotion of a thinker, who could sacrifice his own intellectual liberty to deliver his countrymen from the degrading bondage of material interests. He is positively anxious that Catholicism should avail itself of the services of M. Cousin, though he hints that a philosopher should leave no dogma unquestioned, and that a Christian should leave no mystery unembraced. Perhaps, as self-pity is rather uncritical, we could have spared a passage in which M. Renan claims to be a better Catholic than most educated Frenchmen who die with the sacraments, on the ground that, without exactly holding any one article of the faith, he sympathizes intelligently with all; which reminds us of a question canvassed by one of Miss Yonge's heroines, whether whipt cream with a tang of soapsuds, or slightly mouldy cheese, be the better exponent of milk.

As the problem which baffled Miss Lucilla Sandbrook is too deep for us, we pass to an extract of unexceptionable grace and delicacy :—

"M. Michelet has spoken somewhere of those tardy loves of philosophers which begin towards the middle of life, or even past the middle, and end by concentrating themselves on a single image, with all the ardour of a youthful passion. But it is a sight never seen before, a miracle of historic intuition, in unison with an unrivalled vigour of imagination, that M. Cousin should have been content to accept the recompense of his pure life and earnest youth in the memory of beauties who faded two centuries ago. M. Cousin's taste for beauty seems to have applied itself successively to rather various objects; the taste for beauty is never intolerant, its choice is an affair of simple preference, which leaves no room for discussion. Hence the air of paradox which æsthetic criticism always puts on, for it finds beauty its only object in the most opposite systems; it is always volatile so far as it takes the form of a speculation; the only thing which can fix it is an act of free election, as free and as sovereign as the grace of God."¹

Such smiling reserve is far preferable to the little ebullitions of accuracy which serve to explain M. Sainte-Beuve's professions of indifference to the invasion of the domain which the author of Port-Royal hoped to retain as his own by the title of discovery. The present generation are certainly more interested in learning how M. Cousin came to fall in love with Madame de

¹ *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, pp. 95, 96.

Longueville, than how much self-denial Madame de Longueville displayed in taking to a cap on her conversion, or even in ascertaining that in M. Taine's opinion the society of the Grand Siècle was rather dull, and that the so-called poetry of Boileau was merely a good school-boy exercise.

M. Renan is one of the most cultivated minds of Europe, and he addresses one of the most cultivated audiences. If he and his public are less solidly instructed than the Germans in the data for theorizing on the highest subjects, they escape from the systematic pedantry which entrenches every new hypothesis behind *chevaux de frise* of such solid-looking formulæ, that its adherents are in danger of forgetting its true use as an opportunity for discarding the creed of their childhood, and mistaking an elaborate uncertainty for a permanent addition to the stock of human knowledge. M. Renan and his public are wiser; like Horace, *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*, they can find in every suggestion of criticism an escape at once from the interests of the Bourse and the Bois de Boulogne, and from the traditions of the Sorbonne, and the contentious theodicy of Notre Dame. Still, it is their interest too that the vulgarity of daily life and the foolishness of preaching should survive their polished and desultory attacks. Swift warned the free-thinkers of his day that the abolition of Christianity would not only give a meaning to the oft-repeated cry of "the Church in danger," but would destroy their favourite occupation, and their only chance of distinction. M. Renan does not need such a warning; he is sufficiently aware of the force of the nursery adage, "If you can't make them, you oughtn't to break them;" and this homely wisdom supplies a basis of common sense to a great deal of ethereal eloquence in honour of the touching reserve of the priests, who are too angelic to distress their congregations by explaining that their whole life has been a lie. He is honestly anxious that Christianity may continue to exist, in order that he may continue to explain it away; for he is fully persuaded of the truth of the maxim which the *Revue des Deux Mondes* inculcates so perseveringly on successive Governments, that nothing which does not resist can support. He is quite right; his method cannot stand alone. Positive science of definite facts would be possible to a solitary thinker; the co-operation of fellow-students would check his errors and extend his knowledge, but it would not change its kind. Again, the solitary soul is quite competent to discover her own devotional needs, and to concentrate herself on them, whether their objective satisfaction has been revealed to her or no. Vico and Pascal in the speculative sphere, Stephenson and Zinzendorf in the practical sphere, were naturally independent

of their predecessors and surroundings. But poetry requires a beautiful tradition of life to illustrate and adorn, and criticism requires a beautiful tradition of life to analyse and destroy. For an epoch of criticism is necessarily an epoch of decline, in which poetry becomes the mere expression of personal moods and feelings, and practical life, when its conditions are too well understood, resolves itself into the play of personal interests, the conflict of personal ambition. There is an excess of second-hand knowledge, which is as destructive of wisdom and intellectual life as the excess of second-hand wealth is fatal to energy and frank enjoyment. All superiority and attainment are relative, and no man has reason to congratulate himself on belonging to a generation which thinks that it is being floated up to a higher level of ideas, even if the elevation were stable ; —a table-land is as flat as a plain. French criticism has gained the table-land, and it expatiates there in stately gyrations which become slower as they take a wider range. Now and then there is a show of contest about a philosophical question or an individual character (for personal questions become exciting when general questions have become insoluble); but the contest is never *à l'outrance*, for the habit of resultless conflict has worn out the desire for victory. If the *Revue des Deux Mondes* could be personified and interrogated as to its *raison d'être*, we might be sure that it would repudiate the extreme pretensions of its English admirers ; perhaps its inspiring muse would reply, that since Providence brought nothing into existence that was not worthy to survive, she had been commissioned to perpetuate, to purify, and to enrich the tradition of Descartes and Racine, of Cuvier and Royer Collard ; that in this office she had done what she could, but that she scarcely knew, if she did not often attenuate, what she sought to purify, and dilute what she sought to diffuse, till the new elements which she strove from time to time to blend with the current, were lost in a transparent stream of insignificant words. If the same question were addressed to M. Renan, we might not wrong him much by the supposition that he had desired the graceful and modest function of the bee, which gathers honey from the flowers which it did not plant, which it cannot harm, and which it may sometimes help to fertilize, but that experience had taught him that though he could taste the sweetness of the lime-tree, he could not impart it to others, and that people said the garden was withered where he passed ; that he was more grieved than surprised when enemies compared him to the voracious sloth, which strips the trees of a forest, then drops to the ground ; and if it survives the fall, drags itself slowly and painfully along till it finds another forest to strip.

- ART. III.—1. *The Annals of Indian Administration in the Year 1865-66.* From the Records issued by the various Indian Governments in 1866-67. Vol. xi. Serampore: Printed by Marshall de Cruz. 1867.
2. *The Parliamentary Debates on the Abyssinian War.* November 1867.

IT is a striking instance of the uncertain state of public opinion with regard to the duty of the dependencies of Great Britain to render her aid and service in her Imperial wars, that, in the Parliamentary debates last autumn on the Abyssinian War, the orators of the Ministry and the leaders of the Opposition seemed almost equally perplexed to determine what share of the expenses ought in justice to be borne by India. The proposal of the Government, that India should continue to be charged with the pay of the troops temporarily withdrawn from her garrison for service in Africa, was evidently founded on no principle. The regiments now in Abyssinia are as far removed from the control of the Governor-General as if they were cantoned at Aldershot; and, while the war against King Theodore lasts, it is an idle pretence to say that these troops are kept available for immediate service in India, and that therefore their pay may fitly be made a charge on the revenues of that country. The Government can only have snatched at such an excuse because it feared to raise openly the inconveniently broad question, what proportions of the whole cost of the expedition should in fairness be assigned to England and India respectively. Sir Stafford Northcote shrank from affirming that India ought to be regarded as a principal party to the war, in alliance with this country, and that she should be called upon, therefore, to contribute, towards defraying the expenditure that will be incurred, such a sum—be it more or less than the pay of the regiments sent from India—as will be a just measure of the value of the interests she has at stake. He contented himself with stringing together a number of precedents which showed, not that the course the Ministry had determined to take was the right one, but that in former wars the Imperial obligations of India have been very capriciously dealt with, in consequence of the want of a settled plan for the distribution of the naval and military charges of expeditions in which England and India are jointly concerned.¹ Mr. Gladstone was naturally dissatisfied with this narrow and

¹ In the first China war, the East India Company paid the expenses of the troops sent from India to China, besides providing at its own cost new regiments to take the place of those troops in India. In the Persian war of 1856, India bore not only the whole of the ordinary, but half of the extra-

unstatesmanlike way of stating a case which was so strong in its own merits that it could only be weakened by the unskilfulness of its advocates ; but he merely suggested that the Government might, by taking higher ground, have given a conclusive answer to critics who held that India was treated shabbily in being required to pay even a moderate portion of the charges on account of the Abyssinian expedition. "If," he said, "the Government should think fit to propose an inquiry—and for my part I am very much disposed to believe it might be useful—into the distribution of the military and naval charges between England and India under the present arrangements, my opinion, my strong opinion, is that the result of that inquiry would be a not inconsiderable addition to the charge of India, and a not inconsiderable diminution of the charge of England." This declaration on the part of the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, that he firmly believes the English people are now made to bear the burden of taxes unfairly imposed upon them for the relief of the people of India—for that is what Mr. Gladstone's "strong opinion" amounts to—was unfortunately robbed of much of its importance by the counter declaration of Earl Russell in the House of Lords a week afterwards, that, "if the mother country withdrew troops from any of the colonies" for an Imperial war, "she must take on herself the payment of them," and that there is no reason why we should bear more hardly on India than on the colonies.

The confusion of ideas here briefly indicated would not be of much moment if the only matter in dispute were whether India should or should not grant the paltry amount of £300,000 as an aid to the Imperial Government in the war with King Theodore. But the question that has been raised has much wider and more general bearings, affecting the whole constitution and policy of the empire. The attention of Parliament is so constantly occupied with the discussion of domestic affairs, that it is only now and then a chance debate which allows the home public to catch indistinct and casual glimpses of the administration of those vast territories in every part of the globe which owe allegiance to the British Crown. No doubt Englishmen would long ere this have learned to view with far other eyes what goes on in the dominions of the Queen beyond the limits of the four seas, if England had from the first consciously and deliberately aimed at conquest and empire, and had marched with measured and unfaltering step from one aggression to

ordinary expenditure. In the second China war the Imperial Government paid everything. In the third China war, India only paid the expenses of the vessels employed in the expedition, all other charges being borne by England.

another, bent only on making all nations acknowledge the supremacy of her flag, and on bringing them all alike under the discipline of obedience to a regular and centralized system of government. But no statesmen ever planned the creation of the British Empire; none have attempted to give it a uniform and coherent organization. The colonies consist of numerous settlements of vagrant Englishmen who have gone out into the world to seek their fortune, and who for the most part are indebted to the mother country for no other kind of education than that which the elder Mr. Weller prided himself on giving his son, when he put him out in the streets and left him to shift for himself. When they succeed in life, we rejoice with them in their fame and prosperity; and if any foreign nation tried to injure them, we should protect them to the best of our ability; but we have never done so much for the colonies, nor are the foremost of them yet so firmly established as strong, rich, and self-governed communities, that we should be justified in expecting much assistance from them in any great conflict in which England might be engaged. We hold India, no doubt, by a quite different sort of tenure; but the mode in which our Indian possessions have been acquired has not been favourable to a strict definition of the relations that ought to subsist between the paramount power and the dependency. During a century of almost incessant warfare, in which the boundaries of British India have been ever steadily enlarged, till we are now the undisputed lords of the whole Peninsula, a powerful party in England have constantly denounced the policy of conquest and annexation; and the English people in general, unwilling to appear guilty of the inconsistency of denying to other nations the freedom which they themselves claim as the most precious of national birthrights, have reluctantly, and often only under protest, accepted the Imperial dominion secured to them by the combined statecraft and skill in arms of great Englishmen in India. The reputation of Lord Dalhousie, who had the glory of completing the work which Clive and Hastings began, has been as virulently assailed in our own day as that of Sir Philip Francis's victim was nearly a hundred years ago, and the tenor of the accusations in each case is precisely the same. The national conscience is, however, satisfied with these disclaimers of all previous knowledge of and complicity in the ambitious designs of the men whose "unhallowed lust of conquest" has given us an empire at which all the world wonders. We may have had greatness thrust upon us, but it does not follow that, because we disapprove of the means by which we have become great, we should therefore reject the end. Human virtue has its

limits ; and the English nation's honest abhorrence of all kinds of arbitrary government has not yet generated such a self-denying spirit within us as would make us capable of the sublime effort of abandoning any piece of territory worth the keeping that had once come into our possession. Cynical foreigners, including some of the natives of India (who will not believe that we have made any great sacrifice, even if we were in earnest, in refusing last year to annex Mysore), are apt to assume that the virtuous indignation we express at the acts of the men who founded and consolidated our Indian Empire is mere hypocrisy ; and there is, indeed, some force in the jeering remark that it was not until we had destroyed every formidable enemy who opposed the progress of our arms in India, had reduced all the remaining native Princes to the condition of mere feudatories of the British Crown, and had seized the whole sea-coast, all the strong places, and the most fertile provinces in the Peninsula, that our Government magnanimously proclaimed to the princes and people of India Her Majesty's solemn determination to rest and be thankful, and not to covet the territory of any of her neighbours and allies. It must be owned that these fine phrases are too commonly used by Englishmen as a blind to conceal from themselves the real nature of their rule in India. Afraid to own that their government of that country is a despotism founded on conquest and maintained by force, and that its existence is justified by the peace, order, and prosperity it has secured to a people who were previously given up as a prey to all the evils of anarchy, philosophical Liberals habitually affect to talk of the natives of India as the loyal subjects of a constitutional government, and to have their feelings outraged by proposals to take money out of the Indian Treasury, without the consent of the tax-payers of that country, for the support of Imperial enterprises. Sir Henry Rawlinson, it is true, had the candour to remind the House of Commons last November that it was a mere misuse of terms to speak of Indian tax-payers as if, like English tax-payers, they possessed the privileges of representative government ; but this plainness of speech gave great offence, not only to sentimental politicians like Mr. Fawcett, but to critics who, though generally holding sentiment in profound aversion, yet consider it a dangerous thing to tell all the world on what footing our government in India really stands. So general is this feeling among our representatives in Parliament, that, in their scrupulous and tender regard for the rights of the natives of India, they even forget their duty to their own constituents, and are content to leave undetermined, from year to year, to the possible injury of

British tax-payers, the question raised by Mr. Gladstone, and on which that high financial authority has gone so far as to express beforehand a "very strong opinion," whether the Imperial charges for which England now holds India liable are not fixed on far too low a scale.

The direct consequences of this irresolution and want of sincerity in our treatment of Indian affairs are most hurtful to English influence in India. The people of that country are by no means indifferent to politics, or ignorant of what goes on in England. The vernacular press, which counts its newspapers by the dozen, and their readers by thousands in every large town, is almost entirely in the hands of intelligent, ambitious men, who have been educated in the schools and colleges founded by the British Government, and whose ardent minds have been filled, by the liberal training they have thus enjoyed, with Western ideas of nationality and popular rights, to which their forefathers, in the happiest days of Hindu or Mussulman rule, were utter strangers. There is something whimsical in the gravity with which a smart young Brahmin of Calcutta, or Parsee of Bombay, fresh from the study of English constitutional history, and eager to astonish his admiring fellow-countrymen by displaying his perfect familiarity with the manners and customs of English civilisation, catches up all the cant phrases of Parliamentary life in this country, and moralizes, in leading articles that mimic with marvellous accuracy every trick of style and tone in our periodical literature, on such a maxim as that taxation without representation is tyranny. These are the men who seriously believe that England's chief mission on earth is to educate the natives of India, in order that, when they are fitted for self-government, she may gracefully retire and leave to them the further control of their own destinies; and, as no one has yet been bold enough to fix the date when this retirement shall take place, the newspaper writers may be forgiven for assuming that such a blessed consummation of our glorious work in the East may be accomplished even in their own day. They constantly write, therefore, with a sort of compassionate good-will towards the British Government as a temporary institution. They acknowledge, indeed, that on the whole our rule has probably been a blessing to India; but they complain that our form of administration is too hard and prosaic for imaginative Orientals; that it does not open out careers for enterprising youth who scorn the peaceful paths of commerce and industry, and that its tame and dull uniformity might perhaps be advantageously exchanged for the attractive irregularity of political life in native States. These critics, hap-

pily for themselves, know nothing by personal experience of the actual condition of the subjects of independent native princes, nor do they care to make the reflection that there is not one of the so-called independent States in India which has within itself the elements of cohesion, or which would not fall to pieces within six months if the protection of British troops were withdrawn. Charmed with fantastic visions of national independence, they are eager to anticipate the time when India shall be governed by her own princes, with, of course, the aid and advice of the cleverest and most virtuous graduates from the universities of the Presidency towns. Meanwhile, having a press as free as that of England or America, they assiduously practise in the newspapers all the arts of independence. They affect mighty airs of indignation at the audacity of England in doing anything with regard to India that has not received the sanction of the national will, and greedily re-echo and exaggerate the complaints of magnanimous members of Parliament, that the people of India are cruelly oppressed, because the Imperial Government arbitrarily determines to defray the expense of a ball to the Sultan, or of part of the Abyssinian expedition, out of the Indian revenues. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* lately gave a quotation from a native paper, in which the editor, commenting on the proceedings of Parliament, declared it to be a scandalous thing that, while India had to provide a pension for Lady Elgin, because her husband was Governor-General when he died, and to pay England for every pound of powder supplied from this country to the Indian garrisons, the services of Indian regiments were taken for campaigns in foreign countries, and no compensation made to the people of India. Ludicrous as this kind of writing may be, it has a dangerous side also. Such criticisms of the conduct of our Government cannot be largely circulated among an ignorant population, who are naturally inclined to think evil of their alien rulers, without weakening English authority and prestige; and there is no way of silencing the critics, but by making ourselves and others clearly understand what is our actual position in India, and what general principles ought to regulate the financial relations of the two countries.

Can we then define, with any approach to exactness, what are the Imperial obligations of India, while that country remains an important member of the community of nations which forms the British empire? This question can perhaps best be answered by a reference to what would be the national duties of an Indian Government if India were an independent State. For, it is obvious that the natives of India cannot claim to be more

generously treated by their conquerors, than they would be by rulers of their own race and choice. It is much if old precedents as to the doom of conquered countries are set aside in their favour, and if England refrains from exacting a heavy tribute from her Eastern subjects for the relief of British tax-payers. But if this policy is entirely reversed, if India, as a dependency, is absolutely better off, is more thoroughly protected at a less cost to her people, than if she were an independent State, then she has taken advantage of her English connexion in order to relieve herself of a portion of her legitimate burdens at the expense of the rest of the empire. Now, the chief heads of expenditure in every State are easily ascertained. The Government must first of all secure peace, order, and equality before the law, to all its subjects within the limits of its own territory, and it can attain these ends only by maintaining a strong army and civil service. Then, for the defence of the country against foreign enemies, and the protection of its external commerce, the principal places of the country must be fortified, and a disposable land-force kept always ready for service, and, in addition, there must be a navy powerful in proportion to the extent of the country's maritime interests. Finally, every State requires a diplomatic service to represent the Government at foreign courts, and to conduct negotiations and watch over the fortunes of citizens dwelling abroad in time of peace. With regard to the first of these three requirements—the maintenance of internal tranquillity,—it will be allowed that India pays for an Army and Civil Service that are fully equal to their duties. Mr. Gladstone indeed contended, in his speech last November, that it was hard upon England to be compelled to receive back at any time, whether she wanted them or not, soldiers whom she had trained for Indian service, if the Governor-General thought he could safely reduce the force at his command by a few regiments; but it is not generally a matter of complaint with us that we have too many troops at home, and any temporary inconvenience England might be put to in having to accommodate more regiments than she wanted is surely compensated by the regular payments which India makes on account of the depôts of troops kept in this country, which are always available in case of need as a part of the home force. The diplomatic work of India is done for her all over the world, except in Persia, by agents whose salaries are paid by the English people; but there is no need to quarrel about trifles, and we will grant that the payment of the expenses of the Persian mission is a sufficient contribution by India towards meeting the whole expenditure on account of Imperial diplomacy.

There remain the Naval charges ; and at this stage of the inquiry we make the startling discovery that India maintains no navy at all, though about half a million a year is provided in the Indian Budget for a marine consisting of dismantled men-of-war, which are now only used as transports. Up to the year 1863, indeed, there did exist an admirable little service known as the Indian navy, which, though not strong enough to be equal to all the emergencies of a great maritime war, nevertheless did first-rate work, not only in surveying the coasts of all the Eastern seas, and putting down piracy from Zanzibar to Hong-Kong, but in assisting to bring to a successful issue important expeditions against powerful enemies of India in China, Persia, and Burmah. But after the suppression of the Mutiny it became necessary for the Indian Government to find the means of improving the financial position of the country, and bringing to a close the "era of deficits;" and Sir Charles Wood, in his zeal for retrenchment, took it into his head one day to abolish the Indian navy. A word from the Secretary of State was enough. Parliament considers it unfashionable to discuss Indian questions, and acquiesced without a thought in what Sir Charles Wood proposed. So the service was broken up, the ships were put out of commission, the officers compelled to retire on pensions, and India was left without even a gunboat of her own to protect more than three thousand miles of sea-coast and a commerce of 100 millions sterling.¹ This, however, was not all. Formerly, the officers and men of cruisers of the Royal Navy on the East Indian station used to receive extra pay, or *batta*, from the Indian Government. This custom also Sir Charles Wood did away with, while throwing on the Royal ships much more severe work than they formerly undertook in the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. It may be estimated that the saving to India by these changes amounts to nearly a million sterling a year. Part of this amount is now added to the burdens of the English people ; part is made up by the diminished efficiency of the naval force employed for the defence of India. The squadron employed on the East Indian station has necessarily been strengthened, but it is composed of ships not built for service in tropical seas, and manned by officers and crews whose wretched pay makes them thoroughly disgusted with their work. Now, if India stood alone, the first condition of her existence as an indepen-

¹ The 'Monitors' now being built in England for the Government of Bombay are only intended to complete the defences of Bombay harbour, though, if England insisted on India doing her own work, they ought to be, and might be, made the nucleus of a new and efficient Indian navy.

dent State would be that she should take rank as a strong maritime power. Geographically, her position in Asia somewhat resembles that of Italy in Europe ; and if the newly constituted Italian kingdom is compelled to devote two millions a year to its navy, it is not an extravagant supposition that India, with a commerce twice as valuable, would be forced to spend twice as much in order to place her navy on such a footing as would secure the respect of foreign powers, and prevent the depredations of the pirates that swarm in every Eastern sea.

We come, then, to this conclusion, that whereas it is the national duty of the people of India to support out of their own revenues land and sea forces sufficient for all purposes of peace and war, they obtain, by the incorporation of their country in the British Empire, the privilege of having a navy maintained for them at the expense of the good-natured people of England. We may well, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, already feel that we are overburdened with the weight of empire, when we carry out this absurdly Quixotic policy of conquering foreign countries with apparently no other purpose in view than that of increasing our own taxation for the benefit of the nations we subdue. Surely we ought to be just to our humbler fellow-countrymen who pay taxes at home, before choosing to be generous to the "oppressed tax-payers" of India? Lord Russell says we should treat India as liberally as we do our own colonies. But even with regard to the colonies we have recognised the principle that, as soon as they are able to stand alone, they shall provide for their protection at their own expense; and it cannot therefore be unfair to say, with regard to India, that that dependency, to which we are bound by no ties of kindred, ought to pay its own way. It cannot be illiberal to demand that the natives of India shall share with us the responsibilities as well as the advantages of being British subjects, and that they shall be prepared, while the Empire lasts, to cast in their lot for good as well as evil with our own. Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking rather as the head of the Indian Government than as an English Minister and Member of Parliament, contended last November that it would be "monstrous" to call upon India for help in England's European wars; but in point of principle her liability is equally binding in all our Imperial wars, whether the field of action be Europe or Asia, though, as a matter of convenience, no doubt her forces should generally be excused from service on this side of the Isthmus of Suez, on condition of taking a principal part in our Eastern wars. In any case, however, the people of England have a right to insist on having such an army and navy kept on foot by India as the importance of that country's national inter-

ests demands; so that, now its separate existence is merged in that of the British Empire, it may be capable of doing its fair share of the Imperial work. Lord Cranborne thinks it would be dangerous to have India converted into a huge Imperial camp and arsenal, from which a Secretary of State could at any time send out formidable expeditions; but it is a mere question of Parliamentary discipline whether or not any Minister shall have absolute power to dispose of the fleets and armies of India at his pleasure. If Parliament attends to its duty, it can easily control the action of the Secretary of State for India; but it will hardly be suggested that we should deprive ourselves of the military advantages which the possession of India places at our command, and go on paying for the defence of that country at sea (as we do while the Royal Navy is employed for that purpose, and no compensation in money or kind is paid to England), because the House of Commons does not choose to enforce the Parliamentary responsibility of the Indian Minister. If the representatives of the people in Parliament neglect their duty, the people of course must be the sufferers; but when the constituencies once understand what are the consequences to the tax-payers of Great Britain of the lax way in which Indian affairs are treated by Parliament, they will not be long at a loss to devise the means of making India do her duty by the Empire, and yet keeping within due constitutional limits the liberty of the Executive Government to employ her forces in wars beyond her own boundaries.

But the advocates of Indian grievances assert that India returns indirectly, if not directly, full value to England for all the benefits she receives; indeed, they would even strike the balance the other way, and represent the advantages of the connexion between the two countries as nearly all appropriated by England. It would be wrong to class with such critics a writer in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1866, who tries to remove "the impression that India draws largely on the pecuniary resources and strength of England," for he endeavours, as far as his information goes, to put the case impartially, and to establish the satisfactory, and, in the main, no doubt, correct conclusion, that both countries are gainers by the relationship existing between them. But it is no answer to the complaint that the accounts of a partnership are not fairly adjusted among the several partners, to say that the business could not be broken up without causing the ruin of all concerned. The real question is, whether one partner absorbs a larger share of profits than he is justly entitled to; and to this question the *Quarterly* reviewer supplies no answer, for in his argument he completely forgets to place on one side of the account, to the

credit of England, the amount of the naval charges of which we relieve India. "Omitting," he says, "payments on account of railway materials, military stores, and other similar purchases, and in return for goods of equivalent value, the sum paid annually by India for the services of civilians and soldiers, and the interest of money lent, spent in England, forming a clear addition to the wealth of the country, is about £6,000,000 a year. . . . Now, what is the call which India makes upon England in return for the wealth she confers? It is merely the permission to employ, and to pay for, the civilians and soldiers necessary for the public service." The sailors, as we have pointed out, go for nothing in this estimate; but, taking the account as it stands, what does England gain by the transaction? In return for so much money, she grants India "merely" the permission to employ so many civilians and soldiers. There is much virtue in that "merely." Soldiers, at all events, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, are not made in a day; there is no unlimited supply of recruits in England; and it must be no slight drain on our resources to supply year by year the gaps in the ranks of the Indian army. Nor does India merely "employ" our soldiers, it consumes them. War and the deadly climate destroy their thousands year by year; and when the *Quarterly* reviewer affirms that "the splendid army, trained, paid, and kept in active discipline at the cost of India, is available for the service of England," he forgets that the events of 1857 clearly proved what risks we run in attempting, when we are pressed for men in a European war, to reduce the English garrison of India.

Great stress, however, is laid upon the "Home charges," which consist of remittances to the amount of between £5,000,000 and £6,000,000 sterling a year, to cover the interest on money lent to India by English capitalists, and pensions payable to retired members of the civil and military services. As to the debt, is England greatly beholden to India because that country pays with creditable regularity the interest on money borrowed from English capitalists? One would think that the obligation rather lay the other way. Certainly, so far as regards the capital invested in Indian railways, it appears that our dependency has made a good bargain, for year by year the net traffic receipts approximate more closely the amount of the guaranteed interest; and, as soon as this level is reached, India will be able to boast that she has had a complete system of railways constructed for her without any cost whatever to herself. As to the pensions, not amounting in all to £2,000,000 a year, can any one who considers for what services these sums are paid gravely argue that they form an annual tribute drawn by Eng-

land from India? Each of these pensions is the reward of a lifetime devoted to the service of India. A civil servant, say, who has gone out to that country in early youth, full of strength, energy, and enthusiasm for his work, remains in India thirty-five years, rising by slow degrees from the post of assistant magistrate to that of governor and despotic ruler of a province containing many millions of inhabitants. Throughout his long, active, and useful career, he has done incalculable good to India, setting a bright example to the natives of inflexible integrity of purpose, great industry, and eager devotion to duty, combined with a liberality of sentiment and anxiety to improve the condition of men of all races and creeds within the sphere of his influence, which strikes the narrow Oriental mind with all the force of a new revelation. Such a man retires at the end of his term of service with a pension of £1000 a year, to spend the evening of his days in the country of his birth. Is it just, to point attention to every shilling that he receives as a token of the wealth England draws from India, while we omit to place on record, on the other side, the life-long labours of this Englishman to increase the prosperity of India? One cannot put in figures the value of the work he has given to his adopted country; but that work has become a permanent possession and left an abiding landmark in the history of a regenerated people. Because such a man has ceased to labour in India, is his pension of £1000 a year paid him for nothing? On the contrary, this was one of the stipulated rewards of his service, and all that he receives has been well earned by hard work done in India for the benefit of the people of India. It will be said that we have taken a favourable specimen of the class of retired servants of the Indian Government; but, as a rule, all in their degree have similarly done their duty, and merited the pensions which they enjoy. (The argument is, of course, *a fortiori* applicable in the case of remittances made to England by Anglo-Indians during their term of active service.) What shadow of a pretence, then, can there be for the allegation so often brought against England, that India is, as it were, a farm worked to the exclusive profit of Englishmen? Is there any Englishman (we except of course the *mauvais sujets* who are to be found in all services, and who, under any government, will neglect the work intrusted to them, but who are happily rare among Anglo-Indians) who eats the bread of idleness at the expense of the oppressed people of India? On the contrary, can there be any reasonable doubt that India makes a profitable exchange by purchasing from England the services of men competent to carry through the work of administrators for her in an energetic, self-sacrificing, enlightened spirit, which

the sluggish nature of her own people unfits them to sympathize with or even to understand, though they accept with placid contentment its invaluable results?

But then there are the fruits of our commerce with India. Does not the possession of that country supply us with unrivalled markets for the consumption of Manchester and Sheffield goods, and give enterprising Englishmen opportunities of making fortunes in trade, such as they enjoy nowhere else in the world? The expressions often used by critics who are fond of denouncing English rapacity and injustice towards weak nations would lead ignorant persons to suppose that England jealously kept to herself the monopoly of the Indian trade, and by exclusive laws and prohibitory duties deprived all other nations of the possibility of successful competition with her. By a strange misuse of terms, an earnest opponent of English Imperialism lately made it a grievous count in a savage indictment of the whole policy of England in the East, that, wherever our flag is seen, it brings "a glut of piece goods" in its track. It can surely be no crime for Englishmen to wish to give the people of Asia the chance of buying their clothing at rates far below the usual market price, yet this would be the only effect of "glutting" every seaport town with cargoes of Manchester goods. It is a pity the authors of such rhetorical expressions do not take the trouble at least to understand the meaning of the words they use, so as to avoid committing ludicrous blunders of this sort. There are other men, however, who stoutly contend that we take a mean advantage of our power in India when we confer on the people the benefits of free-trade, and that we ought to allow them to levy import duties on foreign goods for the protection of their own manufactures, if they choose to do so. The United States, it is urged, and even British colonies which possess the right of self-government, repudiate the doctrines of free-trade; is it not then an act of high-handed selfishness on our part to put them in practice in India? Even if it were an absolutely correct statement of the case that there is unqualified free-trade in India, it is a sufficient answer to our accusers that we, being responsible for the good government of the country, hold it our duty to give full application, so far as the Indian trade is concerned, to those laws of political economy, the due observance of which has developed beyond all precedent the commercial prosperity of England. Our policy may be a mistaken one, but at least we have proved our sincerity in first trying the experiment of adopting it at home; and the examples of the United States and some of our own colonies do not convince us we have acted wrongly, for we believe we have proof that a policy

of protection does more harm to the people who adopt it than to the foreign commerce which it is designed to injure. The English Government has never proposed to pass sumptuary laws compelling the natives of India to wear no cotton cloth but what is made in Manchester;¹ it simply offers them every possible facility for buying everything they want in the cheapest market. Nor is it so bigoted to free-trade as to refuse to let import duties be raised by India for purposes of revenue; for there is even now a 5 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on Manchester goods; and though it is true that the importation of these goods has destroyed the trade of the petty native weavers, yet they have to encounter a far more formidable rivalry in the products of the numerous mills which have been erected during the last ten years in the principal towns of the cotton districts, and which, being favoured in the competition with Lancashire by the cheapness of labour, the saving first of the freight on the raw material, and then of that on the manufactured goods, and, in addition, by the import duty, are gradually pushing the English manufacturers out of the Indian markets. From what we have said it will be apparent that the Englishman in India has no advantages beyond what his own superior energy and knowledge of business can secure for him. Not only is he not protected against the natives, but all other Europeans are equally privileged with himself to contend for the prizes of mercantile life in India; and amongst the well-known firms of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, there are many German, French, and American names—though of course the immense majority are Scotch and English, for the simple reason that Great Britain has the principal carrying trade of the world in its hands, and is the largest producer of, and dealer in, those goods which are most in request among the natives of India. There can be no doubt that the trade with India thus carried on is most valuable to us. But we should be taking a very one-sided view of the real bearings of our connexion with India if we imagined that there was no commercial reciprocity between England and her dependency. We are all familiar with the glowing pictures which enthusiasts have painted for us of the fertilizing influences of wealth imported from India into this country; and, if we were to believe all we hear, we should conclude that the prosperity of the middle classes of English society was mainly dependent on the trade with India. But English merchants having dealings with

¹ A member of the Bombay Civil Service, not renowned for wisdom, did indeed once propose that the coolies, or labouring men, whose ordinary dress is a piece of cloth round the loins, should be compelled to wear breeches; but this proposal was made in the interest, not of Manchester, but of decency; and it was never seriously entertained.

the United States, France, Russia, and the English colonies, make as large fortunes in business as merchants who have dealings with India; and nevertheless no one points to the results of individual enterprise in the former cases as proofs of our national indebtedness to the foreign countries concerned. Yet a successful Anglo-Indian trader, who has fought as good a fight as his neighbours, is popularly supposed to have had unfair advantages granted him in the race for wealth; and whenever we ask that India should do her duty to the Empire, we are reproached with the numerous villas inhabited by Anglo-Indian merchants, and the swarms of Anglo-Indian children maintained at our schools, out of the profits of our commerce with India; and asked if such sights do not shame us to silence. But it is forgotten that there may be much to be said on the other side, and that the native merchants of India may be keen-witted enough to take quite as much from us as they give. Are there no families in India enriched by the commerce with England? If it is Indian money that pays the rents of a large proportion of the houses in the wealthy suburbs of our great towns, and supports hundreds of genteel schools throughout the country, whose money is it that enables natives of India to employ European architects to build them magnificent mansions, that pays for the scores of carriages from Long Acre and splendid English horses imported into Bombay and Calcutta, and for the adornment of native women with lacs of rupees' worth of massive gold and jewelry? We narrow the question, indeed, by putting it thus; for, if the commerce between England and India has had a marked effect in increasing the prosperity of one class in England, it has effected an entire revolution in the habits of all classes in the principal provinces of British India. The truth is, that in no other country in the world has the rate of material progress been more sudden and remarkable than in British India during the last quarter of a century. The advance from the depths of Oriental barbarism to the level of modern civilisation has been not less astoundingly rapid than in the most favoured districts of America. Sir Bartle Frere, the late Governor of Bombay, said not long ago, at a meeting in Willis's Rooms, that while Englishmen continued to speak of the changeless East, the East was really, under Western influence, undergoing a transformation as complete as was ever effected by magician's wand; and, indeed, our sober experience of the gradual progress of European countries cannot measure the quickness with which revolutionary changes are effected in a country in which society has been broken up from its very foundation, in which all old theories and prejudices have been overturned, and an entirely new impulse and direction given to life, by the simultaneous

introduction from the West of liberal ideas of trade, politics, and religion. But we should not be acting justly towards our readers, whom we wish to convince of the absurdity of the charge (more often insinuated than broadly stated), that India has, since she came under the rule of the English Government, been impoverished for the benefit of the people of England, if we did not give fuller details with regard to this branch of our subject.

To appreciate what the British Government has really done for India, we must consider what was the condition of the country when the East India Company began to acquire dominion in Hindustan. The Moghul empire, fallen from the greatness it had attained under the most famous of the descendants of Baber, was crumbling to pieces beneath the assaults of Affghans and Persians, Rajpoots and Mahrattas. Throughout the whole peninsula there was no settled government, but the mass of the people, the peaceful traders and agriculturists, were everywhere given up as a prey to native freebooters and foreign invaders. The state of India was like that of Britain, as described by Tennyson, after the Romans had left the island, and before Arthur re-established the reign of law. All "the ways were filled with rapine," and it was rarely that "a random deed of prowess done redressed a random wrong." Each chief fought for his own hand, and sought the aid of French or English adventurers to enable him to gain the ascendancy over his rivals. It is impossible to ascertain what taxes were imposed on the wretched populations, for there was no limit to the exactions made by a constant succession of victors in the interminable civil strife; but we know that the devastations were so terrible as to throw the soil of whole provinces, once renowned for their fertility, out of cultivation; that the land-tax, one of the chief sources of Indian revenue, would in many places have yielded nothing, if soldiers had not been sent into the fields with the despoiled and tortured peasantry to compel them to sow the seed of which others would reap the crop; and that great towns were systematically pillaged till trade decayed, and every man who possessed money hid it in the ground and put on the mask of poverty, lest his wealth should bring him to ruin. The English, not solicitous at first of conquest, but provoked to aggression by native treachery, were afterwards urged on by that love of empire which is natural to every enterprising people, and finally found themselves forced to fight for self-preservation against the French,—their only real competitors for the dominion of India, for none of the native powers was strong enough to stand alone. It took nearly half a century of warfare, from Plassey to Assaye, to decide the question who should

be the successors of the Moghuls in an inheritance which, wasted as it had been by the long rule of anarchy, was still among the noblest of earthly possessions. The servants of the East India Company could do little more, until English supremacy had been established, than provide the means of carrying on an often doubtful contest; but even before the final overthrow of the Mahrattas and their French allies by Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley the foundations of a just and regular government had been securely laid in Bengal. Lord Cornwallis is often reproached with having acted too hastily in granting a permanent settlement of the land revenues of Bengal to the Zemindars, or middlemen, of that province, and thus sacrificing the hereditary rights of the tenantry; and there can be no doubt that this settlement (which, by the way, Sir Philip Francis claimed the honour of having first devised¹) wronged the ryots, because at that time the nature of the land tenures of India was but imperfectly understood. But the two principles of Lord Cornwallis's policy—that without long leases there can be no agricultural improvement, and that fixity of tenure for the occupiers of the soil affords the best guarantee for the contentment of the most important class of the population,—are thoroughly sound and of world-wide application; and the Anglo-Indian Government, by steadily persisting, with better knowledge of the claims of the peasantry to a part ownership of the soil, in the course thus opened out, has not only immensely strengthened its own position, but given a most powerful stimulus to the productive resources of the country. The thirty years' settlement in Bombay, with right of renewal secured to the tenants, and no fine on account of improvements they may have made at their own expense, is a model of what such settlements should be. It is based on a revenue survey as thorough as that of which the results are recorded in Domesday Book, but having for its object the registration and confirmation for all time of the rights of native occupiers and owners of the soil; the assessment is so light that, in these days of high prices for agricultural produce, the cultivators think nothing of the small proportion of the

¹ See *Memoirs of Sir P. Francis*, vol. ii. p. 348 :—"On this principle, Lord Cornwallis gave to the natives of Bengal a security in their landed property. I appeal to the noble Lord (Castlereagh), I appeal to an Honourable Director (Charles Grant) whether this is not the very plan which I proposed in 1776, and which Lord Cornwallis has done me the honour to execute." But compare Kaye's *Administration of the East India Company*, page 181 :—"The settlement, whether good or bad, was not one of aristocratic conception, English importation, or precipitate execution. It was emphatically the work of the Company's civil servants," and notably, Mr. Kaye points out, of Sir John Shore (Lord Teignmouth).

yearly value of their crops that they have to pay to the State; and the transition from the present system to the preferable one of having the rent-charge fixed in perpetuity can at any time be made without difficulty. This wise and statesmanlike measure of reforming the land-revenue systems throughout India may be regarded as the charter of the agricultural population, and would alone suffice to give the English Government a good title to the confidence and esteem of its Eastern subjects. But, besides limiting the demand on the cultivator, and encouraging him to extend his operations and take in more land every year, assured that he will be permitted to gather the fruits of his labours, the Government has opened all the markets of the world to Indian trade, and continues to expend many millions every year (about £7,000,000 is the average) on internal communications. The results of this policy are unmistakably shown in an excellent book, entitled *Annals of Indian Administration in the Year 1865-66*, which has been compiled by the editor of the *Friend of India* from the latest records issued by the various Indian Governments. In this book we have brought together for the first time official statistics of the commercial progress of India for the last five-and-twenty years, along with the usual statements as to what has been done in the departments of legislation, administration of justice, education, and so on, during the year. No figures could speak more emphatically in favour of the system of administration now pursued in India than those which describe the movement of the external trade of the country since 1841. We forbear to give the whole table; it will be enough to say that the total value of the imports and exports (including treasure) rose from £24,024,263 in 1841, to £116,986,066 in 1865. It is true that in the latter year the returns were still swollen by the excessive values attached to cotton and piece goods during the American war; but before the influence of that war on prices had been felt in India the trade had risen in value (in 1861) to nearly £70,000,000; and as there is every probability that the prices of Indian cotton will never sink again quite to their old level, we may fairly assume that the total value of the external commerce of India will not henceforth range much below £100,000,000; that is to say, it has been quadrupled within the lifetime of one generation. Wherever he goes in India, the traveller finds proofs of the abounding prosperity of which these figures indicate the existence.¹ We do not say that there are not

¹ The most disagreeable proof, to Englishmen with fixed salaries in India, is the rapid and steady increase in the prices of all kinds of food and labour in every part of the country that has been opened out by the railways. In the town of Bombay itself we find, from the Municipal Commissioner's Re-

outlying provinces in which little has yet been done to remedy the ill effects of centuries of misgovernment for which England is not responsible; it would be marvellous if there were no neglected spots in so vast a territory. But it would be as unfair to judge of the general condition of British India by the state of Orissa, as of that of the United Kingdom by the state of Connaught. Along all the great lines of highroad and railway, the most careless observer cannot fail to detect welcome evidences of plenty and ease among the population. The late Mr. Wilson declared that, except in Belgium, he had never seen anything to be compared with the exuberant fertility of the valley of the Ganges; and on the western side of India, let any one go along the line of the Bombay and Baroda Railway, traversing the province of Guzerat (which twenty years ago was shut off by the monsoon rains from communication with the rest of India, and not much more than half a century ago was swept at frequent intervals by Mahratta forays, so that the husbandman tilled the soil without hope, and the trader only purchased security by heavy ransoms), and the picture now presented to the eye is that of a busy, industrious, contented people, leading a free and happy life, and rapidly accumulating wealth of which no man can despoil them. Look at the groups of gaily-dressed, comfortable farming folk who throng all the country stations on the line; at the fine figures of the women, loaded with bangles of gold and silver, and resplendent with jewels,—signs at once of the great wealth of the agricultural class and the habit of security, which has become so strong amongst them that they no longer fear to expose their most valuable possessions to the public gaze. Nor is it only in Guzerat and Bengal that such progress may be remarked. In the Deccan, the Central Provinces, the Punjab, Scinde, and wherever British energy has had fair play, similar results have attended the organization of a just, enlightened, and vigorous system of government; and it is a proof of how little the enemies of British rule really have to complain of, that the principal accusation brought against it is based upon the supposed want of “romance” in its constitution.

This, indeed, is the main argument constantly put forward by the admirers of what is called the native system of government, that it is more congenial to the instincts of the people, though it does not do them nearly so much good as our own. The drift of some of the papers on this subject lately collected and sent home by Sir John Lawrence was well defined by a

port for 1866, that these prices ranged in almost every case at from 75 to 100 per cent. or more above the average for the five years 1866-60; and in 1866 the disturbing effect of the American war on prices in Western India had ceased to be felt.

London journalist, who gravely said it appeared the English rule was not partial or oppressive, but it was a pity we had allowed the fine old native institution of administering justice after the patriarchal fashion under a tree to fall into decay. There was something so picturesque, he said, in that ancient practice, and we all know that picturesqueness is eminently attractive to the Eastern mind. A very similar argument might be used,—it was used, if we err not, during the Fenian panic the other day,—to show the superiority of Lynch law to more regular modes of procedure, and the greater picturesqueness of the system of hanging suspected criminals on the nearest lamp-post, instead of sending them to undergo a formal trial, and to be locked up on conviction in unromantic model prisons. But civilisation must have its forms, tedious as many of them may be; and picturesque justice is after all much more agreeable to ballad-singers and novelists than to the poor people who are forced to endure it. We do not deny that the multiplication of forms in our Indian courts of law may be carried to an unnecessary extent, to the encouragement of a system of extortion practised on clients by the lower native officials, which reflects scandal on the administration of justice; and it is possible that we may lessen this evil by continuing the course on which we have entered, of admitting the highest class of natives, who can deal with the suitors more directly than English judges or magistrates, to places on the bench, and employing educational means to raise the tone of all classes. It would be a short-sighted policy to despise the aid which natives can give us in adapting our government more closely to the country's needs; but what we protest against is that vague way of talking, that sham liberality now fashionable in England, which favours the delusion that the English only intend to hold India until the country is "ripe for self-government," and that all our Indian policy ought to have this sole end in view. Let any Englishman who knows anything of India ask himself this question: Does he look forward to a time when our Government can safely make the army of India a national army? If not, what is the advantage of letting the national party in India believe that they have anything further to expect from us than the permission they have already received to compete with Englishmen on equal terms for civil appointments in the service of the existing Government, and for the prizes of all professions except the army? It is cruel to them to flatter them with hopes of independence, for, with all our imbecility of talk on such subjects, we Englishmen are strenuous enough, not to say ferocious, in action, when the in-

tegrity of the Empire is really threatened ; it is dangerous to ourselves, for no one can long continue to play with edge-tools with impunity ; and it is most unjust to our present system of Indian government, of which we have every reason to be proud.

The sentimental spirit, whose workings we have condemned, has been especially rampant of late years in the Indian Financial Department, and that is the chief reason why the Imperial relations between England and India have been allowed to fall into so great confusion. We have attempted to show, in this paper, that India has succeeded in shifting off her own shoulders, and on to those of the people of England, a burden that she herself ought to bear ; but there are many persons who, while admitting that the case as to India's obligations has been made out, will hesitate to join us in the demand that that country should be made to do her duty, because they share the popular belief that our Indian fellow-subjects are already subjected to very heavy taxation. The general impression prevailing in England, that the expense of maintaining our Government constitutes even now too severe a drain on the resources of India, would have been dispelled long ago if the advocates of a sound fiscal policy had been permitted to reform and regulate the Indian accounts. But for the last eight years at least the Indian Treasury has never had fair play. Mr. Wilson tried to put the finances of our dependency in good order by means of strong and drastic measures of taxation. But an outcry was immediately raised, that such measures might do very well for England, but they could not be borne in India. A large party of malcontents, headed by Sir Charles Trevelyan, declared that it was disagreeable to the natives to pay new taxes, and that, if things were allowed to go on in the old way, the chances were they might come right in the end. It was, in fact, argued that the people of India ought to be treated like a nation of spoilt children ; and Sir Charles Trevelyan wrote and acted as if he had the feminine weakness, spoken of by ' George Eliot,' of believing that two and two *would* come to make five (in India), if he only cried and bothered enough about it. In the end, Sir Charles Wood also unfortunately gave ear to these delusions, and the consequence was, that after all the herculean labours of General Balfour to cut down expenditure by reform in the military department, and after the wholesale transfer of the naval charges to the English Treasury, the perverseness of the late Whig Secretary of State in sending Sir Charles Trevelyan back to India as Financial Member of Council to repeal the income-tax Mr. Wilson had imposed landed India in fresh

financial difficulties, from which Mr. Massey has vainly striven to extricate her.

The appointment of Sir Richard Temple to succeed Mr. Massey reawakens the hope that something may at last be done to improve permanently the financial position of India. There will be no more deficits in India when once that country has a financier bold enough to make the rich bear their just share of taxation. At present, it is only the poor in India who pay taxes. The whole revenue amounts to above £47,000,000, being in the proportion of 6s. 6d. per head of population, whereas, taking the population of Great Britain and Ireland as 30,000,000, and the annual revenue as £70,000,000, the proportion per head in the United Kingdom is at the rate of £2, 6s. 8d. Of course there is no comparison between the national wealth of the two countries; but it must be borne in mind that of the Indian revenue £20,000,000 consists of rent of the land, and from £7,000,000 to £8,000,000 of the produce of opium-duties which are paid by the Chinese, so that the taxes actually paid by the people of India do not amount to more than £20,000,000, or at the rate of a fraction less than 2s. 10d. a head. India is therefore probably the most lightly taxed of all countries that possess a civilized government; and as the principal tax of those not already enumerated is the salt-tax, producing £6,000,000, which of course is mainly paid by the poor, the rich traders who profit most largely by our rule contribute little or nothing towards the support of the Government but the chief part of the revenue from Stamps (£2,500,000), and a proportion of the Customs duties (£2,300,000) and the License tax (£500,000). This is the confessed reproach of our administration in India; and Mr. Massey, in bringing forward the miserably inadequate measure of the license-tax last year, declared that his object was to reach the pockets of the wealthy class, who now are able almost entirely to escape taxation. We can form some idea of the amount of wealth steadily accumulated by this class, and still untouched by the tax-gatherer, by referring to the quantity of bullion regularly absorbed by India, the total, from the year 1800 till the end of 1864, exceeding £256,000,000;¹ and, though the flow of gold and silver to the East is now temporarily interrupted, it must, as commerce revives, resume its former course. But the financier who desires to take toll of the riches of India for the service of the State must have recourse to much stronger and more comprehensive measures than Mr. Massey ventured last year to propose, and must be prepared to disregard, in the interest of the whole

¹ *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1868.

population, instead of being frightened at, the interested clamours of the wealthy natives in the great towns against every fresh project of taxation. Sir Richard Temple had the advantage in 1860 of being private secretary to Mr. Wilson ; he has since, as Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, given proof of rare administrative capacity, by reorganizing a whole kingdom. A man of his firmness of character and great knowledge of the people and the resources of India ought to be able to make the wealthier classes of the population do their duty by their own country and the empire to which it belongs ; and if Sir Richard Temple deals with the natives in this frank and bold spirit, compelling them to recognise and fulfil the just obligations of citizenship, instead of perpetually flattering their weaknesses and relieving them from burdens they are well able to bear, he will materially increase the effective strength of the empire, without giving the slightest cause for history to record, when the day of our supremacy in the East shall have gone by, that our administration of India had been so oppressive as to bring dishonour on the English name.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Sea-Gull (La Gaviota)*. From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. 2 vols. London, 1867.
2. *The Castle and the Cottage in Spain*. From the Spanish of Fernan Caballero. By LADY WALLACE. 2 vols. London, 1861.
3. *Obras Completas de Fernan Caballero*. *La Gaviota* (2 vols.); *La Familla de Alvareda*; *Elia*; *Clemencia* (2 vols.); *Lagrimas*; *La Estrella de Vandalia*; *Pobre Dolores*; *Una en Otra*; *Un Servilon y un Liberalito*; *Un Verano en Bornos*; *Cuentos y Poesias Populares Andaluces*; etc. etc. 17 vols. Madrid, 1856-66.

THERE is a story told of a great man in office who once fooled a tiresome place-hunter by receiving him with a great air of business, and asking solemnly, "Mr. So-and-so, I believe you are acquainted with the Spanish language?" Full of delight at the prospect of at least a consulship at Fernando Po, the applicant jumped at the bait, and answered eagerly that it was so. "Happy fellow," said the great man, "you can read *Don Quixote* in the original; I wish I could;" and so politely bowed him out. The story estimates not unfairly the position which Spanish held in the estimation of our grandfathers. A foreigner might perhaps learn it if he were going to travel in Spain, or otherwise to hold intercourse with Spaniards; or else, staying at home, he might wish to relish the humour of Cervantes and Quevedo more delicately than in a translation. This seemed practically all the use left to the language of a once great country,—to answer a geographical necessity, and to interest a few students of more than ordinary curiosity in outlying fields of literature. Of late years, however, Spanish has been attracting more attention. The history of times when Spain was a great moving power in Europe has been occupying men's minds with a lively interest. Simancas is yielding up its buried treasures, and Mr. Froude's pages stand, so to speak, knee-deep in Spanish notes. Ethnologists are making good use of the records in which Spanish conquerors depicted the manners and beliefs of the new and strange American races; and philologists are busy with the grammars and dictionaries of native languages which Spanish missionaries so laboriously compiled, as one step in Christianising tribes already converted to Christianity by the preliminary arguments of the troopers and harquebus-men. The study of Spanish literature for its own sake has been promoted by Mr. Ticknor's admirable Handbook, and even

very special Spanish books have found patrons to introduce them to modern English readers. Thus we owe to Mr. Churton a translation of the poems of Luis de Gongora,¹ the ingenious euphuist who produced a school of florid "Gongoristic" writers, who seem still, to judge from any Spanish newspaper, to be increasing and multiplying in the land. With the poems themselves, the translator gives us, in an introductory essay on the life and times of this father of the "Cultorists" and "Conceptists," a curious picture of Spanish life before and after 1600, in days when the now dismal University of Salamanca used to have its fourteen thousand students, distinguished alike for riotous fun and for "want of shirts, and no superabundance of shoes"—days of the great revival of the religious orders, when Brother John of Misery and Sister Isabel of the Offencourings, and the rest of their Carmelite fraternity, were doing good among the poor with real zeal and devotion, not unmixed with a somewhat morbid enthusiasm, and when eager villagers carried scissors to snip off relics, from the habit of Brother Francis, of the Child Jesus; and if he protected himself against scissors, would catch the hem of his garment, and bite off a morsel. From another zealous and thorough student, the late Mr. Benjamin Wiffen, brother of the translator of Tasso, we have had, not long since, the life and writings of a Spaniard of a very different stamp, Juan de Valdés,² whose *Hundred and Ten Considerations* was published two centuries ago by George Herbert and Nicholas Ferrar. Valdés was one of those early reformers whom the Spanish Church was strong enough to crush,—writers who held views as to the impropriety of honouring St. Bartholomew with four bulls at the ring on his feast-day, lest he should be angry, and lay the vines waste with hail, and who jested, as many another had begun to do in Europe, at the relics of saints and martyrs which proved their owners to have been headed like Cerberus and armed like Briareus. But Valdés' attacks on the abuses of his time have less interest to the world than his devotional writings,—eloquent, spiritual, mystic, teaching principles which his deeply sympathetic English biographer and editor holds to be "almost as much in advance of the present times as they were in the days of the 'sainted George Herbert.'"

, however, is but a revival of the thoughts and deeds centuries ago; and there is something more. Intellect only crushed and stupefied in Spain, not quite dead;

¹: *an Historical and Critical Essay on the Times of Philip III. Spain.* By Edward Churton. London, 1862.

Christiana, by Juan de Valdés. London, 1861. *Life and Juan de Valdés*, by Benjamin B. Wiffen. London, 1866.

and there are even symptoms, if faint ones, of a revival. Historical research is not extinct in the country of Don Pascal de Gayangos. There is a Geological Society at Madrid, and the name of Don Cassiano de Prado is not unknown among European geologists. Wonderful to relate, there is even a Spanish Anthropological Society, which produced last year a very modest and creditable inaugural address, though what its success may be in the more difficult region of fact and argument we have no means as yet of knowing. And another remarkable sign of vitality in Spain is the appearance there of a series of modern romances of marked originality and merit. Such a phenomenon is quite startling to any one who has travelled in Spain years ago, and remembers his futile attempts to hunt out some readable light literature to improve his Spanish, his amusement at the gravity with which a translation of *Gil Blas* was offered him as a Spanish classic; his unqualified rejection of *La Dama de Monsoreau*, *Vante años des Pues*, and *La Hermosa Joven de Perth*. Now, this difficulty, at any rate, is over. The romances of Fernan Caballero are in themselves a little library for foreign travellers. As for style, they prove what can be done with Spanish in modern fiction by any one who will put ideas into it; as for matter, they are artistic studies of Spanish scenery, life and character, so good that several of them have been translated into French and English. And if any are disposed to object that their authoress ("Fernan Caballero" is only a *nom de plume*) is rather a Spaniard by adoption than by blood and education, it must be urged, in reply, that she rather differs from ordinary Spaniards in being more Spanish than they, just as foreign settlers often exaggerate the peculiarities of their new country, and converts to a new faith are often fiercer and less tolerant to dissent than those "to the manner born." Of herself personally we have little to say. We shall try to judge her books, and her mind as shown in them, leaving for the last a few biographical details, which owe their value to the liking we all have for something personal,—a visit, a photograph, a letter—anything to give a solidity to our ideal portrait of the artist, or poet, or discoverer whose works have more than superficially occupied our thoughts.

Fernan Caballero began her literary career some eighteen years ago, by publishing "Sea Gull," *La Gaviota*, in the *España* newspaper, and has continued writing ever since, till now the Madrid collection of her works has reached its seventeenth volume. Years passed before her novels obtained much footing in Spain, while in England her curious fate has been this, that by the time her own writing had degenerated from good to indifferent, and from indifferent to almost worthless, our novel

readers found out that many years ago she had produced some very remarkable books. In 1861 her name was brought to the notice of the English public in two ways; Lady Wallace published a translation of four of her stories, and the *Edinburgh Review* gave an excellent analysis and criticism of several of her best romances in an article, which did not indeed attract the attention it merited from general readers, but had the effect of inducing Miss Bethell to translate *Sea Gull*, now just published. We believe, moreover, that English translations of some others of the series have been made, and now await at the hands of the publishers their fate, which will probably depend a good deal on the position which *Sea Gull* makes for itself in English literature.

Lady Wallace, though so early in the field, lost the chance of making Fernan Caballero's English position, by what seems to us a most unhappy choice. Regarding nothing but their artistic power, and their beautifully minute delineation of details of Spanish life, she allowed herself to group together four tales, which are pervaded by one of their authoress's most unbearable faults, her morbid passion for scenes of misery and horror, for lives darkened by despair or quenched in blood. The plots of *Elia*, *The Alvareda Family*, *Poor Dolores*, *Silence in Life and Pardon in Death*, range from doleful to horrible, and from horrible to hideous. *Elia* is the story of a girl adopted by a great lady who leaves her a fortune. But when she finds that she is really a brigand's daughter, a stern sense of duty forbids her to let her lover marry beneath him: she takes the veil, and leaves him to go to the wars, and be killed there. *The Alvareda Family* tells of the marriage of good quiet Perico to his cousin, the fierce beautiful Rita, who, after a while, falls in love with a more congenial mate, young Ventura, when he comes home from a French prison; then Perico, mad with jealousy, murders Ventura, and takes refuge with the brigands; he robs a church, unwittingly kills his patron's son, is taken, condemned, and garrotted, and ruin and death fall on the whole family, even to the old blind dog, Melampo. When the Angel of Death makes his appearance among our authoress's *dramatis personæ*, it must be admitted that he plays his part thoroughly. *Poor Dolores* is another story in which the usual introduction of charming details of peasant's life and talk leads up to another tale of mad jealousy and homicide. The remaining story tells of a meek, pious girl, married to a ferocious brute of a major, whom Fernan Caballero is pleased to set up as a representative of the "advanced ideas" which she so bitterly detests. *Inter alia*, he is for ever telling the poor little creature that she knows "absolutely nothing." But one day she finds the paper

which proves that it was her husband who had murdered her own mother to rob her of her money ; she dies of the discovery, but at the last moment sends for the husband of advanced ideas—

“ Father of my children,” she said to him in a solemn voice, “ I have known two things in this life.”

“ You ? ” said her husband in surprise.

“ Yes.”

“ And what are these two things ? ” said the culprit, confounded, his haggard eyes starting from their sockets.

“ To be silent in life, because I was a mother, and to pardon at the hour of death, because I am a Christian.”

“ And the holy martyr closed her eyes to open them no more.”

It is no wonder that ladies should lay down *The Castle and the Cottage in Spain* half read ; it is too miserable, they say, and very justly. Sad incidents and crooked characters must come into fiction as they come into real life, but when each new story in two volumes full, only weaves a new tissue of new wretchedness, our readers sicken of them, and turn to books that will give them fair life, light and shade, joy and sorrow, without the ever-present sense that doing good and doing ill lead alike to suffering and misery, to early death or cheerless bereaved old age.

It is quite true, that a selection of this kind only gives too just an idea of Fernan Caballero's habit of thought. In others of her tales, she runs riot in many more varieties of crime and suffering. Thus, in *Una en Otra*, she is pleased to tell the story of a family predestined to misfortune from generation to generation. Pretty Anica, not long married to a brave muleteer, sits sewing behind the counter of her little shop, when there appears before her a hideous beggar, uttering an inarticulate roaring at her with his mouth wide open, so that she can see that his tongue has been cut out. Wild with terror, she runs to fetch a piece of money, but when she comes back he has disappeared. Her husband returns home and laughs at her fears ; but as she lies awake at night the bedroom door opens and the wretch re-appears, blows out the rushlight, and stabs her husband. She dies of terror, giving birth to twin daughters, and poor Paz and Luz grow up to be victims of new tragedies, and, when they die, the dismal tale passes on to a next generation. Without feeling any sickly horror of horrible incidents, we cannot but judge unfavourably, from their continual recurrence in this series of novels, of the tone both of their author and their Spanish readers who find them acceptable. We know only too well that it is to a low class of novel-readers that a continual supply of crimes and horrors serves as

a pleasant stimulant, and that writers enough are ready to gratify without limit the unhealthy appetite. But really, as far as readers of a higher class are concerned, it is a fortunate thing that horrors are not to be aggravated by mere multiplication. A murderer with a bloody knife is a hideous object, but if he is followed by three more murderers with three more bloody knives, and these by ten torturers carrying pincers and thumbscrews, and a black eunuch bringing up the rear with a bowl of poison, we laugh instead of shuddering. Thus it happens, that after a course of these variously assorted tragedies, new horrors come to wear something of a comic aspect. Take the story called "The Last Consolation" (*El Ultimo Consuelo*), which finishes with the death of an escaped convict, whose cries are heard through the dark night as he sinks inch by inch in a mud-bank, till, when there is light enough for Miguel Santos to explore the dangerous ground, nothing is to be seen above the surface but a man's arm protruding. The convict had ended a villanous life by a horrible death, but he left to his mother the assurance of his having died a Christian, by folding the fingers of the projecting hand in the form of a cross (it is a well-known gesture, made by bending the forefinger, crossed by the upright thumb); and this gesture is the "Last Consolation" which he leaves behind. The notion is horrid enough, but absurdly like the English nursery story of "Knives and Scissors," which relates how a martyr to the cause of conscientious conviction made likewise her last sign. Her husband had pushed her into the river because she would not admit that the packthread ought to be cut with a knife, and when she came up once and again to the surface he would have pulled her out, but, insensible to persuasion, she still cried "Scissors!" and the third time, when she could not even speak, he saw her hold up a hand in defiance, snipping two fingers together like scissor-blades. He left her to her fate.

In selecting *La Gaviota* for translation, the Hon. Augusta Bethell has made a far better choice than her predecessor—in fact, the best possible choice. Fernan Caballero never surpassed this, her first published work. It is considered a suitable compliment to call her the Walter Scott of Spain. If so, this is her *Waverley*. At any rate it is dramatic as a story, and especially admirable in the character and perfect freshness of the detail, and though its catastrophe is dismal enough, it is not unbearably repulsive. Miss Bethell has translated it in a very natural and appreciative way, but nevertheless we must find serious fault with her for cutting and clipping, that "the English reader" might be spared a distasteful passage or two. We read the book first in English, and looked back in one place to

see if we had not missed something. The something is not missing in the original, however; it is the paragraph which describes how Pepe Vera, the bull-fighter, brought the Gaviota's handkerchief back to her at the grating of her window opening into the dark narrow street. Yet more unfortunate is another omission; for, as the authoress must have felt, if she has read Miss Bethell's translation, it cuts away the artistic balance of the story. When Stein, the young German doctor, first hears the Gaviota sing, it is one of those fierce old Spanish ballads of love, and treachery, and murder, that still go home to the heart of the peasant in Spain, as they used to do in England in centuries when life here was more like what it now is there:—

“ She was there beside her lover,
Home too soon her lord is come—
‘ Open me the door, my Heaven,
Open me the door, my Sun,’
—And with an *aretin*, and with an *areton*.”

And so on to the end. No pretty story to our ears, indeed, but put in for more than prettiness, to give us the hint of what the girl's fierce brutal nature was likely to grow to, to bring out to the full how the weak good young doctor must have wearied her with his definitions of the science of happiness, and his Odes on Solitude,—“ In the soft shades of solitude I found peace, the peace at once to soften and make strong,” and so forth;—this to the woman whom Pepe Vera, the matador, could see into at a glance, and could manage with a shake and a curse. To describe the growth of this character is the very end and moral of the tale; bad and selfish natures grow harder and worse with years, as the very proverb says which gives the name to the story, *Gaviota mientras mas vieja mas loca*,—“ Gull, the longer she lives the madder she grows.” But the ballad never appears in the English. The translator, lest her story should be made tedious or unattractive, has rubbed out the touch which the artist had thus cunningly put in. It is a pity, for, with all her defects, Fernan Caballero is a genuine artist, and knows well how to paint her own pictures in her own way.

We are little disposed to enter on any summary or criticism even of *Sea-Gull* and *Clemencia*, much less of the shorter stories, for novel-writing has now become so well understood in England, that criticism of anything but extraordinary works of genius is growing very uniform, and we might find ourselves in 1868 re-writing the comments of the Edinburgh Review of 1861. But as a museum of Spanish life and manners, the series will long keep up its literary interest. It is like a gallery of Phillip's pictures—‘ Phillip of Spain,’ as the crowds liked to call

him, who pressed round his Andalusian scenes of church and market, prison and Alameda. And those will enjoy them most who have already an outline-picture of Spain and Spaniards set up in their minds, and like to add here a touch and there a detail, to give it greater clearness and reality. Hideous devout old Rosa Mistica keeps her girls' school (*Amiga*, "female friend," as such dame's schools are quaintly called in Spain), and suffers there the persecutions of the pupils who are going through the normal course of Spanish female education, "Christianity and stitching." We hear at midnight in the dark alley the jangling guitar of Ramon Perez the barber's son, and his voice telling his beloved that better is the brown skin of his brunette than all the white of any lily:—

"¡ Vale mas lo moreno
De mi morena
Que toda la blanca
De una azucena ! "

Or we see Aunt Juana (they call old people *uncle* and *aunt* in Spain) sit in her cottage nodding over her rosary, with her feet on the edge of the brazier of burning charcoal, while her daughters Paz and Luz (Peace and Light) are waiting for her sounder slumber to slip away to whisper with their lovers at the grated window. A whistle from outside rouses her to half-open her eyes and mumble on, not inappositely, "*Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper*," while Luz slips down upon her chair with folded arms and eyes shut. Presently the old dame is fast asleep, and Paz can open her window to whisper with Manuel Diaz, and hear him promise that when he has helped off his master with those four loads of tobacco, he will never touch smuggled goods again, but buy a cart and oxen, and gain his living honestly. And Luz can creep on tiptoe to the *reja*, to talk through the bars with Marcos Ruiz the muleteer:—

"It's a week you have never come to the grating."

"My father won't have it."

"And why? Look here; have I got a brand on my face, or the mule behind the door?"¹

"No, but he says you squander, and you draw the knife."

"The knife—knives are men's fans.—Is that all?"

"Yes, he says that you're of bad blood, that your grandfather killed his brother, and that is why they call your family *Cains*."

"He must be doting, it's a lie what he says, and if we have a nickname, hasn't his worship got one too, like every neighbour's son?"

"I know that well enough; but what am I to do?"

"One thing is certain,—he wants you to marry Juan Mena. Is that so, or no?"

¹ Mulatto blood.

"And if his worship does wish it, who is to prevent him?"

"And you would marry him, false creature?"

"Are you wild, or joking? I,—I, marry that Gallego! An easy thing indeed!"

"Well, if it should happen, you and he, you should have cause to remember Marcos Ruiz."

"Threats! if father heard you, he would say you showed how right he was."

"It is because I love you, Luz, because I will not lose you, because I am jealous, and will not have you be another's, but mine."

"And so I will be, I will be because I want to be, because I am fond of you, not because you threaten me; do you understand?"

Another scene from the same story (*Una en Otra*) shows us Pastora, the flower of the Sierra, going with her friends to the festival of our Lady of Consolation at Utrera, on black sulky Mohino the donkey, who carried her unwillingly at the tail of the caravan, with his ears hanging like two empty bags. They reached the chapel at last, and all dismounted; they tied the horses up to the olive-trees, and turned the asses loose to graze. But when they had heard mass and prayed the appointed prayers, and dined sitting on the dry grass, and sung and laughed, and the sun's rays began to fall slanting into their eyes between the olive-leaves, and the men had gone to bring the beasts, it was discovered that Mohino had carried his great lateen-sails of ears away home. What was to be done? Every man had brought a mother or a sister behind him on the crupper, all but one; shy grave Diego the Silent had come by himself, on his brave horse, so they put Pastora up behind him, with one arm round his waist, and holding on by the other hand by a handkerchief made fast to the horse's tail. They were soon far on beyond the rest.

"A long while neither spoke. At last Diego said,—

"Shall you go on staying here?"

"A month."

"It's a very little while."

"Father will think it's long."

"There will be others longing to have you back."

"None that I know of."

"Then you have no betrothed?"

"I? no, indeed."

"Have they got no eyes in Aracena?"

"And suppose I had no ears?"

"Are you nice to please?"

"Yes, and no."

"That's no answer; it's two opposite ones."

"Is it any matter to you?"

"Maybe."

- "That's neither one answer nor two; for it's none at all."
 "Are you in such a hurry to say a *no*?"
 "You are in none to get a *yes*."
 "There's hope in uncertainty, isn't there?"
 "Uncertainty is Limbo."
 "Did you know me before?"
 "I know you, and you know me too."
 "Who told you all that?"
 "A friend that never deceives."
 "That friend tells me I cannot please; I am so sad."
 "And I, I am so gay, I oughtn't to please any one who is not."
 "Would to heaven it might be so!"
 "But I shouldn't like that."
 "Well, would you like to be kind to me?"
 "Don't the stars like shining?"
 "Would you like to be my star?"
 "I shouldn't *like* to, but I am what I am."
 "No; I offer myself without your consenting first."
 "Consent is not got by asking; it has to be earned."
 "In what way?"
 "That's not to be said; people guess how."

And so they reached home.

- "There's a window," said Diego with an agitated voice; "it's in Uncle Blas's yard, and it looks into the lane. Will you open it?"
 "We shall see."
 "Only a hope."
 "See! and he is not satisfied!" said Pastora, springing off.

And so, a while after this, uncle Go-much the muleteer took Diego down to Aracena, to present him to Pastora's family. People hardly knew the old man's real name, for no one ever called him anything but Tio Anda-mucho. On the way, Diego's spirits had to be kept up by a copious application of proverbs suitable to the occasion: "Mean thinks itself mean;" "Brother Modesto never was made Superior," and so forth. At last they arrived. Uncle Go-much sent word of his coming to Pastora's family, and when our travellers had shaved and dressed themselves up to the occasion, they set out for the house, Uncle Go-much marching triumphantly in front of Diego, whose good looks and handsome bearing drew the attention of all they met. He was as shy as a boy of fifteen.

- "Uncle Go-much," said one passer-by, "wouldn't have taken this up if his man hadn't been a credit to him."
 "As for Uncle Go-much," said another, "the girls will pray more to him than San Antonio, if he brings this sort of cargo often."
 "Uncle Go-much," said a young fellow, "bring petticoats instead of breeches next journey."

"Just you make 'em want to come," answered the jovial old muleteer."

So they reached the large well-built house, with its best room with the high-backed straw chairs ranged along the walls, and the great walnut table at the end, black and shining with age, and standing on it the huge eight-branched Roman lamp of brass that glittered like gold; the great old-fashioned chimney; the endless array of hams and sausages hanging in the smoke. There were assembled in state the family and friends, and Pastora herself, hiding, half ashamed, behind her mother. And there we find that the tale-teller has prepared for us a last scene after her own heart, that the people whom we have seen scheming and jesting and loving so pleasantly, are, after all, only on their way to the place of execution. When Diego sees Pastora's father, he recognises in him the long-sought murderer of his own, denounces him to justice, receives Pastora's curse, that even as he will show no pity he shall receive none in this life or the next; and so the scaffold, the sick-bed, and the mad-house divide the remnant of the story among them.

But, leaving "distributive justice" thus to do its work, we may look back to a little scene which has its significance from the ruling motive of Diego's life—the vow he made when he saw his own father murdered, that he would find the assassin and pay the debt. It was on his journey to Pastora, and the caravan of muleteers had travelled all night, and lain down to sleep through the heat of the day.

"Our travellers were not men to admire landscapes. So, when they had unloaded and fed their beasts, they breakfasted on bread and sausages, lay down on the housings, and were fast asleep. At two in the afternoon the first on foot was Diego. When he saw his companions still sleeping he got up and sat down in front of the *venta*. Not far from him was a little girl of seven or eight, sitting on a heap of cistus branches, like a queen on a throne. She was picking off the white flowers and putting them on her head, to make a crown that matched the throne, and the air was full of a delicious perfume that court exquisites would have envied for their dressing-rooms. Diego asked the child what it was. 'My mother,' said she, 'is lighting the oven, and it must be the terebinth or the cistus burning. Didn't you know the cistus smelt so? And it smells so, you know, because it sweats blood like our Redeemer. The flowers have got five white petals, and each petal a red bleeding stain, like the Lord's wounds. Do you see them?' said she, and came up to Diego, offering him a flower. 'Look, look! there are five of them.'

"Diego took the flower, and fixed his eyes a long while on it; as if drawn by a painter, there was in each petal a bleeding wound. Strange sight! The innocent, gentle, perfumed little flower fascinated his

gaze, stirred his imagination, aroused in him a sense of horror and affright. But the little girl looked at them in a complacent, loving way.

" 'Happy thou,' said Diego, 'to have never seen wounds but in flowers. Hadst thou seen them in thy mother's breast, what wouldst thou have done to him who made them?'

"The child was quiet a while, and answered, 'The Lord forgave, and we ought to forgive too.'

" 'Thou dost not love thy mother,' said Diego; and he rose up with a start.

" 'More than you love your father,' the child cried, and ran away angry."

In devotional legends like this, which form so large a part of the furniture of a Spanish peasant's mind, Fernan Caballero's books are wonderfully rich, and the sympathy with which she can tell an old religious wonder-tale, or describe a village festival, gives these descriptions a sharpness and delicacy which it is beyond the power of a translator to reproduce. In one of her shorter stories, for instance, which turns on the cottage celebration of Christmas and Twelfth Night, there is a charming description of the "Nativity," set up for the delight of the children at Aunt Beatrice's,—a wondrous scene in cork and gilt and painted pasteboard, with the hermit kneeling before a crucifix, and its hunter shooting a partridge on the hermit's roof, and its smuggler hiding with his load of tobacco behind a rock of paper, while the Three Kings march solemnly by, its meadows of green baize, and its frozen river of glass, with the fish and crabs and turtles disporting themselves underneath. The shepherd, come straight from the fields, as all could tell by the fragrance of wild thyme hanging about his clothes, sings his Christmas carol; the children sing each a "couplet," and all join in chorus to each, while each time a pair of them dance solemnly in front of the *nacimiento*, and then approaching it with burning cheeks and brilliant eyes open their arms and kneel down before it, exclaiming, "for Thee!" There is one whole volume of the series filled with popular tales and rhymes collected in Andalusia, and in this are numbers of little religious legends, of which very few are known to our English folk-lore. We read how the serpent used to walk upright, elate with its triumph in Paradise, till when the Holy Family on the flight into Egypt found one among the crags, and it tried to bite the infant Jesus; Saint Joseph said to it in anger, "Fall, Pride, and rise no more," and since then it has grovelled. So the ever-green trees enjoy their privilege of life and beauty because the Virgin rested beneath them; and all men love the swallows, because, full of love and pity, they plucked the thorns from the

crown that pressed the Saviour's brow ; and the owl that saw the cruel crucifixion has gone on ever since in fear and sorrow, crying in his doleful voice, *Cruz ! Cruz !* When the host is elevated on Ascension Day, the leaves of the trees bend down, and in reverence make crosses with one another, and the thunderbolt loses its power within the circuit where the sound of the orison can be heard.

There are many more of such quaint fancies, and even the nursery tales, though to a great degree mere versions of the old Pagan themes so well known in Northern Europe, are Christianized through and through, turned into broad fun about saints and apostles, or adapted to a Christian moral. Thus, in 'The Flower of the *Lilidá*,' that pale little Lagrimas tells in her convent school, of the youngest brother whom the two elder murdered when they had taken from him the flower, but the reeds grew over his grave, and when a shepherd made a pipe of one and began to play it, it told the story of the murder. But instead of the murderers being sewed up in a sack and thrown into the river, as in the story of "The Singing Bone" in Grimm, the flute plays a new tune, and entreats that they may be forgiven. In *Sea-Gull* there is another tale which is quite admirable of its kind, the story of *Medio-Pollito*, "Half-Chick." He was born with one eye and one foot and one wing, as though the judgment of Solomon had been executed upon him, but he thought he was a finer cock than his father, and if the others made fun of him, that was mere envy. So he set off to go to Court, and his poor mother gave him good advice, to be careful to avoid churches where there is an image of Saint Peter, for the saint is not fond of cocks, and still less of their crowing ; and to be sure also to keep clear of "certain men called cooks, who are our mortal enemies, and will twist our necks as quick as men." So Half-Chick sets out on his journey, and is too proud to help a little choked pullet, or to pick up the weak summer breeze lying breathless on the ground, or to help the poor little spark all but smothered in the ashes ; and he goes to Saint Peter's Church and crows with all his might at the great door, but when he gets to Court a scullion wrings his neck in the twinkling of an eye. Then the water scalded him, and the fire burnt him to a cinder, and the cook had to throw him out of window, and the wind whirled him up to the steeple-top, and Saint Peter stretched his hand out and fixed him there, and there he has been ever since, black, lean, and featherless. He is not called Medio-Pollito any more, but Weathercock.

Part of this story is a version of a theme often taken up in the folk-lore of Northern Europe. Another quaint tale, which a peasant tells in *Elia*, also belongs to a well-known group :—

"Well, sir, continued Pedro, there were once two very dear friends, who promised one another that the first who died should bring the other news of how it went with him in the next world. Both got married, and the first who died kept his word, and appeared to the other. How goes with you? asked he. First-rate, answered the apparition. When I presented myself up there, St. Peter said to me, What life have you led? Sir, said I, I am a poor man, I was married. . . . Not a word more, said his Honour; pass on, you've been through purgatory. So I am in glory.—With this he vanished, leaving his friend much satisfied and consoled. Time went on, and his wife died, and a little later he married another. Well, his hour came, and he went out of his house feet-foremost, and presented himself just exactly in the same way to St. Peter. What life have you led? asked the saint. I have been married *twice*, answered the new-comer, with a bold front and a step forward to wriggle in. But Bald Peter gave him a cut with the keys—Back with you, comrade, said he, heaven wasn't made for fools!"

Among the most characteristic things in the *Cuentos y Poesias Populares* is the collection of popular verses, *coplas* as they are called, which are handed down in popular memory, and sung on all sorts of occasions. They are of the nature of our nursery rhymes, but here are five hundred or a thousand such, collected in one Spanish province; suggesting how the few of the kind, which survive in our own cottages and nurseries, may be mere remnants of a similar stock of popular poetry once current in England. These Spanish couplets are indeed rather numerous than good; their grace, when they have any, is generally more of manner than of matter, and translation seldom leaves much in them:—

"Our Lady has no cradle
For her little son,
But his father is a carpenter,
And he will make him one.

"They sell at gate of Paradise
Little shoes so neat,
For the little angels who have none
Upon their little feet."

And so on. There are some pretty little love-songs too. One lover relates how he passed by his mistress's door, and heard the stones quarrelling which it was she had stepped upon; another, with his imagination more within bounds, is content to tell us that how the up-hill turns down-hill to him when he goes to his Maria, but alas! as he comes back, down-hill turns to up-hill:—

“ Cuando voy á la casa
De mi Mariá,
Se me hace cuesta abajo
La cuesta arriba.
Y cuando salgo
Se me hace cuesta arriba
La cuesta abajo.”

Above the peasant class in Spain, the character of society has changed much since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. The richer classes congregate more and more in the towns, and the old houses of country gentlemen have come often to the state of that hideous stone barrack by the sea-shore, which we read of in *Clemencia*. The desolate mansion, with its rats and cobwebs, its tarnished gilding and rusty grated windows, the dulness and utter ugliness of the whole life, are graphically described, and the picture well matches what the traveller sees from day to day in outlying places in Spain. Clearly the aversion to a country life so much among Spaniards, and the unattractive character of the life itself, are two things which mutually explain each other. But there survive among the comparatively few rich nobles who still live on their estates fine types of the good old school. Such is Don Martin Ladron de Guevara, “one of those inland seigneurs so fastened to their towns and their houses as to form, so to speak, a part of them, as though they had been figures sculptured on them in bas-relief; men who never occupied themselves in their lives with anything but their horses, their bulls, the work to be done on their estates, and the local gossip of the village.” Don Martin had never had any education whatever except his catechism; he had never opened a book in his life; he was the eldest son—what was he to learn anything for? He had learnt by habit and tradition to be a gentleman; and would speak as flatly to a king as to a beggar. A universal meddler, “like the tomatas that get into every dish,” as Doña Brigida, his wife, tells him, his talk is supplied out of an inexhaustible stocks of saws, proverbs, and rhymes, his “little gospels,” as he calls them. Indeed his conversation in this respect leaves upon us, we are sorry to say, the impression that Sancho Panza and he had divided all the proverbs in Spain between them, and that Sancho had the first choice.

On Don Martin’s estates, life goes on year after year in quiet monotony, “always the same, like the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria.” In his great, bare, comfortless mansion; in the dull courtyard opening out upon the parched, dusty plain, his life is not without personal interest, nor poor in kindly feeling, but sunk in utter boorish ignorance. He ploughs his lands and gets in his harvests, feeds his poor and rails at them, fights his

endless battles of scolding with the irrepressible old beggar-woman, the Tia Latrana, who finds her way into every scene. "There is no procession but has its dragon (*no hay procesion sin tarasca*)," as he says. Fiercer than even the far-famed Tarasc of Tarascon himself are Don Martin's half-wild cattle on the plains; and that terrible creature which has been so felicitously described as "the novelist's bull," gives Patlo, the hero of the tale, the opportunity of saving Clemencia from impending death. He marries her; and the piece of medical detail at the end of the book is as quaint and characteristic as any finishing touch that was ever given to a story. The family doctor feels Clemencia's pulse, and with due solemnity announces to the parents that they shall be blessed with a son, as beautiful as his mother, as manly as his father, as good as both. It seems, then, that the Spanish doctor still actually knows the curious mediæval art of prognosticating the child's sex from the mother's pulse, just as travellers in the East still find it practised by the Persian hakim.

With Don Martin lives his brother, the Abbé, one of those types of the highest class of Spanish ecclesiastics who may be met with in the flesh as well as in books,—men of unworldly and unselfish lives, given up to works of charity and kindness, finding their happiness in the happiness of those around them. The Abbé had studied as a lawyer, had fought in the War of Independence, and had then taken orders. His brother maintained that he had done well, and confirmed his opinion with one of the aforesaid *evangelios chicos*: "If you will have a good day, shave your beard; a good month, kill a pig; a good year, get married; but if you want a good *for ever*, then turn priest." We are told that the beautiful Clemencia, his niece and pupil, found "my uncle the Abbé's" moral discourses deeply interesting, which we should scarcely have guessed from the long extracts from them with which we are favoured. The good man is somewhat tiresome, in fact; but probably this contributes to the accuracy of the portrait, which seems to us as genuine as that of the priest in *Poor Dolores*, of very different stamp, Padre Nolasco, with his head like an india-rubber face pulled out long, his big nose and feet, his black clothes, presented to him by his rich friend, Don Marcelino, and worn till they shone like waterproof. His *compadre*, Gil Piñones, kept him in chickpeas for teaching his sons to assist at mass; and with them and a morsel of beef, and the scrap of pork that the herdsman would give him for writing his letters, was made his daily *puchero*, wherefrom always he kept a cup of broth for his own supper, and another for the poor widow who lived in the garret. His way was to *thou* everybody; but one day a pert

young doctor remonstrated with him for taking a liberty so subversive of the dignity of man :—

“Dignity of man!” replied Father Nolasco, “that’s all done with in these days. Get along! Dignity in words and indignity in deeds. So I am to *thou* my Seraphic Father St. Francis, and say Worship and Lordship to a straggle-chin like thee? Go and cure fevers,—don’t give me one; I am not going to suit myself to the fashion of the day; this straw’s too hard to make whistles of,—dost see?”

Father Nolasco, with his rough jokes, his ignorance, and his coarseness, the unpriestly *caramba!* with which he shocks grown-up ears, the treacherous slaps which make him the terror of the little boys, his kind heart and practical good sense withal, is as excellent a portrait of the low-class priest as “my uncle the Abbé” is of the higher. But, unhappily, Fernan Caballero’s views will not allow her to give us a full series of such portraits. We have compared her books to Phillip’s pictures; but she will not paint for us the scowling, leering priest, or the lazy, sensual monk, whose bloated face is the too legible record of his life. The secularization of the Spanish monasteries is to her a never-finished theme of complaint, and she would have us think that all the monks who were turned out into the world were men like Father Nolasco, or the simple-minded, learned recluse, Father Buendia, sent out at sixty from his cell, and his beloved convent library to be dressed like a scarecrow by a rich relation, and set to teach Latin and good manners to her disagreeable boys; or, at worst, like poor Brother Gabriel in *La Gaviota*, who was found sitting weeping on the steps of the white cross, when Aunt Maria came to the dismantled convent at Villamar, where her son Manuel had been put in charge as guardian by “some gentlemen who call themselves ‘The Public Credit.’” The old monk told them he had never been outside the walls since the father had taken him in an orphan child; he could do nothing but take care of the convent garden; so they let him stay, and he looked after the garden still, though since the great watering machine was sold, he had been hard put to it, and the orange and lemon-trees were sadly dry. Thus he lived, tying up his endless rows of lettuces, and telling his beads, and leaving the ruins of his monastery only on Fridays, to go to the chapel of Our Lady of Good Help, and pray the Lord for a happy death. The perplexity of the meek old lay-brother and his friend Aunt Maria is pleasantly described when they find, lying sick and helpless at the convent gate, a mysterious foreigner, young Stein, the German doctor, and take him in and nurse him. His dress, his flute, his books

in strange letters, give no clue to his character: he awoke at last out of a long trance and cried "*Gott, wo bin ich?*"

"Aunt Maria sprang with one bound into the middle of the room. Brother Gabriel dropped the book and stood petrified with eyes as wide open as his spectacles.

"What language was he talking?" asked Aunt Maria.

"It must have been Hebrew, like his books," answered Brother Gabriel. "Perhaps he may be a Jew, as you said, Aunt Maria."

"God help us!" cried the old woman; "but no, if he were a Jew, shouldn't we have seen his tail when we undressed him?"

"Aunt Maria," said the lay brother, "the prior said that all that about the Jews having tails was stuff and nonsense, for they had nothing of the kind."

"Brother Gabriel," replied Aunt Maria, "since this blessed constitution came in, everything is changed into something else. These people that govern instead of the king don't choose anything to stay as it used to be, and so they don't choose the Jews to have tails, but they always have had them just like the devil. And if the Father Prior says the contrary, they must have forced him to, just as they force him to say at mass 'constitutional king.'"

As it is with the monks, so with the nuns. Fernan Caballero can give us the prettiest pictures of groups of little children at the convent school in "*Lagrimas*," playing at making gardens with twigs of box for orange-trees, pinks for palm-trees, fishes of geranium-leaf swimming in a basin made of half an egg-shell, or setting one another riddles.

"Why don't you guess?" said Maalena (Magdalena), the eldest of the party, a grave matron of seven.

"Guess what?"

"A riddle."

"What is it then?"

"Well . . . what's the little dish of almonds that they gather every day and scatter about every night?"

All the children fell into deep meditation for about half a minute.

"Ourselves," exclaimed fat little Pepa, with a jump a full finger and a half from the ground.

"That's all wrong," said the small matron. "You're sillier than Pipé, Josefita."

"Then you tell, for you know it."

"Why, the stars, you dunce!"

"Why, no! the stars are not almonds."

"What are they then, Miss Wiseacre?"

"The tears of Mary that the angels carried up to heaven, and that's why they are so many, nobody can count them."

The children fell to looking at the sky, where clouds were scudding across, hiding and uncovering again the moon as they passed over.

"There!" cried plump Pepita, "don't you see the moon going in and out in the sky—what's the matter with her?"

"Father God will be calling her," replied her neighbour.

"But I can't hear His Worship."

"Well, and just so you can't see him at the mass, and he is there though," said the matronly Maalena; "and if we could see him with these eyes and hear him with these ears, what grace would there be in believing, as Mother Succour says?"

So, too, we may have *Elia's* ecstatic description of her convent life, "days of silence and prayer, flowing on in sweet monotony like the drops that fall from the honeycomb. . . . The peace that comes of the absence of passion, the repose of conscience, the gentle calm we enjoy when the past has no biting remorse, the future no torturing fear, the life of tranquil sleep and happy waking, the expectation of death without desire and without fear, the true felicity without alloy." But of the other side of the nun's life, torpidly serene, or hopelessly miserable, useless when it is cheerful, as useless when it is unhappy, we read nothing here.

With all her devotion to the habits of Old Spain, there are reforms for which Fernan Cabellero has made vigorous efforts. Her humane disposition has been shocked by the Spanish peasant's unfeeling cruelty to his beasts, and we believe she has founded a Spanish society for its prevention. But especially the national sport of Spain has aroused her indignation. Her hatred of bull-fighting, indeed, approaches in intensity her horror of Protestantism. In a characteristic way she has passed judgment on the bull-ring by depicting quite simply and naturally some of its most striking scenes. There are two such in *Sea-Gull*. The Duke of Almansa carries Stein the German doctor to Seville, to bring out his wife the Gaviota and her splendid voice in the great world. He takes the pair to the Plaza de Toros. The scene is vividly painted,—the huge amphitheatre with its twelve thousand spectators, row above row, the upper classes on the shady side, the many-coloured Andalusian dresses of the lower orders glittering in the glare of the sunshine. The first bull is a *boyante*, a waverer—charged by the first picador, he turns from him and attacks the second off his guard,—his horse is down with the bull's horns in his flanks, the picador underneath. Then appears Pepe Vera the matador, smiling in cherry-coloured satin covered with silver embroidery; he drags off the bull by the tail and avoids his furious charges till he reaches the barrier. The Duke looked at Maria, and for the first time saw life in her cold, scornful face. She had seen something at last that came home. "My Lord Duke," said Stein, "is it possible this can divert you?" "No," said the

Duke, with a good-humoured smile, "it interests me." "Maria, shall we go?" said Stein to his wife. "No," said Maria, with all her soul in her eyes; "do you think I have got nerves and am likely to faint?" Stein left them and went to look at Seville. Pepe had seen the Duke and the woman sitting by his side, whose eyes never left the matador. Now he stands in front of them, cap in hand, sword and scarlet cloak in his left, offering the honour of the bull to "your Excellency and the royal lady at your side." "Here!" he cried to the *chulo*, and they sent the bull at him. Pepe Vera was a pupil of Montes, and gave the bull the shoulder-stroke after the well-known manner of that distinguished artist—standing to meet the beast in its rush, and letting him run on the point of his huge matador's rapier up to the very hilt, and so fall dead at his feet. Pepe Vera came calmly to make his bow to their Excellencies, and his eyes met Maria's. In the meanwhile Stein went on with his walk, lionizing the city walls and the Puerta de Xeres.

The other of the two scenes is Pepe Vera's last bull-fight, where Maria saw the black bull *Midnight* clear the ring. No picador could stand the charge of the terrible adversary. It was all the quick *chulos* could do to draw him off with their bright-coloured cloaks, and escape themselves behind the barrier. Some cried for the "half-moons" to hamstring the beast, but the crowd cried shame. The matador had been that morning to see the bull penned for the evening's *corrida*, and had known his danger at a glance; and now Maria, leaning forward upon the balustrade, and digging her nails into the wood, saw the bull stop halfway in its rush, turn sharp upon the matador with a sudden dash, catch him on his horns, and fling him off, to fall yards away, a lifeless mass on the ground.

In another story, which has its title from a proverb—*Con mal ó con bien, a los tuyos te ten*—"Through good and ill, keep to your own friends still," there is another powerful piece of description. A young Spaniard, educated in England, goes to his first bull-fight at Puerto Santa Maria. The sight sickens him; he goes out and walks through the deserted streets into the silent church, and there, in the Lady Chapel, finds a pale girl kneeling alone, and notices that each fresh burst of applause heard across from the Plaza brings from her a cry of pain and a fresh flood of tears. Suddenly the sound of wheels is heard in the square outside. The girl runs hastily out, and Servando follows. A *calesa* is jolting over the rough pavement, led by the driver, and on the seat a picador, his arms fallen helpless at his side, his silver-embroidered clothes stained with blood. "God help us! it is his daughter," said the *calesero*; and just

then there was heard from inside the amphitheatre a new round of thundering applause.

We have scarcely mentioned the descriptions in Fernan Caballero's novels of drawing-room life in Spain. Of course she understands perfectly the habits of the *paseo* and the *tertulia*, the life of the upper circles of Seville and Madrid, in which she herself moves, and she makes the best of it in her stories: but the best is not much. Her gossiping old women, her innocent girls fresh from the convent, her martinet generals and bigoted marchionesses, have at least a great air of reality about them. The drawing-room folks in the *Gaviota* are perhaps her liveliest pictures of the kind. We quite appreciate Rafael Arias, and his account of the ladies of the Havana, "whose black eyes are dramatic poems;" his story of the Santa Maria family, his ancestors, who were relations of the Virgin Mary, insomuch that one old lady among them used to pray, "Ave Maria, my lady and cousin," to which the servants responded, "Ave Maria, her Excellency's lady and cousin;" his description of his English friend who was going to buy the Alcazar at Seville, and set it up on his own estate at home, and wanted the chapter of the cathedral to sell him the gilt keys that the Moorish king presented in a silver dish to St. Ferdinand when he conquered Seville, and also the agate cup which the great king used to drink out of. Foreigners, and especially English, are objects of great amusement in Spanish society; and no wonder. They have had, as a rule, no time to learn the habits of the country on their hurried excursions from one place in Ford's *Handbook* to another. They are sadly apt to be stone-blind to native prejudices, and to treat the whole country and people as a show got up for their especial amusement, in a way that must be uncommonly provoking to the Spanish mind. The "impassible Englishman," in the diligence scene in *Una en Otra*, dressed in a complete suit of Scotch plaid, and giving no sign of human life amidst the fun that is going on about him, except to open his eyes wide and shake his head when somebody offers him a cigar, is unfortunately a most real animal on Spanish high-roads, and naturally becomes the typical Englishman of the ordinary Spaniard. On the other hand, the Spaniard in England is never ridiculous, though he may be neither amusing nor instructive. But the very duty of a student of life and character is to go deeper than the superficial impressions of the diligence and the *table-d'hôte*, and we should have thought Fernan Caballero must have known more about foreigners than to believe in her own absurd caricatures. Her Spaniards, even when overdrawn, are altogether better. Thus, among minor characters, Doña Eufrasia, the general's widow,

whom nobody can bear, who is "as meddlesome as a noise, as inquisitive as daylight, and as ill-timed as a watch out of order," and who, nevertheless, holds her own in all companies by sheer insolence, makes a good pendant to Don Galo, the bland old Government-office clerk at eighty pounds a year, whose four wigs of different lengths so ingeniously simulate a growth cut short by a monthly visit to the hairdresser. And there are plenty more, whose scolding and gossiping and love-making have a certain interest to readers long since weary of the conventional Spaniards of fiction—the grandes with their pale, haughty countenances muffled in their cloaks, and the Andalusian beauties with their fans and mantellas, little feet, and Moorish almond-eyes.

But all through these volumes, from first to last, there runs a quality which interferes with a judgment of them from a purely artistic point of view. It is as in a story told in one of them: A certain actor was a great amateur in bull-fighting, and used to sit with other *aficionados* in the seats close to the arena. One day he was shouting abuses at a picador whom he wanted to charge the bull, against all rule and prudence, till at last the man turned on him. "Mr. Actor," said he, "this is real." It is so with these volumes; in form they are fiction, but in fact they are descriptions of actual life in Spain; and, moreover, they are written with a distinct purpose, that of strengthening the Spaniards' conviction that the path of modern Spain among the nations is a good and glorious one; that popular education is a ruinous delusion; that a blind faith in the most childish superstitions of the middle ages is something far higher than reasonable investigation of nature; that the political or intellectual habits which have brought Spain to the state of a paralysed limb of Europe, are something to cherish with affectionate pride. One would have thought that her own career was the most telling refutation of her own opinions. She incidentally mentions "the incontestable, intellectual superiority of our people above all others;" and she must know, that the only modern Spanish writer of fiction who has risen even to mediocrity had the benefit of a foreign education, for that writer is herself. She unconsciously published her own estimate of Spanish literature by writing her first book, *The Alvareda Family*, in German; and when she let her works be published at the Queen of Spain's expense, she told the world in the same way her estimation of the literary condition of her adopted country.

How far she is to be classed as a Spaniard, and how far as a foreigner, it is not easy to say. Her father, Don Juan Nicholas Böhl de Faber, was a Hamburg merchant settled at Cadiz, where

he was consul for his native city. His name is known in literature as compiler of a collection of ancient Spanish poetry, the *Floreste de Rimes Antiquas Castellanas*. His daughter Cecilia is "Fernan Caballero." She was born in Switzerland in 1797, and her first husband was the Marquis of Arco-Hermoso. She has been twice married since, and is now a widow. Spain has evidently treated her well, and is proud of her, and her friends write her praises in the florid style which still finds favour in the Peninsula, and of which we are glad to take the opportunity of quoting a magnificent specimen:—

"And who, for years past, has visited Lower Andalusia, and not endeavoured to know personally the author of *Elia*? Who has not sought her in the flowery Port which bears the name of the Mother of Mothers, the ever Virgin Mary; or in her modest and comfortable cottage of Sanlucar de Barrameda, adorned with flowers and birds, and situate beneath the maternal shade of a convent of nuns; or in the Moorish Alcazar of Seville, near the arch where still glitters the lion of Spain victoriously displaying the cross, with the expressive motto, *Ad utrumque*? Oh! how many times, after long conversations with Fernan Caballero, that noble and candid soul (from whom those who cultivate her delightful society never separate without breathing the bland perfume of goodness, without feeling their hearts pregnant with sweet tears, and a longing to do good to their neighbour), his nature appeared to me more beautiful in discourse among the pines, which, like outpost sentinels of the Guadalquivir, salute him as he plunges into the sea!"

More recently we have had a description of Fernan Caballero by an Englishwoman of views for once congenial to her own, Lady Herbert, in her *Impressions of Spain*, p. 123:—

"But one of the principal charms of our travellers' residence in Seville has not yet been mentioned; and that was their acquaintance, through the kind Bishop of Antioch, with Fernan Caballero. She may be called the Lady Georgiana Fullerton of Spain, in the sense of refinement of taste and catholicity of feeling. But her works are less what are commonly called novels than pictures of home life in Spain, like Hans Andersen's *Improvisatore*, or Tourgeneff's *Scènes de la vie en Russie*. This charming lady, by birth a German on the father's side, and by marriage connected with all the "bluest blood" in Spain, lives in apartments given her by the Queen in the palace of the Alcazar. Great trials and sorrows have not dimmed the fire of her genius or extinguished one spark of the living charity which extends itself to all that suffer. Her tenderness towards animals, unfortunately a rare virtue in Spain, is one of her marked characteristics. She has lately been trying to establish a society in Seville for the prevention of cruelty to animals, after the model of the London one, and often told one of our party that she never left her home without praying that she might not see or hear any ill-usage to God's creatures. She is no

longer young, but still preserves traces of a beauty, which in former years made her the admiration of the Court. Her playfulness and wit, always tempered by a kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, and her agreeableness in conversation, seem only to have increased with lengthened experience of people and things. Nothing was pleasanter than to sit in the corner of her little drawing-room, or, still better, in her tiny study, and hear her pour out anecdote after anecdote of Spanish life and Spanish peculiarities, especially among the poor. But if one wished to excite her, one had but to touch on questions regarding her faith and the so-called 'progress' of her country. Then all her Andalusian blood would be roused, and she would declaim for hours in no measured terms against the spoliation of the monasteries, those centres of education and civilisation in the villages and outlying districts ; against the introduction of schools without religion, and colleges without faith ; and the propagation of infidel opinions through the current literature of the day."

We can quite appreciate Fernan Caballero's dislike to freedom of the press in Spain. Nothing can be more reasonable. The present Government cannot exist without political and religious persecution, and the Spanish newspapers are apt to indulge in unpleasantly sarcastic remarks on such subjects.

It is clear that the energetic means which the Spanish Court is now taking to keep down obnoxious innovators and reformers are by no means uncalled for. But we have found ourselves wondering, as we looked through Fernan Caballero's books, whether this clever and amiable advocate of ignorance and bigotry has ever been troubled by any glimpse of the possibility that her own efforts have been unwittingly devoted to pushing forward the very progress which she so detests. It has been well said of the Jesuits, that by their promotion of education they actually helped on that very movement of the European mind which their whole system was an organized conspiracy to repress. So, to compare small things with great, our authoress has done something to raise up the fallen literature of Spain, and thus to stimulate that intellectual life which turns towards civilisation as flowers turn toward light. Her very descriptions of the Spanish life which to her seems so admirable, are an unconscious but effective attack upon it. Few foreigners, we should think, lay down one of her volumes without feeling how widely and deeply Spain must be changed before she can resume her place as one of the great nations of the world.

ART. V.—POPULAR PHILOSOPHY IN ITS RELATION TO LIFE.

IN the controversy as to the true character of the Sophists, raised by the publication of Mr. Grote's *Greece*, much stress was laid upon the distinction that the Sophists were not a sect holding a mischievous system of philosophical doctrine, but a profession. It was found, however, that the distinction did not materially affect the view formed of them by students of Plato and Aristotle, for their profession was to teach rhetoric, and a "rhetoric that used philosophy as its instrument." That rhetoric should thus use philosophy implies that the latter has become popular, and popular philosophy, however various its doctrines, has yet by the necessity of its nature a uniformity of type, than which the system of the straitest sect is not more unmistakable. It fixes in coarse lineaments the antithetical ideas, which genuine speculation leaves fluid and elastic, and on the strength of them gives a positive answer, Yes or No, to questions as to the world of thought, which, because asked in terms of sense, true philosophy must either leave unanswered or answer by both Yes and No. It abhors the analysis of knowledge. It takes certain formal conceptions ready-made, without criticism of their origin or validity. These—which, because familiar, are apparently intelligible—it employs to cast a reflex intelligibility on the general world of knowledge. By their aid it can always distinguish and divide, and the matter in which we can make distinctions seems already intelligible and our own. Such philosophy must needs ultimately be both sceptical and destructive: sceptical, because, too much in a hurry to be consistent, it finds its dogmatic "Yes" contradicted by its equally dogmatic "No," and its uncritical distinctions, which seemed at first to convey such delightful clearness, turn out to have merely made darkness visible; destructive, because, while its existence implies a conscious claim on the part of the human spirit to comprehend that which it obeys, its dichotomous formulæ are inadequate to comprehend the real world of morals, religion, and law.

The parallel between our own age and that of the Sophists has been often drawn. The historian of Philosophy, indeed, finds the modern counterpart to the epoch of Protagoras some way further back, in the so-called *Aufklärung* of the last century. The popular philosophy, whose parent was Locke, no doubt asked the same questions that were in debate among the companions of Socrates; it set them in the same glory of rhetoric, concealing a depth which it could not penetrate, that provoked the irony of the Socratic dialogue. Its sceptical and

revolutionary result, as represented by Hume, Rousseau, and Priestley, has an aspect familiar to the readers of Plato; and the question, "How are experience and moral action possible?" which Kant set himself to answer, recalls the more simple, "What is justice, and how do we come by the idea of it?" which forms the text of *The Republic*. But modes of philosophy do not really supersede each other "as Amurath to Amurath succeeds." Philosophy does but interpret, with full consciousness and in system, the powers already working in the spiritual life of mankind, and as these powers at every stage gather a strength which they never finally lose, so the philosophical expression which they have found in one age, is not lost, however it may be qualified, in the ages that follow. In Greece, as the elements of life were far more simple, so the various forms of philosophy followed each other more rapidly than in modern Christendom. Yet the sophistical mode of thought, having once found a home, was only dislodged with philosophy itself. The doctrine that man, the sensitive man, is the measure of all things, which as being *par excellence* the doctrine that fits philosophy to be an instrument of rhetoric, may be taken as characteristic of the Sophists, survived the criticism of Plato and Aristotle. It was virtually common to all the popular and practical schools so long as Greek philosophy lasted. So in the modern world, the doctrines of the *Aufklärung* are not to be supposed dead and done with, because Kant outgrew them nearly a hundred years ago. From the pulpit and the senate, from the newspaper and the journal of science, from saint and from sage, the disciple of Kant finds them smite him in the face whichever way he look. Nor can he account for this experience by the complaint that "our tardy apish nation" has not yet appropriated the highest thought of Europe. In Germany itself, the people now venture to assert a philosophy of their own, and it is not the philosophy of the German philosophers, but of the school of Locke. The truth is, that the doctrines of the *Aufklärung* are as much of the essence of the modern world as the principles of the Reformation, or the ideas of 1789. They are as old as the Renaissance, as old as the epoch when the citizens of Christendom, slowly emerging from the painful discipline by which the new civilisation was wrought out of the chaos of the old, first ventured to look with open eyes on their surroundings, and to ask why they should not move freely, and take their pleasure in a world that was very good.

To be free, to understand, to enjoy, is the claim of the modern spirit. It is a claim which is constantly becoming more articulate and conscious of itself. It is constantly being heard from new classes of society, and penetrating more deeply into

the circumstances of life. At the same time, it is constantly finding new expression in practical contradictions of thought, which rhetoric, itself the child of the claim, is always at hand to manipulate, to entangle, to inweave into the feelings and interests of men. The result is the diffusion over society of a state of mind analogous to that which we sometimes experience when discussion has carried us a long way from our principles, and we find ourselves maintaining inconsistent propositions, which to us are mere words, yet confuse our views and weaken our hold of the principles from which they seem to follow. The age, we may say, has overtalked itself: yet to prescribe a regimen of silence is but to mock the disease. Definite thought is already speech. That a thought, when spoken, has lost half its power, is as false as the notion that the will, so soon as we act, ceases to be free, because under the incipient control of habit. The power in the one case, like the freedom in the other, except so far as it is expressed, is a mere indefinite possibility. As freedom is freedom to do something only so far as it gains a body and reality from habit, so it is only through speech that the thinking spirit can know what is itself and in the world. Only through the process of naming and metaphor, from the stage where it is nearest the sense to that where it is most remote, are phenomena held together, distinguished, and wrought into an intelligible universe. Only, again, as uttered, can thought know or act upon itself. Spoken thought is thus the medium through which the individual man at once receives his intellectual being from without, and develops it from within. The greater its fulness, the wider the range of its distinguishing and comprehending energy, the more completely is the world transformed from a brute matter to a rational organism, to which the spirit of man answers as closely and immediately as feeling to the nervous currents.

To the world, so far as it is thus transformed, man no longer stands in the attitude of blind terror at the unknown. But he is not therefore at peace. By names and theory, by distinction and comparison, by substantiating relations and bringing substances into relation, he has penetrated nature, and in penetrating it has sown himself broadcast over it. It is by no avoidable error, as in the effort to escape from himself he may sometimes imagine, that he has infected nature with his theology or metaphysic. Its relation to himself is the condition alike of the impulse to know it and of the possibility of its being known. It is in vain that he seeks to place himself in the attitude of pure receptivity. Without being active, without origination, he cannot judge, and he must needs give an account to himself of his activity. He must theorize upon his judg-

ments, must seek for a science of his sciences, for the unity of principle which must be in that which he knows as it is in himself. He is as metaphysical when he talks of body or matter as when he talks of force, of force as when he talks of mind, of mind as when he talks of God. He goes beyond sense as much when he pronounces that he can only know things individual, or phenomena, as when he claims to know substances and the universal. That which he calls nature, therefore, is traversed by the currents of his intellect, and where intellect has gone sentiment has followed. The outward world, about which he speculates, has become an object of interest to him, inseparable from his interest in himself. If his speculation might run smooth and evenly, he would be at peace. Being, as it is, for ever thwarted and baffled—leading his thoughts along paths which diverge before he is aware of it, and at length seem so far apart that he cannot see the common ground whence they come and to which they converge—it gives him the privilege of a sorrow, intense in proportion to the range of his intellectual sympathy. He is no longer, like the barbarian, afraid of nature as of an unknown power, but oppressed by it as by the excess of his own activity. It is a labyrinth in which he has wandered at will till he has lost the clue, and which at the same time is so much his own that in its perplexities he seems at war with himself.

Meanwhile his relations to God, his fellow-men, and his own desires, which at first wrapped him round too closely to be contemplated, became objects of his curiosity. He separates himself from them to reappropriate them by the intellectual consciousness. They, too, become recognised elements in the world of knowledge, which thus gains at once an infinite complexity and an absolute dominion over the happiness of civilized mankind. As a theory of Being, or of merely speculative thought, philosophy scarcely touches what we call the popular mind. It has pleasures and pains of its own, but its uncertainties, being the burden of a few, do not diffuse themselves into that general sympathetic atmosphere of scepticism, through which alone it becomes oppressive to peace of mind. It is not until it approaches the moral life that it can become popular, and in consequence can be rhetoricized. This further plunge into the concrete it must inevitably make. The question, "What is the world that man knows, and how does he know it?" cannot long remain apart from the question, "What is the world that he has made for himself, and how has he been able to make it?" The interest in the moral world, and the interest in the so-called world of nature, tend more and more to fusion with each other. In the Greek age of sophistry, as it is presented to us by Plato

and Aristotle, the unsettlement of practical ideas resulted from the application to "the good, the beautiful, and the just" of the Democritean theory of nature and our knowledge of it, and it was by a counter theory on the same subjects that Plato sought to achieve the reconstruction of morals and politics. In modern times it is the philosophy of nature and knowledge inherited from Bacon and Locke that appears in the numerous "Natural Histories of Ethics" with which the world has been beset during the last century and a half; and, conversely, it was a moral interest—the desire to find room for freedom and immortality—that moved Kant to attempt a more profound analysis of knowledge. The moral philosophy which he set himself to reform is still the popular philosophy. It was not, nor is it, an harmonious system. It is divided by the current opposition between intuition and experience, between the "moral sense" and the "principle of utility." But an element of identity pervades it, implied in its being the popular philosophy. It is the uncritical expression of the claim to be free, to enjoy, and to understand. It is an abstract or result of the various methods, poetic, religious, metaphysical, by which man has sought to account to himself for the world of his experience, as they apply directly to human life. Inconsistent with all the inconsistencies of these methods, which it takes not as criticism would reconstruct but as rhetoric has overlaid them, it brings its contradictions home to the average man at the most vital points, and is the natural parent of the modern "unsettlement." It is proposed here to trace the history of its more importunate questions, and to inquire how far a philosophy, not yet, if ever it can become, popular, has already met them.

The ethical theories of popular philosophy, however various, have this in common, that they rest wholly on feeling. Of feeling, as such, they give no account. As in the popular theory of knowledge, no distinction is made between sensation itself and the intellectual judgment of which sensation is the occasion or accompaniment, so in the corresponding theory of morals, feeling is treated as the exhaustive account of all modes of consciousness with which it is associated. Taken thus ready-made, with "reflection" for its servant, it is the principle of construction in all the doctrines by which English and French philosophers, from Hobbes downwards, have accounted for "conscience," the rational will, and the actual fabric of moral custom and law. These systems vary as the import of feeling itself varies, and according to the range of the service which reflection is supposed to do it. With Hobbes, the feeling on which morality rests is the mere animal appetite, the sense of want, with the impulse to appropriate

that which will satisfy the want. This appetite, however, has to lose its merely animal character before it will account even for the state of universal warfare in which, according to Hobbes, society begins. "*Homo homini lupus*," but the wolf eats when he is hungry, and has done with it. The wolfish appetite is not the permanent impulse to get as much as he can for himself, which Hobbes supposes as the source of the wolfish or primary state of society. Having made this covert introduction of self-consciousness into the primary appetite, and supposing a faculty of calculating means to ends as its instrument, it is not difficult to represent the strife of appetites as ending in a balance, which the calculating faculty of the many perceives to afford the maximum of possible gratification, and fixes in positive law. Nor does it require any great ingenuity to trace in the "social affections" secondary forms of the selfish appetite, taught by accumulated calculation to anticipate its own satisfaction or apprehend its own loss in the pleasure and pain of others, and disciplined by long habit to do so instinctively.

The origin, then, of the judgment "I ought," Hobbes finds simply in the command of a ruler, and the ruling power in the last resort turns out to be the appetite of some one strong enough to enforce its satisfaction, in submission to which the appetites of others gain more than they lose. Appetite, transformed (it is not explained how) into deliberate self-interest, is thus the source at once of the idea of duty, and of the "moral sentiments," or the affections which dispose us to realize the idea. This was good hearing for the courtiers of Charles II., and, to judge from Butler's sermons, it appears to have continued the fashionable philosophy during the first part of the eighteenth century. A superficial analysis of composite feeling was clearly to the taste of the age. As if exulting in deliverance from the idea of an absolute Divine law, expressed either in the Church, or the Bible, or the conscience, which had haunted the thoughts and troubled the peace of the previous age, men would not only please themselves (as they had always done), but take credit and account to themselves for their pleasure. As the talk of a woman or a child is tedious from the iteration of "I like" and "I don't like," so the literature of that time nauseates with the description of agreeable sensations and reflections, and with easy theories of their production. In particular, fashionable controversy busied itself with the question of the element of self-interest in the social affections. Throughout his sermons, Butler stands in an attitude of defence against "that scorn which one sees rising upon the faces of people who are said to know the world, when mention is made of a disinterested action." He meets them, it is to be observed, by treating

the actions in question, not as the realization of an idea of duty from which all merely personal interests are excluded, but as issuing from an immediate spontaneous affection, which self-love does not generate any more than it generates hunger, but for whose gratification, as a source of happiness, it may and ought to provide. Of self-love itself he gives no consistent account. Sometimes it appears as one affection among others, co-ordinate with benevolence or resentment; sometimes as a reflective desire for one's good as a whole, regulating the other affections (benevolence among them), the harmonious satisfaction of which constitutes the good that it seeks.

Benevolence, in its turn, is treated sometimes as a natural affection, sometimes as a "principle of virtue." The relation between its two forms is nowhere intelligibly explained, for an explanation of it supposes a theory of the will, as the condition of moral in distinction from merely natural action, which nowhere appears in Butler. The failure to trace benevolence to its source in the active reason necessarily leads to a difficulty as to its relation to self-love. Generally in Butler we find a co-ordination between love of self and love of one's neighbour, as separate "principles of our nature," the proper balance between which constitutes virtue. If, dissatisfied with such dichotomy of the individual man, we ask for an ultimate unity which may account for the two opposite principles, Butler can give us no sufficient answer. Ultimately he abandons the co-ordination, and claims for benevolence by itself the prerogative of being the spring of all virtue. But in so doing he transfers to it without explanation, a supremacy previously assigned to self-love. The essential identity of the two he cannot explain, for he has no formula elastic enough to suit the reality of the rational will, which, in making itself its own object, takes others into itself. No one, indeed, insists more strongly on the unity of constitution of the individual nature. It is necessary to his stoical conception of virtue as the life according to nature. Now, since the moral nature, as a single whole, is the self, to live for the satisfaction of one's nature as a whole must be to live for self. According to this view, then, self-love must be the ultimate, the ruling moral principle, and such, in the sermons on Human Nature, Butler admits it to be. But on this admission, unless the self be regarded as at once individual and universal, according to a conception beyond the reach of his popular logic, it becomes difficult to maintain the "disinterested" character of benevolence. As a simple "propension" no doubt, like every other, it rests in its immediate object as an end, and this object may be the gratification of another. But in order to become a "principle of virtue," to

hold its proper place in the moral system of man, it must be reflected on. Its satisfaction must be relative to that of the entire man or self. This being so, it becomes "selfish" or interested, in the ordinary sense, except so far as the self, to which it is relative, is consciously identified with something beyond the mere individual, with a public cause, duty, or the will of God. This identification, however, popular philosophy, clinging to material divisions, and treating the spiritual self as a thing exclusive of other things, will not trouble itself to apprehend, and Butler either had no conception of it himself, or did not attempt to explain it to the men of the world who listened to him in the Rolls Chapel. He never represents self-love as anything more than the reasonable desire for personal happiness; and personal happiness, desired as such, is none the less a selfish or interested motive because the gratification of others is one of its constituents. Thus, in the sermons on the Love of Our Neighbour, to save the credit of such love for disinterestedness, he has to take refuge in the unphilosophical representation of it noticed above, as parallel, not subordinate to self-love, and, in the good man, justly proportioned to it. He lapses, that is, into the raw empiricism of popular philosophy, which explains the moral man as a ready-made compound, not as the many-sided development of a single spiritual principle.

The same want of ultimate analysis confuses his conception of self-love in relation to "conscience." Here again we find an unexplained co-ordination of two separate principles, instead of a twofold relation of one and the same. "Conscience," indeed, with him is scarcely, as with Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, a mere sense. It is an authoritative faculty of judgment. He seems constantly on the verge of identifying it with reason or thought, as that which creates its own object and constitutes the unity of the self-conscious man. But he never actually does so. Human nature, he holds, is an organic system, in which "the faculty of reflex approbation and disapprobation" has a proper supremacy. Because of this authority, an act which does not accord with conscience is wrong in itself, apart from any consequence in the way of unhappiness. How this comes to be so, however, he does not—perhaps it should be said that to an audience believing in Locke he could not—explain. He was, in fact, the victim of the current psychology, which, as in regard to knowledge it assigned to thought no other office than that of combining the perceptions of things grown complete by sense, so in regard to action, left it merely to balance against each, and find means to attain, objects of desire given independently of it. On such a theory the "authority" of conscience, which as a faculty of judgment can be no other

than thought, is unaccountable, and therefore unreal. Conscience is not supposed to constitute the man ; it is "a part of our nature, alongside of another part, called appetite or affection. Why should it claim supremacy over the other part, when, after all, it can only be from this other part that it derives the object with reference to which it judges? What meaning can there be in saying that what is "against conscience" is wrong in itself, apart from resulting unhappiness, unless conscience as a creative idea gives an object to itself? If it does so—a conception, for better or worse, beyond the reach of Butler's psychology,—then adaptation to the attainment of this object may render an action right in itself. If, on the other hand, the object of man's action is necessarily given by desires which thought may regulate, but can in no way constitute, then conscience in itself can give no measure of rightness ; and that which is merely right in itself as consistent with conscience, not as satisfying desires or causing pleasure, is that which is right with reference to nothing, *i.e.*, a nonentity. Thus Butler, when he wants to find some reality corresponding to the right in itself, has to seek it in happiness. He has to represent interest and duty as coinciding, which really means that conscience approves or disapproves with reference to an object given by self-love. This, however, in the absence of any adequate conception of the self as the reason which can "spread undivided," and make a universal good its own, is to make conscience the servant of enlightened selfishness. From such a result Butler shrinks, but he only escapes it by keeping conscience and self-love apart, as separate, though alike supreme, principles of our nature,—a separation which in effect makes conscience objectless and unreal, and reduces self-love from the position of the practical reason to that of an animal instinct of self-preservation.

While benevolence, self-love, and conscience, thus stand over against each other, according to Butler's moral psychology, in unexplained relation and unreconciled competition for supremacy, athwart them all comes "the Love of God." His sermons on this topic are the most interesting part of his writings. It would appear from the accounts of his life that he had some tendency to find in mystical piety an escape from the limitations of a philosophy inadequate to the expression of the spiritual life ; and certainly in his sermons his thoughts seem to breathe more freely and his intellectual pulse to be less sluggish, when he can adopt from the received language of religion ideas for which the philosophy of the time could scarcely afford legitimate place. But the conception which thus inspires him, though it may make his view more adequate to the reality, is a further

element of confusion in it. According to his general doctrine, reason and feeling remain asunder as separate parts of our compound nature. The love of our neighbour is treated throughout, even when its end is said to be something so general as the public good, as an "affection" with the constitution or creation of which reason has nothing to do. The office of reason is merely to consider how the benevolent propension may be best satisfied on the whole. It calculates the means to an end given independently of it. But over and above the virtuous affections, according to Butler, there is an affection for these affections *as they are thought upon*. The merciful man loves mercy. This must be an affection which reason not only directs but creates, and with which it remains in absolute fusion. Its object, as Butler describes it, is nothing sensible. It is evoked indeed by the contemplation of such goodness as we actually experience among men, but is only satisfied by the idea of the perfect goodness that is in God. It takes us not out of ourselves; it is as much our own as the most vulgar appetite; yet through it "our will may be lost and resolved up into God's." Such "resolution" or "resignation" of the will is the parent of all high thinking and acting. It carries with it hope and fear and love in their purest spiritual form; it involves all virtue, for it is the recognition of the divine order of the world which it is our privilege to enact.

The above is quite a fair condensation of Butler's language on this high theme. Yet here we find strangely reappearing, in the midst of a moral theory adapted to the psychology according to Locke, a conception which is none other than that of the beatific vision; of Spinoza's *Amor Intellectualis*; of the Platonic idea of good, the contemplation of which is the final goal of love, and which, once seen, transforms the actions of men to its likeness. How is such an intrusive conception to adjust itself to its surroundings? The love of perfect goodness, or God, if real, can clearly hold no second place in the nature of man. Is it to be added as one more "superior principle" alongside of the other three to which that title has already been given? or is it one in which the other three are reconciled? We may say, indeed, that the intellectual love for goodness, as such, can be only another form of "conscience," as the faculty which approves or disapproves of actions; that in this new form "conscience" is no longer liable to the dilemma that it either is void of an object with reference to which it may approve and disapprove, or finds one in personal pleasure, for it has the required object in the idea of completeness, which, as reason, it presents to itself, and which, as desire, it seeks to realize in action. We may say further, that the "love of good-

ness" includes at once self-love and the love of our neighbour, which in it become identical with each other; for in its perfection, according to Butler, it means the resolution of the individual will into the Divine, which is a will for the good of all men; and when this consummation is attained, since the will is the self, consciously to love, and live for God, must be consciously to love and live for at once one's-self and humanity. We have but to take one step more to discern that this resolution of the love of self into the love of others or of goodness, is not a result suddenly or exceptionally achieved, but that man, as self-loving, or an object to himself, *i.e.*, as rational, ever tends to inform the world which his desires constitute or create with a unity like his own; that thus he becomes the author of custom and law, of families, nations, and states, which make the good of one the good of all, and the interest in which is identical with the interest in one's-self. If this be so, the weakness that seemed to attach to conscience in its abstraction, as an inert faculty of judgment, is done away. It need no longer be wailed over, in Butler's language, as that which, "if only it had strength, as it has authority, would rule the world." As the self-seeking reason which creates order as its own expression, it has actually constructed the system of the social and moral world, which, though the consciousness of it in the individual be but as a remote unheeded voice, yet works through him when he seems to be following his own lust and imagination.

In saying this for Butler, however, we are crediting him with a unity of system which is not in him. He was content to leave the moral nature a cross of unreconciled principles. To trace them to a unity, either of source or of result, was impossible to one who presupposed the psychology of Locke, unless on condition of ignoring the true character of their opposition. By reducing the idea of duty, and the love of God and man, to a disguised selfishness, he might have done it, but from this his religion saved him. His value as an ethical writer is due to the same cause which makes his speculation perplexed and self-contradictory. A shallower and narrower view of the moral life would have fitted more neatly into the received theory of knowledge of the soul, which alone he had at command. Popular philosophy was too strong for him. Its division of the soul into reason and feeling as mutually exclusive "parts," its doctrine that the reality of spiritual processes may be known by observing what goes on "within one's own breast," are incompatible with any just view of the process by which the actual moral world has been created, and which it involves; for it is of the essence of this process that, in a true sense, the whole is in every part of it, and the "heart" of the individual,

though the deposit of its results, belies the source whence they come.

Man reads back into himself, so to speak, the distinctions which have issued from him, and which he finds in language. In this retranslation he changes the fluidity which belongs to them in language, where they represent ever shifting attitudes of thought and perpetually cross each other, for the fixedness of separate things. He has suffered, and said "I feel;" has contrived means to escape his suffering, and said "I think;" but it has been the "I" that has felt as well as thought, and has thought in its feeling. Otherwise the suffering, itself transitory, could not have been retained as a permanent object of consciousness, and, as such, named. The man, in suffering, has at once distinguished the suffering self from, and held it in relation to, himself; *i.e.*, has thought. In other words, the feeling has been that of a subject reflecting on himself, and in no other form can man know it. But the privilege of self-consciousness brings with it the privilege of self-deception. It is only as fixed by relation to a permanent subject, that passing acts and sufferings are substantiated in language, but as thus substantiated they seem to have a separate reality of their own apart from this relation. Then, when man has reached the further or philosophic stage of reflection on self—when he begins to ask himself what his own nature is—he observes and classifies them as he might things in the outward world, in fancied separation from the self-conscious activity in virtue of which alone they are there to be observed. They are put on one side as "feelings," thought or reason on the other, and it is asked what is the function of each according to our inward experience. The feelings are taken as they are given in this experience, which means, since this experience is an intelligent one, that they are taken as already formed by thought, or (in technical language) as already subject to the categories. Thus, as constituents of knowledge, they are assumed either to be copies of, or to be themselves permanent cognisable things. As sources of moral action ("passions" or "emotions"), they are taken to be either permanent objects of consciousness, or to be consciously caused by such objects, or to involve the idea of them.¹ Of intelligent experience itself no analysis is made, and hence it is not seen that, thus taken, the feelings are already transformed from the merely natural or animal state, that they already involve reason, and that it is only because they do so that we can have an intelligent experience of them. So much having been unawares assigned to the feelings, and it

¹ One or other of these alternatives it will be found that Hume assumes, in the case alike of the emotions and the direct passions.

being assumed that what is done by them is not done by reason, there remains no office for reason but in speculation to combine them, and in action so to adjust them in relation to each other and the natural world, as to secure their being pleasant on the whole ; or, as Hume announced in a formula that sticks to one, "reason is and ought to be only the slave of the passions."

Hume had the true philosophic instinct of consistency, and the ambition to do for the unsorted principles of the current ethics what Copernicus had done for the intricacies of the Ptolemaic astronomy. In him the doctrines of the popular philosophy are made consistent with themselves, and thoroughly worked out. For that very reason, probably, his doctrine has never been itself popular, since to make such philosophy consistent with itself is to make it offensive to the "heart," to destroy its adaptation to the many sides of practical life, to render it unavailable as rhetoric. His greatest and only systematic work on philosophy, *The Treatise of Human Nature*, fell, as he tells us, "dead-born from the press," and has always been better known in Germany than in England. Yet it is absolutely the last work of the philosophy of Locke. If in any of its doctrines as to knowledge or virtue it has been considerably added to or modified by the subsequent disciples of the same school, this result, however practically desirable, has only been attained at the cost of speculative confusion and inconsistency.

Good and evil, according to Hume, always mean pleasure and pain, either as actually felt, or as anticipated. Pleasure and pain, again, are ultimately impressions on the bodily organs, or, in Hume's technical language, impressions of sensation. Of these "copies are taken by the mind," called ideas ; and as thus copied, the primary impressions of sensation give rise to "impressions of reflection," to the "direct passions" of desire and aversion, hope and fear. These, again, may be copied, or converted into ideas, by memory and imagination, and so cause new impressions of reflection. Meanwhile there is gradually formed the idea of self, which means simply "that succession of related ideas and impressions of which we have an intimate memory and consciousness." This causes a further modification of the "direct passions." If the object which excites them be one closely related to or forming part of ourselves, there result "indirect passions"—of pride, if the direct passion be desire or hope ; of humility, if the direct passion be aversion or fear. In like manner, "ideas" of other "thinking persons" having been copied on the mind, if the object exciting the direct passion be one closely related to some other thinking person, there results the indirect passion of love or hatred. In these indirect pas-

sions, however, the direct passions, though qualified, are not lost, but intensified.

These passions, according to Hume, either as simple or as complicated with each other, and having their range indefinitely extended by sympathy and the association of ideas, are the causes of all the actions of men. Reason neither has anything to do with their constitution, nor can it conflict with them. It gives nothing, originates nothing. As in regard to knowledge, it merely has to do with the relation of given "ideas" to each other, either in the way of agreement and disagreement or of cause and effect; so in regard to action, it merely has to calculate the means to a pleasure that is desired or hoped for, and discover the cause of a pain that is disliked or feared. The mere passion can never be either reasonable or unreasonable, and is always the ultimate cause of the action, which, however, may become unreasonable through a mistake in some mediate judgment. The will is merely a passion consciously related to an act.¹ Because a mere passion, it (and through it the act) is determined as necessarily by pain or pleasure as any so-called physical effect by its cause. Since neither in the one case nor the other has the cause any compulsive power in relation to the effect, this necessity in the operation of passion is quite compatible with the "spontaneity" of which we are conscious.

So much for an account of the way in which we do act. How do we come to speak of a way in which we ought to act,—of rights and obligations? The answer is quite consistent. Pain and pleasure are the primary causes of vice and virtue. "By a primary constitution of nature," certain characters and passions, and certain acts, as the expression of character and passion, "by the very view and contemplation produce a pain, and others, in like manner, excite a pleasure." It is solely in virtue of this pleasure or pain which character or acts excite "upon the mere survey," that they are either virtuous or vicious. The pain and pleasure "are not only inseparable from vice and virtue, but constitute their very nature and essence." The faculty through which they are felt is the moral sense. A further question, however, arises: Are the pain and pleasure under consideration primary, and therefore unaccountable, or can they be accounted for by any uniform property in the acts and passions, the mere survey of which excites them? Hume adopts the latter alternative. It is always the pleasure or pain caused mediately or immediately by the act or passion that

¹ The will, with Hume, is "the internal impression we feel and are conscious of, when we knowingly give rise to any new motion of the body or perception of our mind." Since, according to him, only a passion can give rise to such new motion, the result is that stated above.

makes us feel pleasure or pain in the survey of it; *i.e.*, that makes it virtuous or vicious. There are many acts, it is true, arising from obedience to laws, which the moral sense approves, and which yet cause no apparent pleasure to any one. These are acts "artificially virtuous." The selfishness of man, as Hobbes had said and Hume agreed, made the state of nature unbearable. Thus laws, states, and sovereignties were formed, which, though a limitation on the pleasures of each, secure a maximum of pleasure for all. An act of disobedience to law, therefore, though causing no pain in itself, is disapproved by the moral sense, because known to be in conflict with an institution the maintenance of which is known to be the condition of the greatest pleasure consistent with the limited generosity of men. If the pain resulting from the act of disobedience seem at first too indirect and remote to account for our sense of disapprobation, we must remember the influence of "sympathy with a general uneasiness"—such uneasiness as is caused by violation of law, and of the artifice of politicians in fostering that and kindred sympathies. No such explanation is needed with regard to acts "naturally virtuous." These are acts which cause immediate pleasure to the doer or to others, and, in consequence, excite pleasure on the contemplation. The contemplator of the act, it is to be observed, whose moral sense is gratified by it, is always supposed by Hume, as by his disciple Adam Smith, to be other than the doer of it; the special reference to one's own acts, which other writers had ascribed to conscience, being thus precisely reversed. As, in order that an act may cause satisfaction on the contemplation, the pleasure arising from it must be not exceptional, but general, the contemplator regards not the pleasure which it produces, or is calculated to produce to himself, which may be unlike its effect on others, but that which it produces to the doer or those connected with him, this being one which appears uniform to the spectators of the act, though it may be quite otherwise to the doer himself. In brief, its pleasantness makes an act or character virtuous; not, however, directly, but through the medium of a further pleasure arising on contemplation of the first. In other words, the pleasure which makes an act virtuous must not be one arising from it merely in this case or that, but one generally associated with it in the contemplation of a being who "looks before and after."

This system is perfectly neat and easy. It is the necessary result of the Epicurean principle, ἐν τῷ πάθει ὁ κáνων. But it raises awkward questions. The virtue of an act or character, according to it, is nothing in the act or character itself, any more than sound or colour, or other "secondary qualities," are

in things themselves. Their "*esse*" consists in the "*percipi*;" and that not a "*percipi*" by the doer of the act, or the owner of the character, but by others. As Berkeley had previously shown, a mere feeling gives nothing beyond itself. It represents no quality in things, though, on reflection, we may refer it to such a quality as its cause. Thus the mere feeling of satisfaction in the beholder, which constitutes an act virtuous, represents nothing in the act itself. The quality in the act itself that causes the "moral" feeling, is the pleasure known to result from it to the doer or to others. This pleasure, not the virtuousness of the act—not, that is, the other pleasure which it causes upon the mere survey, and which supposes it to have been previously done—is the actual motive to the doer for doing it. To represent the virtuous act as done because it is so, or "for virtue's sake," is either nonsense, as supposing that to be the motive of the act which can only follow it, or else means that the act is done for the sake of the impression it makes on spectators, *i.e.*, for reputation's sake.

We must cease then to speak of an idea of duty as a possible motive to or even restraint upon action, if we mean anything more by it than a regard to reputation, and to this only as a source of pleasure. It will not help us out of the difficulty to say, that the fulfilment of duty is itself a pleasure to the good man, and thus, like any other pleasure, an object of desire, and in consequence a motive of action. Something must have induced the man to do his duty, before he could find pleasure in doing it. What was this? Not any idea originated by the reason, for of that the psychology of Locke does not allow, but a desired good or pleasure, which must have been either a simple sensuous impression, or the result of such impression. When the act has been done and been found to give pleasure to others on the contemplation, it may be done again for the sake of the pleasure to himself, which the doer derives from this secondary pleasure, *i.e.*, from the satisfaction of his own love of approbation, and this he calls finding pleasure in doing his duty. How then, according to Hume, are we to account for our doing acts unpleasant in themselves "from a sense of obligation"? Simply thus, such acts are obligatory as being "artificially virtuous" in the sense explained above. It is not, however, for their obligatoriness that we do them, but from a sense of interest, more or less distinct, and desire for ultimate pleasure, strengthened by a sympathy with the feeling of society about them, which makes their omission painful.

The virtuous act, then, being never done for the sake of its virtue, which is a quality relative to the contemplator, not to the doer, but always either to obtain a pleasure or avert a pain,

whether immediate or remote, the question arises, How is vice possible? The viciousness, according to Hume, of an act, like its virtue, lies not in the "*esse*" but the "*percipi*." It is vicious, because it gives pain on the contemplation, and the reason why it does so, is that in the doing, or its results, it causes pain or prevents pleasure to the doer or to others. How is such an act possible, on the supposition (necessary to Hume's philosophy) that every act results from the desire for pleasure, or aversion to pain? The only answer can be, that the particular present pleasure is an object of stronger desire than the general and more remote; and that the pleasure desired is always one's own, though through the action of sympathy it may sometimes involve that of others. If, then, the present pleasure happens to be inconsistent with the more general or remote, or one's own with that of other men, a vicious act ensues. If the doer of it asks, "Why should I not prefer the present pleasure, which I violently desire, to the remote which I scarcely desire at all, and my own pleasure to another's?" the answer must be, "You inevitably do so prefer it, and the phrase *ought* or *ought not*, does not express any relation of the act to you, but its relation to the beholders." In short, we must get rid of the notion that it is essential to a vicious act to be done in conscious violation of a law within the doer's self, which he is free to obey. A similar purgation must be applied to our notions of the selfish and unselfish. If a selfish act means one done from an idea of one's own general good, then no acts are selfish. If it means one done for the sake of some pleasure accruing from it to one's-self, then all acts are selfish. The distinction between the selfish and unselfish, in fact, only finds its way at all into Hume's system at the cost of marring its unity. Selfishness is treated as the opposite of benevolence, or the desire for the happiness of others, and the latter, he sometimes admits, must be taken as "an original principle of our nature," not to be reduced to the desire for pleasure or aversion from pain. Sympathy, however (another "principle of our nature" which does duty whenever it is wanted), may be represented as identifying the pleasure of another with one's own, and will thus account for acts which, as not done for one's own pleasure *merely*, may be called unselfish.

Such results may be unlovely, but they are the logical consequence of a psychology which, separating reason and feeling, regards feeling as the sole originator of action, and reason as its minister. Adam Smith only made them more palatable by disguising them, by introducing more "original principles of our nature," such as the sense of propriety, and giving a further loose to the already indefinite range

of "sympathy." Though Hume's original statement of them, in scientific simplicity, met with little recognition, they were virtually the received doctrines of the educated classes in France and England during the last century. Adapted to the requirements of public spirit, and illogically modified in the adaptation, they have become, under the name "Utilitarianism," the permanent practical theory of men of the world. In confused conflict with other principles, more elevated perhaps, but less able to account for themselves, while the appeal is still to the "heart," they have been wrought into the rhetoricized philosophy of the press, the pulpit, and the platform, to become the source of much undemonstrative agony at the times when speculation comes home to life.

So far then the claim of the modern spirit to enjoy life *with understanding* results in the conviction "I always do what pleases me because it pleases me, and it is impossible that I should do otherwise." Unfortunately this result comes into necessary conflict with its other claim to be free. The burden of moral obligation is got rid of in the philosophy of Hume, but only to be replaced by that of natural necessity. Man does as he pleases, but so does a horse out of harness; the pleasure in each case is, or naturally results from, a natural sensation. He acts spontaneously, as the horse when it races "from emulation;" not under compulsion, as a horse when it is driven. He has "ideas," as well as impressions, he *knows* what will please him, but it is as the ass knows his master's crib. He has a natural sympathy, which makes another's pleasure as his own, but dogs show the same in the chase. "Interrogate consciousness" which way you will, according to Hume, make the primary principles as many as you will, they still "answer mere nature." Such an answer, however, gives the lie to the very impulse that caused the question to be asked, too strongly to be acquiesced in. Unless man had consciously detached himself from nature, no *Treatise of Human Nature* could have been written. He would not be trying to account to himself for his own moral life, even by reducing it to a natural one, would not be asking what nature is to him or he to nature, if he were merely the passive receptacle of natural impressions, and not at the same time constructive and free.

There is of course some justification for regarding the knowledge of nature in the received way as simply an analysis of a given material, though the critical philosophy has shown that, inasmuch as nature can only be known under categories supplied by thought, even in this knowledge we are not properly receptive, but constructive. But in seeking to know the moral

world, man is dealing with a world which he has made for himself. No one asserts this more strongly than Hume, when he is maintaining the "artificial" character of the most essential social virtues. Everything that makes human life human, the institutions by which "relations dear, and all the charities of husband, son, and brother first were known;" which create honour and dishonour, loyalty and disloyalty, justice and injustice; which make it possible to die for one's country or be false to it; to sacrifice one's-self to a cause or a cause to one's-self; to defraud the fatherless and widow, or befriend them—all these the animals know not. They are not primary but derived, not given by nature but constituted by man. We say, indeed, that laws are not made, but grow. This, however, merely means that they are the expression of previously existing relations. These relations themselves are only possible to a being that can consciously make new conditions for itself, and is therefore not properly "natural." The "natural" is determined to motion either from without, or if (as in the case of animals) from within, yet by a principle within which it cannot distinguish from and present to itself. The development of man, on the other hand, necessarily implies that he is determined by a self at once individual and all-capacious, like nothing in nature, and which he can detach from its actual condition to present to himself as a form for which a new content, a power for which a new realization, may be won in the future. The moral world, therefore, cannot be truly known by an imaginary analysis of "natural" feelings and faculties. To know it must mean to re-construct it in thought, *i.e.*, to take the bare principle of self-consciousness, which has alike made our feelings what they are, and set us upon knowing them, and follow its gradual realization in actual morality.

It was not, however, from any explicit discovery of the radical flaw in its method that the natural philosophy of man got into difficulties, but from the action within it of the free self-consciousness which it really expressed, but ostensibly ignored. The great name which represents this action is that of Rousseau. His philosophic nurture was solely that of the school of Locke. Of other philosophy his ignorance was either absolute, or at least the secondary ignorance of antipathy. "I abhor Spinoza," he said of himself, and the abhorrence of Spinoza meant an abhorrence of the whole system of thought which absorbs sentiment in reason. But in him the philosophy of feeling became the food of a spirit which dealt with it in a way quite unknown to the healthy men of the world, who discussed the difference between their "impressions of reflection" with the same calmness as the distinct flavours of the wines of

Burgundy and Bordeaux, to which they assimilated them. It was now the heritage of a brooding eremite, subject to no vows of abstinence or obedience, and whose hermitage was the world. This, however, was the legitimate, the necessary fate of a system which, itself the product of a high-wrought self-consciousness, pronounced the self "a succession of sensations;" and which, while it reasons upon the world of duties and obligations, derationalized it by making the satisfaction of an appetite or a sentiment its origin and end. Self-consciousness believing itself to be a mode of passion, becomes passionate, and, as such, wilful, exclusive, indecent, defiant of gods and men—"savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust." The simple passions, on the other hand, wrought by this self-belying self-consciousness into a system which, if not a harmony, must be a discord, become morbid, contradictory, "in having still in quest to have." The man who, in following the mere motion of nature, has asked himself the question, "Why should I not?" has proved that he is not the child of nature by the most fatal gift of thinking humanity. Henceforth he is at once self-asserting and self-condemned, insolent and unhappy. If his pleasure is merely that of the most gifted of the animals, his misery is a peculiar and absolutely original privilege. The "Confessions" of Rousseau are thus not to be regarded merely as the expression of an idiosyncrasy. In virtue of his idiosyncrasy and genius he stood to the philosophy of feeling in the same relation in which the great men of action are said to stand to their several ages. He expressed it in its clearest essence and its fullest force, and, at the same time, to the eye of the historian of philosophy, he wound it up. It has retained, indeed, as we have already said, a permanent hold on popular thought, but, since Rousseau, philosophy proper has left it behind, and is interested in it only as an element in the past, which it has itself absorbed. The "good, sound, roundabout sense" of Locke has its legitimate child in the sentimentality of Rousseau, and this sentimentality in indecency; but the grave of them all is the recognition of the constructive energy of reason. It was because this recognition, though but in abstract glimpses,¹ had forced itself on the introspective gaze of Rousseau, that he was a heretic among the contemporary *philosophes*, yet contributed directly to the new birth of speculation that was gathering shape in the brain of the remote Professor at Königsberg.

On his sentimental and indecent side, Rousseau does not outwardly differ from other French *philosophes*, save that his sentiment is more real and his indecency less gross. But in him—

¹ See, in particular, the first part of the *Profession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard*.

“ An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on ; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.”

Or rather the thought that is always in sense, as man knows it, had in him attained the utmost intensity of self-consciousness, yet still believing individual sentiment to be its sole source and object, it became monstrous as a drunken god. Instead of recognising in the objective world of art and of religious and moral institutions its sole adequate realization, it sought to find it in mere personal feelings, where yet its misery proclaimed that its rest was not. Thus it grew loud in its license, and glorified itself in grossness. For true art it substituted that which modern newspaper critics call the “photography of passion,”—not, however, of simple passion, for that, properly speaking, has no features by which to be photographed, but of passion warped and subtilized by a misdirected self-consciousness. In this aberration, it became the fountain of the modern poetry of indecency, which, if denounced by the popular philosophy, can always reply to it with a stone from its own sling. If mere feeling has a value or reality—if, as that philosophy supposes, it is the ultimate spring of our inward life—why should not all its varieties be photographed in their nakedness? *De sensibus non est disputandum.* If that which is to you a stink is to me a savour of delight, why should I not utter my delight before all Israel and the sun, shaking a puny fist at all who would silence me? Custom is against me, but is itself the child of sense and sympathy: my altered sense, winning a new sympathy, may beget another custom. A different philosophy indeed might answer that art has no meaning except as the realization of an idea of perfection, to which sense only supplies the material; that to represent the passions in naked simplicity is impossible, for as such they are at once dumb themselves and indescribable, nor can the attempt to do so produce anything but the mean or the monstrous: that not in themselves, but only as absorbed in will or thought or spiritualized nature—only either as issuing in heroic act, or as making way in collision with each other and destiny for a peace that is not in them, or as breathed into the life of nature and from it taking beauty and repose—are the passions fit material for art at all; that thus not passion but the “high reason of his fancies” makes the Poet.

Such an answer, however, the philosophy that makes “reason the slave of passion” cannot give. Nor can it supply any effective defence of established manners against the wilfulness of self-conscious sentiment. Such sentiment finds itself girt about

with the results of what its masters have taught it to call "artifice," whose domain seems to reach further and further back as reflection extends itself, till the "natural virtues disappear." For this artifice it cannot satisfactorily account. The free principle of construction, which is the source of the artifice of morals, is the same as that which, converting simple passion into self-will, comes into inevitable collision with its own artificial creation. Just because it is a principle of construction it is also one of negation, and from the war in the members which results there is no escape, till from the denial of the authority of an alien law it goes on to deny its own mere individuality, and to find its own expression in the law which it had before resented. To this double denial, however, the philosophy of Rousseau was inadequate. Custom lay upon him with a weight, not almost but altogether deep as the moral life. No sentiment could comprehend it; the reason which underlay it could be "envisaged" by no definite act of imagination. His antithetical logic did not allow him to conceive that the very individuality which he hugged was unreal, except so far as generalized by the relations to others which custom embodies. But self-consciousness, when it has reached such strength as it had in Rousseau, will tolerate no "mystery." That to which its logic is inadequate, that which it cannot rationalize, is alien and a bondage. The coil of custom, therefore, was to be shuffled off, and nature left to herself. The dearest ties of family were to be got rid of as much as the swaddling-bands which restrain the free motion of infancy. Some moral desert was to be found or created, where the pure personality might develop itself in mere abstraction.

Rousseau thus became the father of Jacobinism. The philosophy of feeling which to Hume had been the vindication of absolutism, had by a necessary process recoiled upon itself. Feeling having been pronounced the sole principle of action, had turned out inadequate to account for law and morality. "Artifice," itself unaccounted for, had been introduced to account for them, but to it feeling, being really self-consciousness under the limitations of sentiment, could not adjust itself, and proceeded to assert its admitted supremacy by tearing artifice to pieces. Before the trumpet-blast of natural right "temple and tower went to the ground." Burke pleaded the ancient rights in vain, though with a power which has made all subsequent conservative writing superfluous and tedious. Notwithstanding his violence and one-sidedness, he had so much of the true philosophic insight that he almost alone among the men of his time caught the intellectual essence of the system which provoked him. He saw that it rested on a metaphysical mistake, on an attempt to abstract the individual from his universal essence, i.e., from the

relations embodied in habitudes and institutions which make him what he is ; and that thus to unclothe man, if it were possible, would be to animalize him. He saw this without any of the qualifying haze which makes ordinary men "moderate" except when their private interests are concerned, and let fly at the delusion with a speculative fancy which to unspeculative persons at the time, who feared Jacobinism for their estates, seemed almost inspired, but has led persons of the same sort since to pronounce him mad. He did not indeed reflect, as a deeper philosopher might have done, that there is a wisdom in the world wiser than the world itself wots of, and that the wild outburst of wilfulness, which seemed to be tearing up the clothes of humanity, was really powerless to destroy, and was but refashioning the old order into one that reason could more easily recognise as its own. The present generation can see this result, but speculatively seems little the wiser for it. The fabric of European society stands apparently square and strong on a basis of decent actual equity, but no adequate rationale of this equity is generally recognised. The Hedonism of Hume has been turned into Utilitarianism, the Jacobinism of Rousseau into a gentle Liberalism, but neither *ism* could save the "culture" of England, in the great struggle between wilfulness and social right across the Atlantic, from taking sides with the wilfulness. Whatever might be the case practically, it had not learnt speculatively that freedom means something else than doing what one likes. A philosophy based on feeling was still playing the anarch in its thoughts.

Burke was not a prophet, and died protesting against the inevitable. He saw the rottenness in which the "metaphysics" of the eighteenth century resulted, but had nothing with which to replace them. The practical reconstruction of moral ideas in England was to come not directly from a sounder philosophy, but from the deeper views of life which the contemplative poets originated, from the revival of evangelical religion, and from the conception of freedom and right, which Rousseau himself popularized, and which even in his hands had a constructive as well as an anarchical import. These three influences, however superficially unlike, have yet this in common, that they tend to rid the consciousness of its self-imposed individual limitations. The man to whom nature has become human, who has recognised either a kingdom of God or a power of eternal death within him, who has found in a Free State not a mere organization for satisfying his wants, but an object of interest identical with his interest in himself—such an one has escaped by the true "*solvitur ambulando*," from the hard lines within which sophists would confine him. He has already for himself an-

swered the question whether it is he that is natural, or nature that is unconsciously spiritual ; has practically decided that he is not the passive result of outward impressions, but self-determined, and therefore partaker of the divine infinity ; has universalized his individual self up to the measure of the universe of man's affairs. But he still needs the theory of his own greatness. If in a theoretic age like ours such a theory is not achieved, the very fulness of moral and artistic life only thickens the speculative chaos.

In England, it was specially Wordsworth who delivered literature from bondage to the philosophy that had naturalized man. This may at first sight seem a paradoxical statement of the relation between one known popularly as the "Poet of Nature" and a system which had magnified "artifice." It is not so really. It was because the natural philosophy of man, anatomizing him into an aggregate of passions served by intelligence, had ignored the principle of construction, regular at once and free, within him, that as it reduced morals to artifice, so it reduced art to a device for producing agreeable sensations. It could as little account for the device as find any law of beauty in its results. For some time, however, it might disguise its incompetence. While the plastic arts alone, or even epic and dramatic poetry, were in question, it might shelter itself under the sonorous absurdity that man is "an imitative and inventive species," to whom the artificial copying of sensations has a pleasure of its own. For a criticism of the beautiful, while the fingering of sensations still retained some freshness of interest, the "I like" and "I don't like," under many variations, might still do plausible duty. Even in this region of art, however, the rise of a real artist, who has reflected on his art—of one who, like Reynolds, was conscious of an ideal, "which eye had not seen nor tongue spoken, which he was always labouring to express, but must die at last without expressing," made the theory of mere taste and imitation palpably inadequate. The re-awakening of the lyric interest in nature with that intensity of self-reflection which belonged to Wordsworth, gave it the final quietus. It was a proof not to be gainsaid that nature was something more to man than nature would herself explain. The natural man is the passive man, and it is not to the passive man that nature has herself passion, much less beauty and greatness in her passion, but to the creative.

The creative power in Wordsworth had neither a wide range nor a happy spontaneity. But it was deep and strong, and thoroughly understood its own depth and strength. With the nameless poetic inspiration,—

“ The spirit that like wind doth blow,
As it listeth, to and fro,”

—such understanding might be scarcely consistent; but it supplied an inexhaustible fund of antagonism to the philosophy which wrapped the soul up in a “sensual fleece” against the universe, and an art which only set it free by artifice. He knew the wealth of his own spirit, giving when it received and receiving when it gave; that it had kindliness to waste on stocks or stones or the vacant air, yet fed itself in passiveness; that through eye and ear it drank the soul of things, yet in doing so came to that which was its own. Thus for him the fusion of the outward and inward was already consciously achieved, and thought released from self-imposed bondage to the metaphor of impression and the abstraction of individuality. It was not “within his own breast” that he had read what he was, but in the open scroll of the world—of the world, however, as written within and without by a self-conscious and self-determining spirit. To say this of him is, of course, saying no more than that he was a true poet, and poets quite as true might not have effected the practical revolution in thought which he did. That which specially fitted him for this work was the explicitness with which, in contemplative detachment, he recognised the nature of his own power and wrought its creations into definite ideas. A fuller or more rushing inspiration might have been less able to account for itself or appreciate its own philosophic import. As it was, he clearly saw that the philosophy resting on the mere passivity and individuality of man gave no room for his own poetic achievement, and met it with the answer of a *fait accompli* :—

“ His verse was clear, and came
Announcing from the frozen hearth
Of a cold age, that none might tame
The soul of that diviner flame
It augured to the earth.”

It was not, however, properly an augury, but an interpretation. It led man up to the recognition of his own greatness, as universalized by communion with nature and intercourse with his kind. It was conversant, not with subtleties of the imagination, but with the great, the obvious, the habitual—with the common earth, the universal sky, the waters rolling evermore, the abiding social powers that lift man out of his animal self, and render him “magnanimous to correspond with heaven”—with these restored to the ancient glory that belongs to them in their in-

telligible relations, but from which the prone and poring gaze of a false philosophy had during a century of conceit been diverted. Hence the clearness and strength of the new utterance ; hence the response more free and full than itself which it elicited from Shelley ; hence, too, the value which it still retains in a society that mistakes sophistication for thought.

An evangelical Christian will commonly sum up his objections to philosophy in the statement that the philosopher does not know what sin, or, by consequence, what the righteousness of God, is. There is a sense, no doubt, in which this is true of philosophy in every form. To believe is not the same thing as to account for one's belief, any more than to be an artist or to be moral is the same thing as to give an account of one's art or morality. Thus the practical religious experience, in vibration between its two poles of conscious sin and foretasted righteousness, is distinct from that interpretation of the experience, as not a mere unaccountable feeling of individuals, but a necessary result of the manifestation of the Divine Spirit in time, which it is the office of philosophy to give. But as the interpretation presupposes the experience, so, unless interpreted, the experience is liable to self-limitation and self-deceit. It is only a false abstraction of one from the other, reducing religion to an emotion and philosophy to a formula, that brings them into antagonism. The high function claimed for philosophy by Plato, Spinoza, or Hegel, seems ridiculous or blasphemous to an ordinary man, because he thinks of it as a mere intellectual exercise of this or that person's brain, which may be pursued in as complete independence of religion as a geometrical problem. Regard religion in the same way as the experience of this or that individual "heart," and it must seem not necessarily to result in any philosophical theory of itself. Regarded, however, in their truth—in that fulness of their tendencies and relations which can be seen only in the history of thought—while religion is found constantly interpreting itself into philosophy through a middle stage of theology ; philosophy on its part is seen to be the effort towards self-recognition of that spiritual life of the world, which fulfils itself in many ways but most completely in the Christian religion, and to be thus related to religion as the flower to the leaf.

The formulæ of the self-recognition, however, may be inadequate to the life. They may confine instead of expressing it. Such was the relation of eighteenth-century philosophy—the philosophy *par excellence* in popular apprehension—to the religious life as it had been actually realized by mankind. It was not merely, as theoretical, a different attitude of the

spirit from the religious life, as practical; it was incapable of a theory of that life. Its "moral sense," however construed, could account for nothing beyond distaste at an observed predominance of unsympathetic over generous passions, or regret for a mistaken calculation of the balance between possible pains and pleasures. Between such distaste or regret, and the consciousness of sin, the chasm is immeasurable. It is of the very essence of this consciousness, as exhibited in the history of religion, to be quite independent of definite acts of vice. It is the consciousness of an infinite vacancy only possible to a being capable of an infinite fulness, and either this must be accounted for, or the whole history of religion from St. Paul downwards erased. Only if we recognise in man a spirit properly infinite, because an object to itself, but which has gradually and with perpetual incompleteness to realize its infinite capacity, does this form of religious experience, of which all other forms are modifications, become explicable. We then understand the spiritual hunger which, trying to satisfy itself with "works of the law," with a special and limited righteousness, does but quicken the consciousness of vacancy, till it opens the soul to the anticipatory appropriation of that righteousness of God, which is being gradually enacted in the world. When in Western Christendom the spiritual form of religion began to emerge again from the shell of ecclesiasticism, it naturally resumed to some extent the Pauline vesture. A spiritual religion is of necessity a religion of the individual, and as such it was recognised at the Reformation. With this recognition, St. Paul's language regained for a time some of its meaning. But how does the individual interpret himself? As a succession of pains and pleasures gathered into unity, or as the dwelling-place of a Spirit that filleth and searcheth all things? On the answer given to this question depends, in an age of reflection, the possibility of reading the New Testament in any of its original significance. Among the countrymen of Luther, the latter interpretation was never wholly lost sight of; but it was otherwise in England. When, in the last part of the seventeenth century, upon the final triumph of individual right, there came the great outburst of personal enjoyment theorizing upon itself, the logic of limitation and exclusion silenced the groanings unutterable of the spirit. For a century or more it had its way. When the consciousness of sin, with its corollaries, again took hold on men's minds, it came into inevitable collision with the current philosophy. "The dislike of men of taste to evangelical religion," which John Foster wrote a treatise to remove, rested on a deeper ground than any eccentricities in the reli-

gion, or any misapprehension of it on the part of men of taste. It had a real connexion with the outcry from men of the same sort against the new lyrical poetry. Each arose from the impossibility of adjusting the conception of man as a bundle of tastes, and therefore passive, to the real activity of his spirit.

If man as an artist, and man as himself a hell or heaven, practically contradicts the philosophy that would confine him within the dark chamber of passive sense, not less certainly, though in more familiar ways, does he do so as a citizen. It is the very familiarity of the contradiction in the latter case that makes it possible for it to be ignored. A theory like Hume's, which derives society and social obligation from passions served by artifice, owes its plausibility to the assumption of the passions as already related to a conscious self and other thinking persons. Only as thus related can they issue even in the most primitive social bonds. The assumption escapes notice, because the utmost investigation of "one's own breast" can never show them to us in any other character. The relation really presupposes the action of a principle for which sensation, as passive and merely individual, cannot account; but this action, from its very primariness, from its involution in the simplest possible intelligent experience, is ignored; and the formation of civil society, as of personal character, explained as a process of necessity, not rational, but natural. Against such a necessity, however, self-consciousness, when wrought to a certain pitch of intensity, inevitably rebels; and the issue of the rebellion is the recognition of its own work in the system which before oppressed it. Rousseau, as we have seen, represents the rebellion, and in him also the recognition first appears. It was involved in his conception of the State as the result of a *volonté générale*. This will is distinct, as he conceived it, from the *volonté de tous*. It is always rational and for good, however imperfectly actual government and law may express it. It is the *moi commun* from which alone the individual derives the capacity for right, freedom, and duty. As thus in the individual, but not of him; as beyond him in such a way as to be an object of his reverence and love, yet constituting his moral and rational self, it reconciles the three principles—love of self, love of our neighbour, and love of God—which Butler had left asunder. It is a valid principle of construction for that human world of which social relation and self-consciousness are the correlative differentiae. Its recognition means that the individual man, after detachment from implicit unity with the social organism into an imaginary self-isolation, has again found himself in it with a new consciousness

of its origin and authority. It is true that in Rousseau himself, this conception is only "shot from a pistol." It would not, any more than Butler's highest ideas, adjust itself to a logic which treated the "universal" as a fiction of thought. He saw that the *moi commun* was the only possible basis for free society, yet the current logic forbade him to regard any such community as other than a kind of invention. Hence his derided doctrine of the Social Pact. Instead of recognising the *moi commun* as the primary principle, whose operation, however immersed in sense, will alone account for the transformation of animal wants into abiding affections, and thus for the family or any other form of society, he treats it as the result of a contract among "individual egos," which yet manifestly presupposes it. Notwithstanding this contradiction, however, and with all its lack of logical apparatus, Rousseau's conception was a power that would work. The quickened consciousness of national life, whose era dates from the declaration of American Independence, has taken from it a form, and given it a reality. The German revival in the days of the "Tugendbund" was perhaps the clearest proof we have yet had, that the modern spirit is being schooled out of its individual egoism, but that revival has reproduced itself, though in more questionable shapes, in all the countries of Europe. Even the English Epicureanism has felt the change. To its formula of the "Greatest Happiness," as the object of the moral life, it has added, "of the greatest number." If this be construed (as, to secure consistency, it must be) to mean merely that the individual, in living for his own pleasure, is to take account of the pleasure of others as the condition of his own; it is, of course, no essential modification of the doctrine of Hume. But the modern English utilitarian is generally better than his logic. In defiance of Hume and Bentham, he distinguishes higher and lower pleasures by some other criterion than that of quantity, and takes as the object to which "expediency" is relative a "good of others," which involves his own. He is not practically the worse for failing to perceive that to live for such an object is to live not for the attainment of any sum of agreeable sensations, but for the realization of an idea, of which the philosophy that starts from feeling can give no account.

"Not practically the worse"—but man, above all the modern man, must theorize his practice, and the failure adequately to do so, must cripple the practice itself. Hitherto, except from a school of German philosophers, which did not make itself generally intelligible, no adequate theory has been forthcoming, and hence that peculiar characteristic of our times, the scepticism of the best men. Art, religion, and political life

have outgrown the nominalistic logic and the psychology of individual introspection ; yet the only recognised formulæ by which the speculative man can account for them to himself, are derived from that logic and psychology. Thus the more fully he has appropriated the results of the spiritual activity of his time, the more he is baffled in his theory, and to him this means weakness, and the misery of weakness. Meanwhile, pure motive and high aspiration are going for nothing, or issuing only in those wild and fruitless outbursts into action, with which speculative misery sometimes seeks to relieve itself. The prevalence of such a state of mind might be expected at least to excite an interest in a philosophy like that of Hegel, of which it was the professed object to find formulæ adequate to the action of reason as exhibited in nature and human society, in art and religion.

- ART. VI.—1. *Les Moines d'Occident, depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard*. Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. 8vo. Vols. 1-5. Paris, 1860-67.
2. *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard*. By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. 8vo. Vols. 1-5. Edinburgh and London, 1861-7.
3. *The Life of St. Columba, Founder of Hy. Written by Adamnan, ninth Abbot of that Monastery; to which are added copious Notes and Illustrations, illustrative of the Columbian Institutions in Ireland and Scotland*. By WILLIAM REEVES, D.D. (Irish Archæological Society.) Dublin, 1857.
4. *The Culdees of the British Islands, as they appear in History, with an Appendix of Evidences*. By W. REEVES, D.D. 1864.
5. *Geschichte der Altirischen Kirche und ihrer Verbindung mit Rom, Gallien, und Alemannien (von 430-630); als Einleitung in die Geschichte des Stifts St. Gallen*. Von CARL JOHANN GREITH, Bischof von St. Gallen. 8vo. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1867.
6. *English Monasticism: its Rise and Influence*. By O'DELL TRAVERS HILL. 8vo. London, 1867.

THERE was not much exaggeration in the blunt phrase of Dr. Johnson, when, describing the tone of the theological discussions in the English Church of his day, he said that "the apostles were tried once a week for the capital crime of forgery." At the time to which he referred, the dogmatic principle seemed to have gone almost entirely into abeyance. The reaction against that exaggerated view of Church authority which had begun under Laud and was carried to its height by the non-jurors, had its issue for a time in a tone which rose but little above the level of naturalism. Religious belief was reduced to a question of mathematical evidence, and in many instances the teaching of the pulpit assumed a form which it would be difficult to distinguish from that of the moral essay. With all its undoubted excellence, great part of Paley's *Evidences of Christianity* can hardly be said to have been unfairly described when it was called "a balancing of probabilities;" and Johnson's criticism, irreverent as it might seem, is literally verified in Bishop Sherlock's celebrated and long popular *Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection*, in which, after the jury have returned a verdict of "Not guilty" in favour of the apostles, on the indictment for false testimony, the judge who has just been trying them receives a retaining fee in the case of Lazarus, which is announced as next upon the list for trial!

With the school of that period, indeed, the truth or falsehood

of Christianity was simply a philosophical problem to be dealt with according to the laws of mathematical investigation, or a judicial issue which must stand or fall by the technical rules of legal evidence. No one seemed to think of passing beyond the threshold. We look in vain among these writers for any of those larger and more comprehensive views which, however widely we may differ from them, compel speculation, by their very boldness, in the pages of Henry More, of Stillingfleet, and even of Cudworth; for any discussion of the relations of Christianity to universal history, or its possible place in the general providential order of the world; for any examination of its doctrines or institutions in their bearing upon those of the earlier or of the contemporaneous religions of the ancient world; in a word, for any of those so-called moral considerations, whether of the whole scheme of the Christian Revelation, or of its several most prominent institutions, upon which modern inquiry has mainly turned. The sole question of that day was the one hard and literal issue—the truth or falsehood of the facts of the gospel history.

Least of all among the institutions of Christianity was that of monasticism likely to enter into the speculations of the eighteenth century; nor can it fail to be regarded as a remarkable indication of the spirit of our own age, that a voluminous history of an institution which enlists so few of the traditional sympathies of Englishmen, and by an author whose religious opinions are at once so pronounced, and so little in harmony with those of the great majority of the British public, as M. de Montalembert, should have been selected for translation into English; and that its prospects of circulation should be quite as much among Protestant readers as within the limits of the author's own communion. The revolution of thought by which this has become possible has been as rapid as it is complete. "Some years ago," asks M. de Montalembert, speaking even of France, "who understood what a monk really was?" For himself, he confesses that his first view of the monastic costume was on the boards of a theatre, "in one of those ignoble parodies which too often hold the place of the pomps and solemnities of religion;" and as regards the great body of the contemporaries of his earliest literary career, he is not going a shade beyond the truth when he says that by them the monks "were treated as a lost species, of whom fossil bones reappeared from time to time, exciting curiosity or repugnance, but who had no longer a place in history among the living."

It is only since the larger and more philosophical treatment of early and mediæval European history, which may be said to

have begun with M. Guizot in France and with Hallam in our own country, that the monk has in any degree been replaced in the rank to which he is really entitled in the vital history of the world. But the position of the monk in the pages of M. Guizot, and even of the later and more reverent historians of the philosophical school, is very different from the ideal which, in the volumes now before us, forms the subject of M. de Montalembert's earnest and affectionate, but yet far from indiscriminately eulogistic portraiture. Montalembert is so essentially subjective in his views and his opinions, and all the subjects which he discusses receive so much light from the circumstances of his own personal history, that we shall make no apology for adverting briefly to the leading facts of a career in which every lover of liberty must feel an interest. M. de Montalembert's personal history must be especially interesting to Englishmen, to whose country and institutions not one of the scholars or statesmen of continental Europe, hardly even excepting M. de Tocqueville, has rendered more ample and yet more discriminating justice. In truth, there are some contrasts, not to say contradictions, in the views and opinions of Montalembert, which are scarcely intelligible unless as interpreted by the circumstances of his history and his position.

Many of those who have been struck by the intimate knowledge which Montalembert exhibits of British institutions, social as well as political, may not be aware that he is connected with this country by ties of blood, his mother having been a member of the Scottish family of Forbes.¹ He was born, how-

[¹ The writer, knowing M. de Montalembert, and full of the loving admiration which his friends feel for him, has counted upon our readers being equally well acquainted with his character. We venture to supply what appears to us as a possible defect.

With many men who have taken the place in politics and literature which M. de Montalembert holds, the boast of ancestry would be superfluous or absurd. But you do not understand the Comte de Montalembert aright, unless you represent him to yourselves as the descendant of Crusading ancestors, gentlemen of Poitou, two of whom followed St. Louis to Palestine. Ten or twelve descents lower down, an André de Montalembert, Seigneur d'Essé, became well known in Scotland. As a boy he had carried arms in the Italian wars. Grown to manhood, he was selected by Francis I. as one of his three brothers-in-arms, at the tournament on occasion of his interview with Henry VIII. of England, in 1520. "We are four gentlemen of Guienne," said Francis, "ready to do battle against all comers—myself, Sarsac, D'Essé, and Chataigneraye." André was a soldier for the working day as well as on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He had seen the terrible reality of war in Piedmont and Flanders before he was sent, in command of six thousand men, to the assistance of the Regent of Scotland, the Queen-Mother, Mary of Lorraine, against the English in 1548. His expedition was not very successful. He fell on rough times and a divided country, and was only half sup-

ever, in France, in 1810, and he was in great part educated in that country, although a considerable portion of his youth was spent in Sweden, where his father resided for several years as French Minister at the Court of Stockholm. His higher studies were completed in the University of Paris, a school at that time singularly uncongenial to sentiments or opinions such as have distinguished Montalembert's later career. And it is no light testimony to the earnestness and strength of his belief, that, amid the whirl of fantastic systems in which a thoughtful student of that day found himself involved, and despite the chilling influences of the cold and colourless scepticism which assailed the instinct of faith, and the more seductive spell of the brilliant and specious theories which appealed to the higher sympathies of the intellect and the heart, the religious impressions of his early education should have grown into the full maturity of profound convictions, and should have been quickened into

ported by the Guise princess. But whether charging the English under the walls of Haddington, or playing and willingly losing his gold to the Queen, who loved play, he maintained the character of a good commander, and what he valued more, of a gallant French cavalier—*chevalier de l'ordre*. He died gloriously at the siege of Therouanne. Centuries later, his bust was placed in the Gallery of Battles at Versailles, with the princes and generals who had fallen fighting the battles of their country.

Between the death of André d'Essé in 1553, and the French Revolution of '89, writes the Comte de Montalembert, sixteen Montalemberts fell fighting the battles of France. Seven have returned from the wars, crippled with wounds. Within little more than a century—1704-1824—twenty-one Montalemberts have won the cross of St. Louis, conferred only for brilliant or very long service. Montalemberts have died by the guillotine with their King, in the hospital in Algeria, of fatigue before Sebastopol.

Sprung of this heroic race, the Poitevin blood, crossed by a good strain of Scotch Forbeses, our Comte de Montalembert shows the best qualities of both races, and mixes some that seem incongruous. An enthusiastic patriotic Frenchman, he does not hate England. Rough English education, English political life, have even some charms for him, compared with the perfect discipline which drills a Frenchman from the "College" to his grave. It is easy for one whose faith sits lightly on him to be tolerant and liberal towards dissenters from his Church. But it is something rare and noble for an earnest Catholic, looking with fervent reverence to the saintly apostles of his faith, to be able to recognise the spirit of the followers of St. Augustine and of the Columbite missionaries appearing again after many ages, through all mistakes and perversion, appearing again in the early Puritans of England or in the Scotch Free Churchmen of our own time, who threw world's goods behind them for liberty of conscience.

Such is the man we wish our countrymen to know. We would not have them to think of the historian of Western Monachism as himself a monkish (we mean only a narrow-minded) bigot; though we may despair of setting before them M. de Montalembert as he really is,—the constitutional politician, the liberal Catholic, the noble French gentleman, the genial, buoyant, bright companion, the most delightful mixture of opposite qualities that our modern world has seen.—Ed. N.B.R.]

that active vitality, which, through all the vicissitudes of a busy and agitated career, has formed the very breath of his literary and political life. He has himself more than once avowed that it was mainly his experience of the dangerous influences to which he found himself in his own person exposed in the University of Paris, and which he believed to be traceable through all the successive stages of the educational system of the time, that inspired the earnest and almost passionate enthusiasm which characterized that well-known and long-sustained struggle, both within and without the Legislative Chamber, for freedom of education as the birthright of every citizen of France, and to which even those by whom it was resisted were unable to refuse their respectful sympathy.

From birth and family associations, M. de Montalembert's political predilections might naturally be presumed to be in favour of aristocratical institutions. But his first lessons of political life were received amid the storms which the absolutist measures of Charles X. and his last Ministry had aroused. The fall of the elder branch of the royal family was the opening of a new era; and since that time, the cherished dream of M. de Montalembert and his friends has been to combine with those time-honoured institutions which give stability to society, the fullest representation of the rights and interests of the people. He has repeatedly pointed to the contrast of the two almost contemporary revolutions,—on the one hand, the July revolution of France, and on the other, the peaceful revolution effected by the Reform Act in England,—as an illustration of the danger which attends the system of government by repression, and of the beneficial results of constitutional liberty. And thus, with all his instincts of race and order, with all those traditional associations, at once religious and aristocratical, which are embodied in that memorable rallying-cry with which he invoked the sympathy of the Chamber in one of his appeals against the educational monopoly of the University,—*Nous sommes fils des Croisés!*—his earliest connexion with political literature in France was, in conjunction with the Abbés de Lamennais and Lacordaire, in the intensely religious but yet highly democratical journal, *L'Avenir*, and with the same Lacordaire and M. de la Coux in the establishment of a free school for Roman Catholic instruction in Paris; and he inaugurated his career in the Chamber of Peers, which he entered upon the death of his father—the last instance of hereditary succession to a title in France—by an eloquent and successful speech in defence of the rights which it was thus sought to vindicate against the arbitrary and oppressive aggressions of the police.

Montalembert's connexion with the *Avenir* may well be described as the crisis of his life. When the establishment of this journal was resolved upon, he was just entering upon his first manhood, and was engaged in a tour of Ireland; and the friends who had the happiness of enjoying his society during that visit, still recall the generous enthusiasm, the truthful simplicity, the indignant impatience of falsehood or injustice, which characterized all his views, and gave life and earnestness to all his opinions. He hastened back to Paris at the summons of his friends. The story of the first beginnings of this memorable enterprise has been gathered piecemeal from the recollections of the several individuals with whom it originated; and it is impossible even for the coldest reader to withhold his sympathy from the melancholy tenderness which breathes through the reminiscences both of Montalembert and of his friend Lacordaire of their early meeting in the house of the Abbé de Lamennais, at that time the inspirer and the oracle of the undertaking. In the common objects of their association, and in the general conception of the plan by which it was proposed to carry them into execution, there existed the most pronounced and indeed enthusiastic harmony of feeling, and the echo of that feeling may still be detected in many an eloquent page of the volumes now before us. "The object of the *Avenir*," says Lacordaire's latest English biographer,¹ "was to reconquer freedom for the Church of France, without shrinking on the Church's side from the responsibilities which freedom entails. The actual condition of the Church was harassed and insecure; and the *Avenir* sought to place its liberties on the firm foundation of respect for established and constitutional law and independence of arbitrary power. Its watchwords consequently were, 'Liberty of opinion through the Press—war to arbitrators and privilege; liberty of teaching—war to monopoly of instruction; liberty of association—war to the old anti-monastic regulations, relics of the worst times; liberty and moral independence of the clergy—war to the budget of worship.'" But it is more questionable whether all or any of these young enthusiasts had fully realized the various issues to which this dazzling and attractive programme naturally led. Before long, the conductors of the journal found themselves assailed by storms from the most opposite quarters. A prosecution of the journal before the Court of Assize in 1831, in which the editors obtained a verdict of acquittal, served at once to increase its popularity and to confirm the resolution of the little band of friends; but their career was fatally arrested by the strong

¹ *Lacordaire*, by Dora Greenwell, p. 35. Edinburgh, 1867.

condemnation of some of their views, especially on the essential relations between Church and State, expressed by the reigning pontiff, Gregory XVI. Some memorials of Montalembert's visit to Rome during this memorable discussion, and of the painful conflict through which he, as well as his friends and associates, the Abbés Lacordaire and Gerbet, passed upon the occasion, are contained in the very charming collection of the letters and journals of several members of the La Ferronays family, which was published by a surviving sister, Madame Augustus Craven,¹ and has obtained in France a circulation almost unexampled in a work of purely private and domestic interest. The details, although they are most interesting, would be entirely out of place here; and we must be content with a brief reference to the issue of this unhappy affair. The three friends concurred in suppressing the journal, in deference to the judgment of the Pope. Lamennais, however, as is well known, renewed, against the wishes of his friends, the same obnoxious opinions under another and eventually a far more extreme form; and it appears from some portions of Montalembert's correspondence in Madame Craven's collection, that the remonstrances which he addressed to Lamennais were not only unsuccessful, but were even resented by the latter in a way which led to the complete separation of their paths in life.

Not so, however, the relations of Montalembert with his other *collaborateurs* in the *Avenir*. His intimacy with the Abbés Lacordaire and Gerbet ripened into a tender and lifelong friendship. They were all soon afterwards associated in another literary undertaking, that of the *Université Catholique*, in which they found a congenial colleague in the brilliant and eloquent Abbé Dupanloup, now Bishop of Orleans. And the association thus formed became the nucleus of that still more distinguished union of friends, the Duc de Broglie, M. de Falloux, the Comte de Champagne, Auguste Cochin, M. de Vogué, and the rest, who, in connexion with Montalembert, have in the eloquent pages of the *Correspondant* given a tone to the Roman Catholic literature of France which commands the attention of scholars of every class throughout Europe.

On the fall of the Orleans dynasty, M. Montalembert frankly accepted the new condition of public affairs; and, as representative in the Legislative Assembly of the Department of Doube, he gave a free, although far from indiscriminating, support to the early policy of the Prince President; but he dis-

¹ *Récit d'une Sœur*. Souvenirs de Famille, recueillis par Madame Augustus Craven, née La Ferronays. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. The edition now before us (1868) is the fifteenth.

sented on grounds of justice as well as of expediency from the decree for Orleans confiscations, and he offered a firm though temperate resistance to the series of measures which culminated in the decisive stroke of the 2d of December. Since that date, he has persistently withdrawn himself from public life, and from all direct discussion of public affairs in France. But his earnest disapproval of the Imperial policy is no secret in the world of letters, and has given a tone to many of his publications even on topics of but little direct political significance. Nor is it difficult to detect the same spirit in much of what he has written in the volumes now before us, especially regarding the condition of the Church under the Emperors.

Most of M. de Montalembert's independent publications are known in this country by English translations; and it would carry us quite beyond our allotted space to allude to them in detail. Even the single work which most nearly resembles the *Monks of the West* in its subject—the *Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*—is in reality very different both in its character and in the mode of treatment. And far more help towards the illustration of the scope and tendency of the work on Western Monasticism might be derived from the history of the public career of the author, from his speeches and addresses in the course of the long struggle for liberty of instruction and of religious association, and above all, from his correspondence, and the other records of his intercourse with his dear and trusted friend Lacordaire. The *Monks of the West* is at once the embodiment and the historical apology of the great principle of liberty of religious association for which the author was contending throughout the conflict which, single-handed but unflinching, he so long maintained in the Chamber against an unsympathizing but admiring union of ministerialists, liberals, and doctrinaires.

The English reader of M. de Montalembert's *Monks of the West* must prepare himself for a very different ideal of monasticism, or rather for a different view of the relations of monasticism, from that which he has been accustomed to meet, even in those writers of mediæval history who have most freely recognised certain of the services for which the world is indebted to that institution. M. Thiers can only see in monastic life "Christian suicide substituted for Pagan suicide."¹ All M. Guizot's admiration of the monasteries, which he admits to have been great instruments of civilisation, is devoted to them considered merely as, in his own picturesque phrase, *foyers du mouvement intellectuel*.² Hallam's sturdy and eminently practical

¹ *De la Propriété*, B. ii. c. 6.

² *Histoire de la Civilisation*, i. 366.

mind is only reconciled to what he deems the otherwise useless and even burdensome institution of monasticism, by the consideration of the work which it has done in the preservation of ancient literature, in reclaiming and cultivating the waste or barren soil, and in preserving or improving the science of agriculture, partly by precept, but still more by practical example. Dean Milman takes a somewhat loftier view of the functions of the monk. While he regards the monasticism of the West as "the guardian of what was valuable in the books and arts of the old world, as the chief maintainer if not restorer of agriculture in Italy, as the cultivator of the forest and morasses of the north," he also looks to it as the "missionary of what was high and holy in the new civilisation, and as the apostle of the heathens who dwelt beyond the Roman Empire."¹ But although he thus appears to recognise in the monastic institute some higher office than the purely social and intellectual function which the other historians ascribe to it, he is careful in the very same passage to qualify the admission; and he merely accepts these services of monasticism, as "at least in some degree compensating for its usurpation of the dignity of higher and holier Christianity." Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that the latest historian of English monasticism, Mr. Travers Hill, has correctly represented the view of the subject commonly taken by Englishmen, at least outside of the Tractarian and Ritualistic schools, when he declares that "the very nature and instinct of Protestantism forbids all sympathy with the monastery as a religious institution."²

Now it is precisely under the relation which these writers explicitly disclaim and repudiate, that M. de Montalembert desires to consider the monastic institute, and to present it for the consideration of his readers. Not that he does not also contemplate as among its claims upon the admiration and gratitude of society, the great and unquestioned services which it has rendered to the cause of social, intellectual, and material progress. But he regards these services as purely extrinsic and accidental, though natural fruits of what constitutes the very spirit and essence of the monastic profession. Self-sanctification is, in his view, the first element, as it is the first end, of the monastic life. "A monk," he says, "is a Christian who puts himself apart from the world, in order more surely to work out his own eternal salvation. He is a man who withdraws from other men, not in hatred or contempt of them, but for the love of God and of his neigh-

¹ *Latin Christianity*, i. 321.

² *English Monasticism: Its Rise and Influence*. By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. London, 1867.

bour, and to serve them so much the better, in proportion as he shall have more and more purified his own soul." Assuming this as the true and fundamental notion of monasticism, M. de Montalembert does not hesitate to claim for the monk, "a justice more complete than that which he has yet obtained, even from the greater number of the Christian apologists of recent times."

"In taking up the defence of the religious orders, these writers have seemed to demand grace for those august institutions in the name of the services which they have rendered to the sciences, to letters, and to agriculture. This is to boast the incidental at the expense of the essential. We are doubtless obliged to acknowledge and admire the cultivation of so many forests and deserts, the transcription and preservation of so many literary and historical monuments, and that monastic erudition which we know nothing to replace; these are great services rendered to humanity, which ought, if humanity were just, to shelter the monks under a celestial shield. But there is, besides, something far more worthy of admiration and gratitude—the permanent strife of moral freedom against the bondage of the flesh; the constant effort of a consecrated will in the pursuit and conquest of Christian virtue; the victorious flight of the soul into those supreme regions where she finds again her true, her immortal grandeur. Institutions simply human, powers merely temporal, might perhaps confer upon society the same temporal benefits; that which human powers cannot do, that which they have never undertaken, and in which they never could succeed, is to discipline the soul, to transform it by chastity, by obedience, by sacrifice and humility; to recreate the man wasted by sin into such virtue, that the prodigies of evangelical perfection have become, during long centuries, the daily history of the Church. It is in this that we see the design of the monks, and what they have done. Among so many founders and legislators of the religious life, not one has dreamt of assigning the cultivation of the soil, the copying of manuscripts, the progress of arts and letters, the preservation of historical monuments, as a special aim to his disciples. These offices have been only accessory—the consequence, often indirect and involuntary, of an institution which had in view nothing but the education of the human soul, its conformity to the law of Christ, and the expiation of its native guilt by a life of sacrifice and mortification. This was for all of them the end and the beginning, the supreme object of existence, the unique ambition, the sole merit, and the sovereign victory."

It is a curious example of the tendency of extremes to meet through some unacknowledged affinity, that this very view, according to which the monastic spirit is but an issue of the world-old strife between spirit and matter, is taken by one of our own thinkers, who might least of all be expected to sympathize with the school of Montalembert. Mr. Froude, in a very remarkable

essay on the "Philosophy of Catholicism," after pursuing with much acuteness the diverging lines into which all the ancient schools of philosophy, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian—Platonists, Hellenists, Therapeutæ, Essenes, Gnostics—were led in their several speculations on the mystery, as old as philosophy itself, of the intermixture of good and evil in the moral and material world; and after tracing the crisis of the struggle in the great conflict of the fourth century—that of Manicheism with catholic Christianity, professes, as frankly as could Montalembert himself, to find its issue in that "stumbling-block of modern thought" which he calls the "carnal doctrine of the sacraments, which Protestants are compelled to acknowledge to have been taught as fully in the early Church as it is now taught by the Roman Catholics;"¹ and he traces with as little hesitation to the same origin "the spirit which set St. Simeon on his pillar, and sent St. Anthony to the tombs,—the night-watches, the weary fasts, the penitential scourgings, the life-long austerities, which have been alternately the glory and the reproach of the mediæval saints."²

These are views for which few of our readers will be prepared. It is no part of our present plan to discuss them, whether in the sense of Mr. Froude or in that of Montalembert; but it would not be possible to understand the purpose, and hardly even the incidents, of M. de Montalembert's narrative, without a full exposition of the ideal whose history he has undertaken. He emphatically disclaims the character of a mere apologist. He refuses to deal with the monastic profession as a thing to be tolerated, a weakness to be indulged—one of those

"Sickly forms that err from Nature's honest rule."

On the contrary, the distinctive characteristic of the great monastic life and energy which he desires to exhibit to his readers is *strength*; not the mere physical strength which man possesses in common with animals, nor the material strength whose triumphs in modern days have so largely demoralized the world, nor that stoical self-reliance—the idol of humanitarianism—which has its root in a cynical pride, and which, even in its best forms, repels by its chilling insensibility; but the strength which "signifies the discipline of self, the power of ruling, of restraining, of subduing rebellious nature—that strength which is a cardinal virtue, and which overcomes the world by courage and sacrifice."

He rejects with especial scorn what was once a favourite

¹ Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (2d ed.) p. 129. ² *Ibid.* 131.

topic even with the Roman Catholic apologists of monasticism :—

“ One of the most singular of the errors which many apologists of the monastic life have fallen into, has been to regard it as a refuge for sorrowful souls, fatigued and discontented with their lot in the world, unable to hold the place from which society has banished them, consumed by disappointment, or broken by melancholy. ‘ If there are refuges for the health of the body,’ says M. de Chateaubriand, ‘ ah ! permit religion to have such also for the health of the soul, which is still more subject to sickness, and the infirmities of which are so much more sad, so much more tedious and difficult to cure !’ The idea is poetical and touching, but it is not true. Monasteries were never intended to collect the invalids of the world. It was not the sick souls, but, on the contrary, the most vigorous and healthful which the human race has ever produced, who presented themselves in crowds to fill them. The religious life, far from being the refuge of the feeble, was, on the contrary, the arena of the strong.

“ Sometimes, it is true, by one of those marvellous contrasts which abound in the works inspired by religion, that career full of supernatural combats and triumphs, that life in which virtue and Christian strength attain their apotheosis, was precisely that in which some souls naturally infirm, and hearts wounded in the combats of worldly life, found for themselves a refuge. And as modern civilisation, by the side of its incontestable benefits, has too often the drawback of augmenting the number and the intensity of the maladies of the soul, it cannot be without interest, from a point of view purely social, to preserve for such a shelter, and to procure for them due treatment. It is very possible that even on this account, the ruin of the religious orders has been a public calamity, and has not even been without some influence upon that frightful increase in the number of suicides which is certified each year by the criminal statistics.

“ But, to tell the truth, it is only in romance that we find disappointments, grief, and melancholy conducting to the cloister. I have found no serious or important trace of it in history, not even in the traditions of the degenerated communities of modern times, and much less in the heroic ages of their chronicles. Without doubt some have been thrown into the cloister by great unhappiness, by irretrievable misfortune, by the loss of some one passionately loved ; and I could cite some curious and touching examples of such. But they are exceedingly rare. To present us with a general theory of the religious life as an asylum for feebleness and sadness, as a place of refuge for that melancholy which was distinctly proscribed and expelled from the life of the cloister as a vice, under the name of *acedia*, is to go in the face both of facts and reason.”

We feel that we shall be the less expected to enter upon any discussion of M. Montalembert's ideal of monasticism, inasmuch as even in his own pages it is little more than an ideal.

The monasticism whose history he has written, although the incident described above is never lost sight of, is presented to us far less in its inner spirit than in those outer works of charity and faith which are its manifestation. And we doubt whether there be many, even of those who by religious sympathies and prejudices of birth and education are most widely separated from Montalembert, that will not be moved, if not to sympathy, at least to respectful appreciation, by his eloquent and touching portraiture of the dear friend and associate of his early career, who was in his eyes a living impersonation of all the highest interior perfection of the cloister, while his relations with the outer world were ennobled by a long series of disinterested sacrifices, and endeared to our common humanity by the most brilliant intellectual triumphs, and the most precious fruits of Christian tenderness and love:—

“And besides—why should not I acknowledge it?—even in the midst of this contemporary world, the downfalls and miseries of which have been to me so bitter, the Divine goodness brought me acquainted in my youth with the type of a monk of ancient times, in a man whose name and glory belong to our time and country. Although he was not yet professed at the time when our souls and lives drew close to each other, and although he has since entered an order apart from the monastic family of which I have become the historian, he revealed to me, better than all books, and more clearly than all my studies of the past, the great and noble qualities which go to the making of a true monk—self-abnegation, fortitude, devotion, disinterestedness, solid and fervent piety, and that true independence which does not exclude filial obedience. His eloquence has astonished a country and a time accustomed to the victories of eloquence; his noble genius has conquered the admiration of the most rebellious critics. But he will be honoured by God and by a Christian posterity, not so much as a writer and an orator, but as a monk, austere and sincere.

“His name is not needed here—all who read will have divined it. All will pardon me for this impulse of a heart younger than its age, and for this homage to the community of contests, ideas, and belief, which has united us for thirty years, and which has lasted through differences of sentiment as well as diversity of career. Our union, born amid the charming dreams and confidence of youth, has survived the reverses, the betrayals, the inconstancy, and the cowardices which have overshadowed our mature age, and has helped me to overleap the abyss which separates the present from the past.

“Such an example, in spite of all the differences of times and institutions, helps us also to comprehend the influence of the noble character and powerful associations with which the monastic order has so long enriched the Church and the world. For the reality of that influence is incontestable. We are obliged to acknowledge, under

pain of denying the best ascertained facts of history, those succours which the most difficult virtues and the most generous instincts of man, even in temporal affairs, have drawn from the bosom of the cloister, when the whole of Europe was covered with these asylums, open to the best intellects and highest hearts.

"None can deny the ascendancy which a solitude thus peopled exercised upon the age. None can deny that the world yielded the empire of virtue to those who intended to flee from the world, and that a simple monk might become, in the depths of his cell, like St. Jerome or St. Bernard, the centre of his epoch and the lever of its movements."

It is hardly necessary for us, more than for the author himself, to say that this "type of a monk of ancient times" was the learned and eloquent Dominican, Père Lacordaire.

It is time however to enter upon what is peculiarly the theme of these volumes,—the actual history of the monastic institute. The author, as we have said, deals far less with the actual constitution of monasticism and the developments and modifications which it has undergone, than with the work which it has accomplished and the place which it has filled in that vast and mysterious providential order of causes and results through which

"The great world spins for ever, down the ringing grooves of change."

Perhaps it may appear overstrained to say, that in M. Montalembert's scheme of Christian history, the era of Western monasticism holds, of course in a minor and very imperfect sense, the place of a second Day of Pentecost. He regards the monastic institute, and especially for the West, as a new apostolate, to which the gospel was, as it were, a second time intrusted. Eastern monasticism was a thing entirely apart. It was partly the natural growth of an age of persecution and concealment; partly the inevitable development of the Christian spirit in its youthful energy and fervour. But Eastern monasticism was, for the most part, contemplative and quietist. Its activity, when it did burst into action, was chiefly intellectual; and even as such, it was directed towards the speculative rather than the practical. The most abstruse and subtle of the theological controversies of the fifth and sixth centuries had their origin in the *Lauræ* of Egypt and Syria; while in practical subjects, even those which relate purely to the ascetic life, the monastic literature of the East is comparatively a blank. As a missionary energy, Eastern monasticism has no place whatever in early history.

In the West, on the contrary, monasticism, a later growth,

only appears at a time when action was all but a necessity. Those who are familiar with the historical writings of the high Roman Catholic school in France—of the Duc Albert de Broglie, of M. de Champagny, of Ozanam, and even of the desultory writers on the History of the Roman Empire in the *Université Catholique* and the *Correspondant*—know how gloomy is the picture of the political, the social, and even the religious condition of the Roman world under the Christian emperors. The progress of that fatal taint which, under the successors of Augustus, had poisoned every spring of action, personal as well as political, was hardly arrested by the Christianization of Rome. “Constantine and his successors,” says M. Montalembert, “were baptized, but not the emperor or the imperial power.” Under them Christianity was robbed of half its purifying virtue, by being stripped of the liberty under which alone its blessed influences can flourish. The theory of absolutism in every department, which makes the very essence of imperialism, was developed as freely in the affairs of religion by the Christian emperors, as though, like their Pagan predecessors, they had enjoyed, by their very office, the name and right of Pontifex Maximus. They had scarcely been enrolled as children of the Church when they aspired to be her governors. Failing in this design, they are found, with hardly an exception, in the rank of oppressors and persecutors. Hardly one of the number—from Constantine laying down the law of controversy for Osius and Eusebius, to Irene settling questions of orthodoxy for a papal legate—who does not figure, not merely as a doctor, but as a legislator, in theology. Not one among the long line of heresiarchs from the fourth to the ninth century, who has not an emperor for his protector, and even for his aggressive champion. The very name of divinity which the Pagan emperors had claimed was but partially discarded by their Christian successors; and many of the most corrupt of the social institutions of Paganism were protected under its shadow.

It is in the paralysis of all spiritual action produced by this fatal influence, that these historians of the Roman Empire in the fifth century discover the solution of the apparently mysterious failure of the new Christianity under its earliest emperors. Never does the intellect of the Church appear to have been more active. The century which followed the conversion of Constantine is the most brilliant, as well as the most prolific, in the history of Christian literature. In no other age do we behold such a cloud of saints, of pontiffs, of doctors, of orators, and of writers. And yet, with all their subtlety of intellect, with all the fervour of their eloquence, with all the fire of their zeal, and all the weight of their learning, they failed to purify

the festering pool of social profligacy, or to lift up the abject heart of degraded humanity into the consciousness of Christian truth and freedom.

There is a startling earnestness in the picture drawn by M. Montalembert, from Jerome, Chrysostom, Augustine, and, above all, Salvian, of the moral condition of Imperial Rome under the Christian emperors, which will almost recall to the reader that which we borrowed on a recent occasion from the pages of Döllinger on the Rome of their Pagan predecessors. We are not disposed, however, to interpret too literally this frightful picture. It was drawn (by Salvian especially) with a preconceived purpose, and in support of a particular view. Nor, making reasonable allowance for one-sided or exaggerated representation, can we persuade ourselves that there is enough to warrant M. Montalembert's sweeping and unqualified conclusion, that

"the old world was at the point of death. The empire gave way slowly, in shame and contempt, stricken by a melancholy weakness which did not even inspire pity. Everything dropped into incurable decay. Such was the fate of the Roman empire two centuries after it had become Christian. In spiritual affairs it was on the road to that schism which, under the Byzantine Cæsars, separated from unity and truth more than half the world converted by the apostles. In temporal affairs it issued in the miserable *régime* of the Lower Empire, the hardest censure we can pronounce upon which is, to name its name."—Vol. i. p. 275.

We have thought it right to dwell somewhat upon what to many persons may appear but an episode of the subject, because in truth it forms a vital part of M. Montalembert's theory of the origin of monasticism in the West, and of its place in the chain of providential influences which have worked together for the fulfilment of the moral and religious destinies of the world. What the Church had failed to effect amid the corruption and degeneracy of the effete civilisation of the Empire, she was to bring about, he conceives, after the ordeal of anarchy and violence inseparable from invasion and conquest, through the peaceful victory of religion and civilisation wrought by the bloodless and saving ministry of monasticism. The rude energy of the northern barbarian, his untamed independence, his untutored love of truth, his inborn sense of man's honour and woman's purity, were to carry new life into the stagnant pulses of the palsied frame of the old society; and the monk, himself a new instrument of the supernatural energy of the Church, was to chasten these noble but unregulated impulses, and to divert them to God's honour, and to the lifting up and purifying of man's natural destiny.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the really splendid picture which he draws of this strange moral revolution:—

“They came;—first the Barbarians. Behold them struggling with the Romans, enervated by slavery, and with the emperors, powerless in the midst of their omnipotence.

“First obscure, victims and prisoners disdained by the first Cæsars; then auxiliaries, by turns sought and feared; then irresistible adversaries; at last victors and masters of the humiliated empire; they come, not as a torrent which passes on, but as a flood which advances, draws back, returns, and finally remains master of the invaded soil. They advance, they withdraw, they return, they remain and triumph. Those among them who were desirous of arresting their course and allying themselves with the terrified Romans, are in their turn set aside, passed over, and surmounted by the tide which follows. Behold them! They come down the valley of the Danube, which puts them on the road to Byzantium and Asia Minor; they ascend its tributary streams, and thus reach the summits of the Alps, from whence they burst upon Italy. They pass the Rhine, cross the Vosges, the Cevennes, the Pyrenees, and inundate Gaul and Spain. The East imagined that it would be spared: vain delusion! The storm bursts from the heights of Caucasus, and overflows these regions in their turn. The wolves of the North (thus St. Jerome entitles them), after having devoured everything, come to drink in the waters of the Euphrates. Egypt, Phœnicia, Palestine—all the countries which they do not visit in their first incursion—are already taken captive by fear. It is not one nation alone, like the Roman people, but twenty different and independent races. ‘For many years,’ says St. Jerome again, ‘Roman blood has flowed daily under the blows of the Goth, of the Sarmatian, of the Quadi, of the Alan, of the Hun, of the Vandal, of the Marcoman.’ It is not the army of a single conqueror like Alexander and Cæsar; there are twenty kings unknown but intrepid, having soldiers and not subjects, accountable for their authority to their priests and warriors, and obliged by force of perseverance and audacity to earn a pardon for their power. They all obey an irresistible instinct, and unconsciously carry with them the destinies and institutions of the Christendom to come.

“Visible instruments of divine justice, they come by intuition to avenge the nations oppressed and the martyrs slain. They shall destroy, but it will be to give a substitute for that which they have destroyed; and, besides, they will kill nothing that deserves to live, or that retains the conditions of life. They shall shed blood in torrents, but they shall renew by their own blood the exhausted sap of Europe. They bring with them fire and sword, but also strength and life. Through a thousand crimes and a thousand evils, they shall reveal, though still under a confused form, two things which Roman society has ceased to know—the dignity of man, and the respect for woman. They have instincts rather than principles to guide them; but when

these instincts shall have been fertilized and purified by Christianity, out of them shall spring catholic chivalry and royalty. One sentiment above all shall be derived from them, which was unknown in the Roman empire, which perhaps even the most illustrious pagans were strangers to, and which is always incompatible with despotism—the sentiment of honour: ‘That secret and profound spring of modern society, which is nothing else than the independence and inviolability of the human conscience, superior to all powers, all tyrannies, and all external force.’

“They carry with them, in addition, freedom—not certainly such freedom as we have since conceived and possessed, but the germs and conditions of all freedom; that is to say, the spirit of resistance to excessive power, a manful impatience of the yoke, and a profound consciousness of personal right, and the individual value of every soul before other men as before God.

“Freedom and honour! Rome and the world had been bankrupt in these qualities since the times of Augustus. We owe these gifts to our ancestors the Barbarians.”

Such is M. Montalembert's theory, as well of the function in regenerating Christian society in the West assigned by Providence to the monastic institute, as of the order of events in European history through which that function was to be exercised. In many of its details this theory is new; and it will attract by its boldness no less than it will charm by the picturesque eloquence with which it is enforced. Much of what the author alleges as to the social and religious disorganization of the Western Provinces in the last stage of the Roman Empire, is not only founded on statements of contemporary chroniclers, but is confirmed by the researches of the best modern writers in the early history of the mediæval kingdoms of the west—by Augustin Thierry, Henri Martin, and Guizot, as well as by the more congenial authority of Ozanam. Nevertheless we feel ourselves unable to accept this view, unless in a certain broad and general application. Admitting to its extremest limit the decay of the social and religious institutions of the empire, we cannot regard the barbarian invasion as other than an evil in the spiritual, no less than in the social and intellectual order; and the very utmost that in our judgment can be said with truth in favour of the theory, regards its second member, namely, the place which monasticism, as understood by Montalembert, and as contradistinguished from the normal influences of Christianity, is to hold in the history of the religious revival by which the society was re-constituted in the West. We think that few readers of early mediæval history will be disposed to doubt that the earnest and self-denying forms of monasticism, and the generous and manly spirit of

sacrifice upon which, in most of its typical representatives, they were undoubtedly founded, must have appealed with special force to the simple and hardy habits of thought and action, which, with all its coarse and unregulated impulsiveness, give a life and reality to this rude and half-organized stage of society that were wanting in the stagnant and artificial life which it had violently displaced.

Two volumes of the *Monks of the West* have been for several years before the public, and many of our readers, we doubt not, are familiar with their contents. They relate to the first introduction of monasticism into the West, to its diffusion, under its earliest and imperfectly regulated forms, in Italy, and in the southern provinces of Gaul; to its systematic organization under St. Benedict; its intellectual and literary development under Cassiodorus; its entrance into the relations of every-day life under Gregory the Great; and its missionary enterprises among the new nationalities which had successively settled down among the Roman population in the several halting-places of the Barbarian invasion, during its progressive migration towards the West. In all this, however, monasticism is seen surrounded by the old influences, and in its action upon society hardly appears as a distinct and independent power. The Christianization of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, is regarded as the work of bishops, and of a Church acting strictly according to the normal forms of the episcopal organization.

But in the three volumes which form the second instalment of M. Montalembert's task, the monk appears as the central figure in the great drama; and the scene of his historic mission is that which to us must be of all others the most interesting, the Churches of Britain and Ireland, and those missionary expeditions upon the continent of Europe, which had their origin as well as their centre in the great monastic establishments of the British Islands. "No country in the world," says Montalembert, "has received the Christian faith more directly than England from the Church of Rome, or more exclusively by the ministration of monks. If France has been made by bishops, as has been said by a great enemy of Jesus Christ, it is still more true that Christian England has been made by monks. Of all the countries of Europe it is this that has been the most deeply furrowed by the monastic plough. The monks, and the monks alone, have introduced, sowed, and cultivated Christian civilisation in this famous island."¹

It will be understood, from the language here employed, that the author regards the mission of Augustine and his fellow-

¹ Vol. iii. p. 8.

monks as a new planting of Christianity in a land utterly and absolutely Pagan, in which Christianity indeed had once flourished, but from which it had completely disappeared. "No traces of Christianity," he declares, "remained in the districts under Saxon sway, when Rome sent thither her missionaries. Here and there a ruined church might be found, but not one living Christian among the natives; conquerors and conquered alike were left in the darkness of Paganism." It is to be observed, however, that he speaks only of "the districts under Saxon sway;" and Mr. Travers Hill has been strangely misled when he takes him to task, in a special appendix, for this assertion. Mr. Hill, indeed, argues against Montalembert the palpable inconsistency of the allegation, that no living Christian was to be found among the natives, with his own subsequent narrative of the conflict between Augustine and a body of British bishops and clergy.¹ But he strangely overlooks M. Montalembert's express limitation of his statement to "the districts under Saxon sway," and in another place² to that portion of the "British population which had survived the fury of the Saxon conquest, and which had not been able or willing to seek for refuge in the mountains and peninsulas of Wales and Cornwall." It is clearly of these only that he speaks as "lost in the darkness of Paganism." We cannot hesitate to accept so much of the statement as almost literally true. The planting of Christianity in this part of the kingdom was unquestionably a new planting of the faith in a Pagan land; and so far as regards Saxon England, there can be no doubt that M. Montalembert is fully entitled to claim for the monks, his clients, the glory of "having made it Christian."

The story of the re-conversion of Saxon England by Augustine and his companions is one of the best known in Church history; nor is there much of novelty in M. Montalembert's version of it. The narrative in the present portion of his work is carried down to the end of the eighth century; and although most of the incidents are derived from sources with which students of English history are familiar, they are presented with a simple earnestness, and with, as it were, an instinctive sense of their bearing upon those higher and holier interests which form the especial theme of *The Monks of the West*, which give somewhat of novelty even to what has already been most frequently told under another form. We may allude, in illustration, to the account of the conflict of Augustine with the British bishops, and to the well-known history of Wilfrid of York.

But by far the most interesting part of the history of monasti-

¹ *English Monasticism*, p. 531.

² *Monks of the West*, vol. iii. p. 324.

cism in our own islands, is that which regards the monks of Ireland and their colonies in Britain and upon the continent of Europe. On the early history of Christianity in Ireland the author touches but lightly; and the reader may perhaps be disappointed to find some of the most important of the questions which were raised by the publication of Dr. Todd's *Life of St. Patrick* passed by without notice. It must be said, nevertheless, that, for the most part, these questions, however interesting in general controversy, have no direct bearing upon monastic history; and if the reader should desire to see these more largely discussed, he will find ample materials in the learned work of Dr. Greith, bishop of St. Gall,¹ which is in great part founded on original materials, and which has overlooked none even of the most recent contributions to the history of the ancient Church of Ireland, whether by Catholic or Protestant archaeologists.

M. Montalembert's history of Irish monasticism falls naturally into two divisions—that of the missionary monks who, under Columbanus, traversed France, Germany, and Switzerland, and reached to the very furthest extremity of the Italian peninsula; and that of the still more celebrated colony which was planted by Columba at Iona, and from Iona was carried to the new theatre of activity at Lindisfarne, to which England is immediately indebted for almost all those great monastic foundations which in their turn became centres of civilisation and culture, each in its own locality. The history of the foreign career of St. Columbanus will be remembered as the most interesting episode in the first portion of the work given to the public in 1860.² In the history of monasticism in Britain, St. Columba is the great centre of interest.

The life of this remarkable man has been the chief subject towards which the research of Irish and Scottish archaeologists has turned since the revival of the ecclesiastical branch of that study. His name is felt by the antiquarians of both countries to be in some sort common property. The short but pregnant memoir in *Chambers's Cyclopædia*, from the pen of the lamented Joseph Robertson, bears the evidence of a genuine labour of love quite as strongly as the elaborate volume of Dr. Reeves; and it may be doubted whether in the really substantial bearings of the subject, the old Franciscan editor of the *Trias Thaumaturga* exhibits a more reverent, or at least a more loving spirit, than the modern Anglican commentator of

¹ *Geschichte der Altirischen Kirche und ihrer Verbindung mit Rom, Gallien, und Alemannien, (von 430-630.)* Von Carl Johann Greith, Bischof von St. Gallen. 8vo. 1867.

² Vol. ii. Book vii. pp. 385-549.

Adamnan's *Life of St. Columba*. Dr. Reeves's work may truly be described as one of the most remarkable combinations of minute and careful erudition and patient—we had almost said plodding—industry, with boldness, originality, and power of dealing alike with the largest and the narrowest bearings of the subject which our age, with all its progress in antiquarian and archæological science, has produced.

As it would be impossible to attempt within our limits any extensive analysis of M. Montalembert's volumes, we shall probably best consult for the interest of the subject by confining ourselves to this single episode,—the history of Columba, and of the apostolate in Britain inaugurated by him, and continued by successive generations of the great monastic family which he founded at Iona. This history may be regarded as in a great degree an independent narrative, and, indeed, as such, has been re-cast into a separate publication. It is avowedly founded on the materials drawn from the ancient lives; but it is illustrated by all the various learning of the greatest modern Celtic scholars, and especially from Dr. Reeves's ample stores.

Columba was of royal descent both in paternal and maternal line, his father having been one of the eight sons of the celebrated Niall of the Nine Hostages, supreme monarch of Ireland, and his mother a daughter of the royal house of Leinster. He was born in 521, at Gartan in Donegal, still a place of pious pilgrimage, and especially of parting pilgrimage for the Irish emigrants to America, who repair thither to offer a farewell prayer in memory of the "great missionary who gave up his native land for the love of God and human souls." The devotion to native country which still lives in this interesting national custom is curiously embodied in an ancient Irish poem, attributed to Columba, and certainly of a very early date, though probably later than the sixth century;—a portion of which, slightly modified in the translation, M. Montalembert has reproduced from Dr. Reeves's volume, in which the original is given entire, with a literal translation. We are tempted to transcribe a few of the opening verses from Dr. Reeves's version. It is supposed to be spoken in the person of Columba, upon his first missionary voyage from his beloved Derry—

"How rapid is the speed of my coracle
With its stern turned upon Derry!
I grieve at my errand over the noble sea,
Travelling to Alba of the ravens.

"My foot in my sweet little coracle,
My sad heart still bleeding;
Weak is the man that cannot lead,
Totally blind are all the ignorant.

- " There is a grey eye
That looks back upon Erin ;
It shall not see during life
The men of Erin, nor their wives.
- " My vision over the brine I stretch
From the ample oaken planks ;
Large is the tear of my soft grey eye,
When I look back upon Erin.
- " Upon Erin my attention is fixed ;
Upon Loch Levin, upon Liné ;
Upon the lands the Ultonians own ;
Upon smooth Munster, upon Meath !"¹

The concluding stanzas are thus rendered by M. Montalembert's translator—

- " Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
From its midland to its borders,
I would give all for one little cell
In my beautiful Derry.
For its peace and for its purity,
For the white angels that go
In crowds from one end to the other—
I love my beautiful Derry.
For its quietness and its purity,
For heaven's angels that come and go
Under every leaf of the oaks ;—
I love my beautiful Derry.
- " My Derry, my fair oak grove !
My dear little cell and dwelling !
Oh God in the heavens above !
Let him who profanes it be cursed.
Beloved are Durrow and Derry,
Beloved is Raphoe the pure,
Beloved the fertile Drumhome,
Beloved are Swords and Kells !
But sweeter and fairer to me
The salt sea where the sea-gulls cry,
When I come to Derry from far,
It is sweeter and dearer to me—
Sweeter to me."

The origin and etymology of the name *Columba* (in Irish *colum*, "a dove"), which is common to this saint with no fewer than twenty others in the Irish calendar, as well as that of his distinctive affix—*cille* "of the churches,"—are well known ; and the name was an early earnest of the purity and holiness of the youth's career, which is further shadowed forth in one of the

¹ Reeves's *Adamnan's Life of Columba*, pp. 285-6.

characteristic legends regarding him preserved by his ancient biographer:—

“The Irish legends, which are always distinguished, even amidst the wildest vagaries of fancy, by a high and pure morality, linger lovingly upon the childhood and youth of the predestined saint. They tell us how, confided in the first place to the care of the priest who had baptized him, and who gave him the first rudiments of literary education, he was accustomed from his earliest years to the heavenly visions which were to occupy so large a place in his life. His guardian angel often appeared to him; and the child asked if all the angels in heaven were as young and shining as he. A little later Columba was invited by the same angel to choose among all the virtues those which he would like best to possess. ‘I choose,’ said the youth, ‘chastity and wisdom;’ and immediately three young girls of wonderful beauty, but foreign air, appeared to him, and threw themselves on his neck to embrace him. The pious youth frowned, and repulsed them with indignation. ‘What!’ they said; ‘then thou dost not know us?’ ‘No, not the least in the world.’ ‘We are three sisters whom our father gives to thee to be thy brides.’ ‘Who, then, is your father?’ ‘Our father is God, he is Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of the world.’ ‘Ah, you have indeed an illustrious father. But what are your names?’ ‘Our names are Virginity, Wisdom, and Prophecy; and we come to leave thee no more, to love thee with an incorruptible love.’”

From the care of the priest referred to in this legend, he passed, in accordance with the usage of the time, to the monastery of Moville, of which St. Finnian was abbot; one of the many monastic schools which were already scattered over the island; but the concluding portion of his career, at least, was passed under the still better known Abbot Finnian, in the celebrated school of the monastery of Clonard. He was here ordained deacon; and from the very commencement of his monastic life assumed so prominent a place, possibly in virtue of his rank as well as of his personal merits, that before he had reached the age of twenty-five he had already established several of the monasteries with which his name is associated as founder—thirty-four in number, including the celebrated establishments of Durrow and Derry. About fifteen years were spent in these home labours, when his energies were turned into another direction by an incident the details of which, though but imperfectly explained, are highly characteristic of the age and country. Partly from a dispute as to the property in the copy of a psalter which Columba had made, in which the king, Diarmid, decided against the claim of Columba; partly from a violation of the right of sanctuary of Columba's monastery by the same monarch, an armed confederation of the northern tribes was formed, through Columba's instigation, against the king, which resulted in the

bloody, and, to King Diarmid, disastrous battle of Cooldrewny. A synod, held seemingly under royal influence, passed sentence of excommunication against Columba in his absence; and although, on his having been heard in his own vindication, the sentence was withdrawn at the instance of the Abbot Brendan of Birr, yet the absolution was accompanied by the condition, no less characteristic of the period, that, in penance, he should win a number of Pagan souls to Christ by his preaching, equal to that of the Christians who had fallen in the battle of Cooldrewny. The picture which his biographers have drawn of the mental conflict which followed is curious in the extreme. We can only find room for the closing scene:—

“He was more humble with Abban, another famous monk of the time, founder of many religious houses, one of which was called the *Cell of Tears*, because the special grace of weeping for sin was obtained there. This gentle and courageous soldier of Christ was specially distinguished by his zeal against the fighting men and disturbers of the public peace. He had been seen to throw himself between two chiefs at the moment when their lances were crossed at each other's breasts; and on another occasion had gone alone and unarmed to meet one of the most formidable rievvers of the island, who was still a Pagan and a member of a sovereign family, had made his arms drop from his hands, and had changed first into a Christian and then into a monk the royal robber, whose great-grandson has recorded this incident. When Columba went to Abban, he said, ‘I come to beseech thee to pray for the souls of all those who have perished in the late war, which I raised for the honour of the Church. I know they will obtain grace by thy intercession, and I conjure thee to ask what is the will of God in respect to them from the angel who talks with thee every day.’ The aged solitary, without reproaching Columba, resisted his entreaties for some time, by reason of his great modesty, but ended by consenting; and after having prayed, gave him the assurance that these souls enjoyed eternal repose.

“Columba, thus reassured as to the fate of the victims of his rage, had still to be enlightened in respect to his own duty. He found the light which he sought from a holy monk called Molaise, famed for his studies of Holy Scripture, who had already been his confessor, and whose ruined monastery is still visible in one of the isles of the Atlantic. This severe hermit confirmed the decision of the synod; but to the obligation of converting to the Christian faith an equal number of Pagans as there were of Christians killed in the civil war, he added a new condition, which bore cruelly upon a soul so passionately attached to country and kindred. The confessor condemned his penitent to perpetual exile from Ireland. Columba bowed to this sentence with sad resignation—‘What you have commanded,’ he said, ‘shall be done.’”

Such, according to the simple narrative of the actors them-

selves, was the origin of a step so momentous in its results. Columba had just attained his forty-second year when, in 563, accompanied by twelve disciples, he set sail in one of those great hide-covered osier barks which for the Celtic populations of that age supplied the only means of navigation. There is something very touching in one of the recorded incidents of the voyage. His first landing was upon the islet of Oronsay; but, on ascending a hill immediately after landing, he found that his beloved Ireland was still visible in the distance; and, unable to summon courage to encounter the life-long struggle which he contemplated for himself in an exile where,

“ Full in the sight of paradise,”

he should be perpetually reminded of the home from which he was parted for ever, he at once re-embarked, and again landed upon the more distant island, since known as Hy or I-columb-kill, and more popularly Iona. Finding here that no trace of Ireland was discoverable upon the horizon, he fixed upon this unknown rock as the place which should form the centre of his penitentially imposed apostolate.

To his new home he carried with him the true spirit of the monk :—

“ In the midst of the new community Columba inhabited, instead of a cell, a sort of hut built of planks, and placed upon the most elevated spot within the monastic enclosure. Up to the age of seventy-six he slept there upon the hard floor, with no pillow but a stone. This hut was at once his study and his oratory. It was there that he gave himself up to those prolonged prayers which excited the admiration and almost the alarm of his disciples. It was there that he returned after sharing the out-door labour of his monks, like the least among them, to consecrate the rest of his time to the study of Holy Scripture and the transcription of the sacred text. The work of transcription remained until his last day the occupation of his old age as it had been the passion of his youth; it had such an attraction for him, and seemed to him so essential to a knowledge of the truth, that, as we have already said, three hundred copies of the Holy Gospels, copied by his own hand, have been attributed to him. It was in the same hut that he received with unwearied patience the numerous and sometimes importunate visitors who soon flowed to him, and of whom sometimes he complained gently—as of that indiscreet stranger, who, desirous of embracing him, awkwardly overturned his ink upon the border of his robe. These importunate guests did not come out of simple curiosity; they were most commonly penitent or fervid Christians, who, informed by the fishermen and inhabitants of the neighbouring isles of the establishment of the Irish monk, who was already famous in his own country, and attracted by the growing renown of his virtues, came from Ireland, from the north and south of Britain, and even from the midst

of the still heathen Saxons, to save their souls and gain heaven under the direction of a man of God."

Still more characteristic, we cannot help thinking, is the following anecdote of the probation of spirit through which many of those earnest souls were compelled to pass before they were accepted as workers in the great cause to which they were to vow themselves:—

"It was one day announced to him that a stranger had just landed from Ireland, and Columba went to meet him in the house reserved for guests, to talk to him in private, and question him as to his dwelling-place, his family, and the cause of his journey. The stranger told him that he had undertaken this painful voyage in order, under the monastic habit and in exile, to expiate his sins. Columba, desirous of trying the reality of his penitence, drew a most repulsive picture of the hardship and difficult obligations of the new life. 'I am ready,' said the stranger, 'to submit to the most cruel and humiliating conditions that thou canst command me.' And after having made confession, he swore, still upon his knees, to accomplish all the requirements of penitence. 'It is well,' said the abbot; 'now rise from thy knees, seat thyself, and listen: you must first do penance for seven years in the neighbouring island of Tiree, after which I will see you again.' 'But,' said the penitent, still agitated by remorse, 'how can I expiate a perjury of which I have not yet spoken? Before I left my own country I killed a poor man. I was about to suffer the punishment of death for that crime, and I was already in irons, when one of my relations, who is very rich, delivered me by paying the composition demanded. I swore that I would serve him all the rest of my life; but after some days of service I abandoned him, and here I am, notwithstanding my oath.' Upon this the saint added that he would only be admitted to the paschal communion after seven years of penitence. When these were completed, Columba, after having given him the communion with his own hand, sent him back to Ireland to his patron, carrying a sword with an ivory handle for his ransom. The patron, however, moved by the entreaties of his wife, gave the penitent his pardon without ransom. 'Why should we accept the price sent to us by the holy Columba? We are not worthy of it. The request of such an intercessor should be granted freely. His blessing will do more for us than any ransom.'" And immediately he detached the girdle from his waist, which was the ordinary formula in Ireland for the manumission of captives or slaves. Columba had besides commanded his penitent to remain with his old father and mother until he had rendered to them the last services. This accomplished, his brothers let him go, saying, 'Far be it from us to detain a man who has laboured for seven years for the salvation of his soul with the holy Columba.' He then returned to Iona, bringing with him the sword which was to have been his ransom. 'Henceforward thou shalt be called Libran, for thou art free, and emancipated from all ties,' said Columba, and he immediately admitted him to take the monastic vows. But when he was commanded to return to Tiree,

to end his life at a distance from Columba, poor Libran, who up to this moment had been so docile, fell on his knees and wept bitterly. Columba, touched by his despair, comforted him as best he could, without, however, altering his sentence. 'Thou shalt live far from me, but thou shalt die in one of my monasteries, and thou shalt rise again with my monks, and have part with them in heaven,' said the abbot. Such was the history of Libran, called Libran of the Rushes, because he had passed many years in gathering rushes—the years probably of his penitence."

Having obtained a grant of the island of Iona, as well from the king of the Picts as from his own kinsman, the Scottish king, Columba began his labours for the propagation of Christianity among the Pictish tribes who dwelt beyond the Grampian range. To this great work, and to the conversion of the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands and of the northern Hebrides, he devoted the remaining years of his life, still, however, maintaining a close communion with the parent monasteries of Ireland, to which he paid occasional visits, probably with the view of procuring supplies of those zealous workers, who have left their traces throughout Europe wherever the spirit of missionary or scholastic enterprise was found in activity. An Irish monastery in those days seems truly to have been a "*foyer du mouvement intellectuel*:"—

' "It has been said, and cannot be sufficiently repeated, that Ireland was then regarded by all Christian Europe as the principal centre of knowledge and piety. In the shelter of its numberless monasteries a crowd of missionaries, doctors, and preachers were educated for the service of the Church and the propagation of the faith in all Christian countries. A vast and continual development of literary and religious effort is there apparent, superior to anything that could be seen in any other country of Europe. Certain arts—those of architecture, carving, metallurgy, as applied to the decoration of churches—were successfully cultivated, without speaking of music, which continued to flourish both among the learned and among the people. The classic languages—not only Latin, but Greek—were cultivated, spoken, and written with a sort of passionate pedantry, which shows at least how powerful was the sway of intellectual influences over these ardent souls. Their mania for Greek was even carried so far that they wrote the Latin of the church books in Hellenic characters. And in Ireland more than anywhere else, each monastery was a school, and each school a workshop of transcription, from which day by day issued new copies of the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers of the primitive Church—copies which were dispersed through all Europe, and which are still to be found in Continental libraries. They may easily be recognised by the original and elegant character of their Irish writing, as also by the use of the alphabet common to all the Celtic races, and afterwards employed by the Anglo-Saxons, but to which in our day the Irish alone have remained faithful. Columba, as has been seen, had given an

example of this unwearied labour to the monastic scribes ; his example was continually followed in the Irish cloisters, where the monks did not entirely limit themselves to the transcription of Holy Scripture, but reproduced also Greek and Latin authors, sometimes in Celtic character, with gloss and commentary in Irish, like that Horace which modern learning has discovered in the library of Berne. These marvellous manuscripts, illuminated with incomparable ability and patience by the monastic family of Columba, excited, five hundred years later, the declamatory enthusiasm of a great enemy of Ireland, the Anglo-Norman historian, Gerald de Barry ; and they still attract the attention of archæologists and philologists of the highest fame."

Nor less were the monasteries of the land centres of missionary enterprise :—

"Still more striking than the intellectual development of which the Irish monasteries were at this period the centre, is the prodigious activity displayed by the Irish monks in extending and multiplying themselves over all the countries of Europe—here to create new schools and sanctuaries among nations already evangelized—there to carry the light of the Gospel, at peril of their lives, to the countries that were still Pagan. We should run the risk of forestalling our future task if we did not resist the temptations of the subject, which would lead us to go faster than time, and to follow those armies of brave and untiring Celts, always adventurous and often heroic, into the regions where we shall perhaps one day find them again. Let us content ourselves with a simple list, which has a certain eloquence even in the dryness of its figures. Here is the number, probably very incomplete, given by an ancient writer, of the monasteries founded out of Ireland by Irish monks, led far from their country by the love of souls, and, no doubt, a little also by that love of travel which has always been one of their special distinctions :—

Thirteen in Scotland,
Twelve in England,
Seven in France,
Twelve in Armorica,
Seven in Lorraine,
Ten in Alsatia,
Sixteen in Bavaria,
Fifteen in Rhetia, Helvetia, and Alemanian ;

without counting many in Thuringia and upon the left bank of the Lower Rhine ; and, finally, six in Italy."

This foreign career of Columba extends over thirty-four years of a devoted life ; and the characteristic picture of the dying old man, carried by his monks that he might breathe his last, kneeling before the altar which he had served so long, is one which, however little it may be in harmony with modern ideas and associations, cannot be regarded by any earnest thinker with other than sincere and respectful sympathy.

But the relations of Columba with the conversion of the inhabitants of the mainland of Britain do not terminate with his life; and M. Montalembert's narrative of the part played by the Celtic colony of Iona and its kindred and dependent monasteries, is among the most interesting, as it is also the most careful, in his entire history. The story of the mission of St. Augustine and his monks in the conversion of Saxon England, and of his unsuccessful overtures to the remnant of the ancient native British Church, as well for the relinquishment of their distinctive observances as to the feast of Easter, the form of tonsure, and the supplementary ceremonial of baptism, as for their co-operation in the work of converting the Saxons, has been repeatedly told; nor does M. Montalembert add anything to its substance. But, partly through the exigencies of his subject, partly through the line of inquiry into which the investigations arising out of the subject conducted him, he has brought together, in a more intelligible form than any historian with whom we are acquainted, the chain of events by which, in the several stages of the progress of the gospel among the Saxons, the services of the Celtic monks, themselves for a time antagonists of the peculiar observances of the Roman missionaries, became the instruments of the gradual removal of every difficulty, and in the end the effective cause of a final and complete reconciliation. Without entering into the details, we may briefly say, that the work of co-operation which the British bishops refused to Augustine, far more, it is plain, from national antipathy than from intellectual conviction, the Celtic monks undertook, forty-eight years after the landing of Augustine, at the invitation of the Saxon Oswald, who had himself been baptized in youth during his exile; and the new Iona at Lindisfarne became to Saxon Northumbria what the parent monastery had been to the Picts. Of the eight kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxon confederation, that of Kent alone was exclusively won or retained by the Roman monks. The two Northumbrian kingdoms—the kingdom of Mercia and that of Essex—owe the gift of faith to the Celtic monks alone. In Wessex and East Anglia, the share of the Celts is at least equal to that of the Continental missionaries. And in the eighth division, that of Sussex, if the main instrument of the change, Wilfrid, was not a Celt but an Anglo-Saxon, it is to be remembered that he too was not merely a monk, but a monk who owed his first training in missionary labour to the Celtic monastery of Lindisfarne; although, as by some prophetic forecast of the conflict of his later life, he shrank, as the ancient chronicler tells us, from “yielding the half of his long hair to the scissors, which, cutting from the upper part and front

of his head, would have impressed on him the tonsure according to the 'Irish fashion.'"¹

The story of Wilfrid is too long for narration in detail, and the outline of it is already sufficiently familiar. But M. Montalembert's statement of the questions in dispute, and especially of the Paschal question, is so interesting as a popular exposition of this well-known controversy, that we are induced to transcribe that portion of it which regards the final conflict of Wilfrid with the Celtic party, before what M. Montalembert justly calls the "parliament" of Whitby. Between this discussion and the former controversy of Augustine with the British bishops, there was, as the author well points out, this vital difference, that, the doctrinal or ceremonial bearing of the dispute weighed but little with the Britons, in comparison with the national feeling which was involved in their attitude of hostility to the Roman attempt for the conversion of the Saxons; whereas with the Celtic disputants, the main, and, indeed, almost the sole ground of resistance to what they called innovation, was their reverential fealty to the traditions and teaching of their fathers:—

"Since the earliest days of Christianity a division had existed as to the proper date for the celebration of Easter. Some churches of Asia Minor followed the custom of the Jews by placing it on the fourteenth day of the first lunar month of the year. But all the churches of the West, of Palestine, and of Egypt, fixed upon the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the month nearest to the vernal equinox, so as not to keep the feast along with the Jews; and the general Council of Nice erected this custom into a law of the Church. Those who had accepted this law, but persisted in celebrating the fourteenth day, were held as heretics and schismatics, under the name of *quartodecimans*. The imputation of complicity in this heresy made against the Celtic Church by the chiefs of the Roman clergy in a bull addressed in 640, during the vacancy of the Holy See, to the bishops and abbots of the north of Ireland, was most unjust. The only mistake made by the Celts was that of neglecting to keep themselves informed of the difficulties which arose as to the manner of determining the commencement of the first lunar month, which ought to be the Paschal month. As has been already said in respect to the dispute between St. Augustin and the Britons of Cambria, they had remained faithful to the custom which had prevailed at Rome itself when Patrick and the other missionaries to the British Isles brought thence the light of the Gospel. At that period, in Rome and in all the West, the ancient Jewish cycle of eighty-four years was universally followed to fix this date. The Christians of Alexandria, however, better astronomers than those of Rome, and especially charged by the Council of Nice to inform the Pope of the date of Easter of each year, discovered in this

¹ Vol. iv. p. 136.

ancient cycle some errors of calculation,¹ and after two centuries of disputes they succeeded in making the Roman Church adopt a new Paschal cycle, that which is now universally received, and which limits the celebration of Easter to the interval between the 22d of March and the 24th of April. The Celtic churches had no knowledge of this change, which dated from the year 525—that is to say, from a time when the invasions of the Saxons probably intercepted their habitual communications with Rome: they retained their old Jewish cycle of eighty-four years, and adhered obstinately to it. They celebrated Easter always on Sunday, but this Sunday was not always the one which had been appointed by the Romish Church after the new calculations. Thus it happened that King Oswy was eight days in advance of his wife, and complained of having to rejoice alone in the resurrection of Christ, while the queen was still commemorating the commencement of the passion in the services for Palm Sunday.”

Many curious incidents in this remarkable history must be hurried over, and none with more reluctance than the strange picture of the aged Bishop Colman abdicating his See; gathering together his Irish monks at Lindisfarne, and, stranger still, thirty Anglo-Saxons of the same monastery, who, with himself, refused to give up the Celtic Easter or to shave their heads according to the fashion of Rome; carrying away with him to their own Iona the bones of his predecessor St. Aidan, the founder of Lindisfarne, and first Celtic apostle of Northumbria, “as if the ungrateful land had become unworthy to possess these relics of a betrayed saint, and witnesses of a despised apostleship;” migrating once again from Iona to the remotest island of the western coast of Ireland, where he formed a new Iona, half Celtic half Saxon, on the island of Innisbofin; and finally, on a disagreement ensuing between the Celt and Saxon monks, establishing the latter at Mayo, where they continued to flourish for at least a century, although after some time they relinquished the Celtic usages and conformed to the Roman discipline, which meanwhile had found universal acceptance.

For these and many other most interesting and curious details regarding discipline, social usages, and legendary lore, the reader must be referred to M. Montalembert's text. With the miraculous narratives in which the ancient monastic chronicles abound, M. Montalembert deals in the reverent spirit of a Roman Catholic, to whose mind the enduring presence of supernatural agency in the world not only presents no difficulty, but rather commends itself as entering into the normal action of Divine Providence towards the Church. The reader of the *Life*

¹ The exact nature of this change, and of the principles on which it is founded, are explained with remarkable clearness, and with a full elucidation of their bearing on chronology, by the Chevalier de Rossi, in his *Inscriptiones Romanæ, Prolegomena*, p. lxxviii., et seq.

of *St. Elizabeth* will recollect how frequently these legendary recitals formed the very groundwork of the narrative. In the *Monks of the West*, from its more strictly historical character, there is considerably less of legend. But it is plain that the author never shrinks from relating an incident, otherwise satisfactorily attested, on the mere ground of its supernatural character. We have abstained, however, from entering upon such questions, partly because we considered them unsuited to our pages, as involving discussions in a great degree polemical; but chiefly because, while we are reluctant to enter upon a polemical discussion under any circumstances, we should consider it peculiarly out of place in dealing with the views of an author who, while he, earnest even to chivalry in the maintenance of his own conscientious convictions, has made it the rule of his life to respect, with equally chivalrous courtesy, the opinions of others.

We gather, with very sincere regret, from more than one indication, that the progress of the *Monks of the West* has been interrupted, and occasionally suspended, by the ill-health of its distinguished author; and we cannot conclude without expressing our earnest hope that the interruption may have proved but temporary. We shall look forward with much anxiety to the next instalment of his labour of love. There is no phase of monasticism with which M. Montalembert may be expected to deal more successfully than that in which it is next to appear—its relation to the literature and the philosophy of mediæval Europe.

ART. VII.—*Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848-1861, etc.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

IN many points of view this book may be regarded as a continuation of, or at least as a natural supplement to, the *Early Years of the Prince Consort*. That remarkable volume ended with the marriage of the Queen. This not less remarkable volume describes the life of the Queen and the late Prince Consort in its familiar and most attractive aspects, in which are constantly present those touches of nature which will make not only her own subjects akin, but all of any nation or of any rank who can feel sympathy with genuine goodness and truth. It is a homely book, made up of human nature's daily food. The public life, as it were, of the Queen and the Prince will fall to be told elsewhere; but the private life which followed upon that happy union, enriched as it was and made beautiful by accordance of taste and sincere affection, is in some sort revealed to us in the pages of this journal. We have seen, if we may use such an illustration, the love-story ending happily with marriage; and we now get the continuation of the same story into the realities of life. And never surely, in any region of fiction, was an early promise of happiness more fully redeemed.

The volume before us is by this time well known to the public. It embraces the first visits of the Queen and the Prince to Scotland in 1842, 1844, and 1847; their life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861; and tours in Ireland and yachting excursions in 1849, 1846, and 1861. The last of these three divisions stands somewhat apart; the first leads up directly to what is indeed the central idea of the book—the life of the Queen and the Prince Consort in their seclusion at Balmoral. From the first the beauties of Scotland would appear to have produced a strong impression both on the Queen and the Prince. Certainly their introduction to Scotland was effective. Their earliest visit was by Edinburgh to Taymouth, when they saw the beauties of west Perthshire under the auspices of the princely Breadalbane. Their next was by Dundee to Blair-Athole, where they remained from the 12th to the end of September; and the third was an exploring tour through the varied beauties of the West coast from the Clyde to Fort-William. Even the first short visit produced an impression not to be effaced:—"As the fair shores of Scotland receded more and more from our view, we felt quite sad that this very pleasant and interesting tour was over; but we shall never forget it." This liking for Scotland was deepened during

the residence at Blair-Athole in 1844. In the record of the natural and beautiful life of those three happy September weeks—in some respects the most charming part of the volume—we see the love of Scotland and Highland life always growing. The comparative simplicity of the mode of life was thoroughly enjoyed; and in frequent touches a delicate and artistic appreciation of Highland scenery is apparent, expressed sometimes with a singular felicity in epithets, especially as descriptive of the colouring of the landscape. “Those Scotch streams, full of stones, and clear as glass, are most beautiful; the peeps between the trees, the depth of the shadows, the mossy stones, mixed with slate, etc., which cover the banks, are lovely; at every turn you have a picture.” And again: “As the sun went down the scenery became more and more beautiful, the sky crimson, golden-red, and blue, and the hills looking purple and lilac, most exquisite, till at length it set, and the hues grew softer in the sky and the outlines of the hills sharper.” And then the frank outbreak, under the influence of this keen and true observation of natural beauty—“What can equal the beauties of nature! What enjoyment there is in them! Albert enjoys it so much; he is in ecstasies here. He has inherited this love for nature from his dear father.” But the scenery was not the sole attraction. A charm not less powerful was in the quietness of the life, the freedom from restraint and ceremony: “Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude that had such a charm for us.” This charm was an abiding one. Throughout the whole journal, solitude is mentioned, with curious emphasis, as a special attraction of any scene.

After all this a Highland residence must have been determined on; but the question strikes one, Why was Balmoral chosen? The first three visits had been all more or less confined to the west of Scotland; and how then came the east to be selected as the place of a permanent home? The extracts we have given show that this did not arise from any deficient appreciation of the beauty of the western side of Scotland. The peculiar characteristics of the west sea-board were not less fully understood than the inland: “I am quite sorry that this delightful voyage and tour among the western lochs and isles is at an end—they are so beautiful, so full of poetry and romance, traditions, and historical associations.” The very points in which west and central Scotland is superior to the east are noticed—the greenness, and the richer beauty of the landscape; the gorgeous colouring which makes the autumn woods of Perthshire a blaze of glory;—indeed, an express contrast is once drawn between the “splendid pass of Killiecrankie,

with the birch all golden," and Deeside, then "bereft of leaves." Why then was Deeside preferred? We can see in these pages strong, we think conclusive, indications that the determining cause of this was—climate. The same cause, we fancy, must have operated against Ireland. The journals of the visits to Ireland record that the royal party were "enchanted with the extreme beauty of the scenery;" and they are filled with cordial recognition of the frankness, the courtesy, the loyalty of the Irish people. But the dampness of the atmosphere, and the too great frequency of "the useful trouble of the rain," marred the pleasure even of the first knowledge of the Highlands at Taymouth; and so, too, the landing at Cork was on a "grey and excessively 'muggy' day—the character of the Irish climate." On the other hand, the first feeling on arriving at Balmoral was, how delightfully dry the soil, and how refreshing the clear pure mountain air. And throughout the whole record of the residence there, the same source of health and pleasure—the dry, bracing air—is mentioned again and again. Doubtless the choice was wise. It may well be that the soft and gentle climate of Ireland and the west of Scotland is favourable to longevity in the case of those whose good fortune it is to enjoy it always. But when country-life must be regarded not only as a source of enjoyment, but as a means of invigoration; when the time which can be given to that life is limited; and when its great aim and object is to refresh after the weariness of life in towns, and re-animate for future exertion—then, if we are wise, we seek something different from the languid and relaxing west, and welcome the keen, stimulating air of the north; nay, do not shrink (at least for a brief time of autumn) even from the breezes of the north-east, which Mr. Kingsley has celebrated in eccentric song. There can be no doubt that for those who come from town-life, exhausted, and seeking restoration, the best tonic is to be found in the north-east counties of Scotland. Nor are they without a beauty of their own, more stern, it may be, than that of the west, but such as would strike some minds as of a loftier order. The hills may want variety of form as compared with the fantastic shapes of the "Duke of Argyle's bowling-green;" the foliage may be less rich, the vegetation altogether less profuse and gorgeous than at Killiekrankie or round Loch Tay; the whole scenery may be in some measure monotonous; but there is a grandeur in the dreariness; a feeling of freedom in the expanse of landscape; a certain breadth of cloud-effect; and above all, an ever-changing loveliness of light in the clear, dry atmosphere. Thus, for example, Her Majesty describes an early morning in October:—"Not a cloud was on the bright blue sky, and it was perfectly

calm. There had been a sharp frost, which lay on parts of the grass, and the mountains were beautifully lit up, with those very blue shades upon them, like the bloom on a plum. . . . The morning was beyond everything splendid, and the country in such beauty, *though the poor trees were nearly leafless.*"

From whatever motives chosen, Balmoral speedily justified the choice, so far as the affections of its owners were concerned. At the first sight of it, "all seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its turmoils." When, a few years later, a cairn was erected to commemorate the royal family taking possession, her Majesty expresses her growing affection for the place in a few simple words: "It was a gay, pretty, and touching sight, and I felt almost inclined to cry. The view was so beautiful over the dear hills; the day so fine; the whole so *gemüthlich*. May God bless this place, and allow us yet to see it and enjoy it many a long year." This affection was naturally increased as time went on, when the new house was built, and the whole place laid out under the special care of the Prince Consort. Prince Albert would seem to have possessed unusual skill and taste in these matters; both Balmoral and Osborne, we are assured, were his own "creation, own work, own building, own laying-out."

The characteristics of the people seem to have contributed not a little to the comfort of the royal family. A certain reserve, almost dignity, marks the best type of Scotch peasantry, which secured to royalty the seclusion so much desired. "All the Highlanders," says her Majesty, "are so amusing to talk to, and the men so gentleman-like." We hope this is not too flattering an estimate. It may be national predilection, but we have always thought that the north Highlander was truly characterized by this epithet in its simplest and best sense. To them may be applied the lines in which Belarius describes the royal brothers:—

" 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen in others: valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd!"

Among such people the Sovereign could reside, not oppressed with too demonstrative loyalty, undisturbed by intrusive curiosity.

And so we come to the burden of the volume—the life at Balmoral; and a more delightful picture, a more perfect idyll,

has been seldom drawn—rare in its beauty under any circumstances ; standing quite apart and peculiar, when we consider by whom that life was led and by whom that life has been recorded. Simplicity in manner and mode of life is the surest mark of perfect good-breeding ; and here unaffected simplicity is the leading characteristic. And, far beyond the question of good-breeding, such a life as the Highland life of the Queen affords, in the present state of English society, an example of peculiar value. For we greatly doubt whether such a life, so unostentatious, so devoid of excitement, so entirely given up to the pleasures of the country, is now-a-days very common among our wealthier classes. The country-life of England for long was, and still to some extent is, a speciality of the nation. We are proud, and apt to boast of it, partly because of its good effects on those who can enjoy it, more because of its supposed good effects on the country population. In the present state of society, it is more desirable on both counts than it ever was before. We are becoming more and more concentrated into towns—especially into one great metropolis. The town-life, therefore, is becoming more universal ; and, as a necessary accompaniment or consequence, is becoming more feverish and more severe in its strain. It is not probably worse than in former days ; but it extends its influences more widely over the community ; and these influences are not the best : “ For a crowd is not society, and talk is but a tinkling cymbal where no love is.” And so the refreshment of true country-life is required by a larger class, and is more necessary to that class than perhaps it ever was before.

“ O blessed Nature, ‘ O Rus ! O Rus ! ’
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorb’d in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper.”

On the other hand, the country needs the presence of this class, not less than this class needs the country. But so long only as they resort to it in order to lead a country life in a true and real sense, can they either confer or receive good. No service can be rendered, no great benefit can be gained, by carrying to the country all the characteristics of the town. One often hears the game-laws upheld, on the ground that sport attracts a certain class into rural residence. But whether this be an evil or a good depends very much, as Sydney Smith long

ago pointed out, on the special circumstances of each case. "Neither are a great proportion of those whom the love of shooting brings into the country of the smallest value or importance to the country. A colonel of the Guards, the second son just entered at Oxford, three diners-out from Piccadilly—Major Rock, Lord John, Lord Charles, the colonel of the regiment quartered at the neighbouring town, two Irish Peers, and a German Baron ;—if all this honourable company proceed with fustian jackets, dog-whistles, and chemical inventions, to a solemn destruction of pheasants, how is the country benefited by their presence? or how would earth, air, or sea, be injured by their annihilation?" On the other hand, as this pleasant and most wise and just philosopher admits, people *may* love the country for other reasons than the slaughter of birds :—"Partridges and pheasants, though they form nine-tenths of human motives, still leave a small residue which may be classed under some other head. Some come into the country for health, some for quiet, for agriculture, for economy, from attachment to family estates, from love of retirement, from the necessity of keeping up provincial interests, and from a vast variety of causes." We suspect that since the time when Sydney Smith wrote, even his "nine-tenths" have grown into a more formidable proportion among human motives. We seem now-a-days bent on carrying the fever and excitement of town life into the country—that is, into the very sphere where such fever and excitement should find an antidote. The country life of England is changing, and changing for the worse. Shooting is degenerating into a mere gluttony of destruction ; and the same deterioration is spreading over the whole style of country life. Doubtless there are many places not open to this condemnation ; but, taking the average, it cannot be denied that the extending influence of town life is acting perniciously on the country.

Therefore when we do find country life sought for its own peculiar blessings, for health, for retirement, for beauty, our admiration is not unjustly called forth. Thus sought and so valued, it affords the enjoyment of friendship as distinct from the pleasures of society, and awakens capacities of the soul to which no other aspect of modern life can appeal :—

"The child who gazes on the colours of the sunset, on the light which ripples with the water, or on the deep blue of the sky, is often ready to bound with speechless and unanalysed delight. Nor need adults any higher beauty to call forth the same feelings, though the scenery of some favoured spots may be appreciated by them with still keener zest. Thus, in short, to call forth the heart into admiration,

and prepare it for love, is the appropriate function of all natural beauty."¹

Highland life gives all this in a peculiar degree. And yet how few of those who are each year drawn northward by fashion, or by a commonplace love of much slaughter of birds, rise to any conception of what such life at its best may be. And here we find the real value of this book. Highland family life in its brightest aspects, with its varied and simple pleasures, was never more vividly sketched: and the fact that all this was so thoroughly appreciated and so truly valued by the first family in the land cannot fail to have a wide influence for good.

We have said that this life was thoroughly entered into. The very headings of the short chapters show this:—"A 'Drive' in the Balloch Buie," "A Beat in the Abergeldie Woods," "Salmon Leistering," "Loch Muich," "Ascent of Ben Muich Dhui,"—all these suggest scenes rich in natural beauty, and bright with freshness of enjoyment. To the great masters only has been given the charm which can declare to others the hidden glories of the world round about us; but happily very many have received the gift which reveals those glories to the possessor. To such as enjoy this boon, life among scenes of natural beauty is radiant with a light of its own. Such a light gave its richest colouring to life at Balmoral. There are no set descriptions of scenery in the volume; but almost every page shows a real feeling for nature—ever-present and deeply rooted—almost Wordsworthian. And it is not the "stock" things in Scotch scenery, those enjoying the noisiest popularity, which are here most appreciated. On the contrary, it is the "real severe Highland scenery," as that of Loch Muich, or the gloomy grandeur of Glen Ogle, where "we came to a small lake called, I think, Laragilly, amidst the wildest and finest scenery we yet had seen." And this love of nature is not merely a thing of expeditions, when people are, as it were, of set purpose to admire; it is of their every-day life, not awakened only when they go a-field, but always present—ever alive to the varying beauty of severe mountain scenery; never deaf to the "melodies of winds and woods and waters," never dull to the loveliness of a Highland sky, or to the lights that flicker on the side of a Highland hill. Besides this instinctive love of nature, the observation of the artist is constantly apparent. Thus, at Loch Muich, "I wish an artist could have been there to sketch the scene; it was so picturesque—the boat, the net, and the people in their kilts in the water, and on the shore." And even more noticeably at Loch Inch—"The light was lovely; *and some cattle were crossing a narrow strip of grass across the end of the loch nearest to*

¹ *The Soul*, p. 17.

us, which really made a charming picture." Nor should the sketches, which are only too few, pass without a word of notice. They are slight; but some of them strikingly good. The dead stag at page 142, "scratched on a bit of paper that Macdonald had in his pocket, which I put on a stone," has great force; a few lines give the outlines of the hills in the Kyles of Bute with really surprising truth; and perhaps best of all, in its vigour and freedom of touch, is the Prince's shooting encampment at Feithort. This last sketch suggests the part which sport took in the life at Balmoral. In the *Early Years of the Prince Consort*, we were told that the Prince, while fond of sport, was not engrossed by the mere love of destruction. We have here abundant corroboration of that remark. The Prince seems always to have enjoyed sport like a humane and reasonable gentleman, not thinking that its sole pleasure consists in what the Antiquary describes as "cracking off a birding-piece at a poor covey of partridges or moorfowl;" but fully appreciating the air, the scenery, the sociality—in fact all the "surroundings," which make sport in the Highlands the best of recreations. Nothing, to our minds, could be more suggestive of true enjoyment than the accounts we have here of expeditions, in which the ladies of the party accompany the guns, and which are directed both to purposes of sport and to exploring some neighbouring beauty of loch or hill.

What may be called the moral aspect of this Royal life in the Highlands is not less attractive than that of which we have been speaking. We get an insight into the relations of the Queen towards those round about her—both towards her tenantry and the servants of her household. This will undoubtedly be popular; but not, we hope and believe, because it will recommend itself to that ridiculous love of talking about their superiors so common among Englishmen. What is here told is told so simply and naturally, not as characteristic of or remarkable in Royalty; but as the reasonable and natural mode of life for good people with an honest wish to do their duty, and a frank desire thoroughly to enjoy the country, that we cannot but think it must appeal to something better within us than this most absurd propensity. Of how truly the duties of landlord in the special sense have been discharged, in improving the estate and ameliorating the condition of the tenantry, we have here no account; indeed such a matter was hardly within the scope of the journal. But, apart from any economic view of the landlord and tenant relation, surely Royalty was never more truly gracious than in those visits to the poor—the unaffected record of which we would gladly quote, but that it has been quoted so often. More remarkable still is the feeling shown by Her Majesty of the true

relation between masters and servants. The entire want, in most cases, of any real tie between the members of the same household, is one of our social sores which did not escape Mr. Thackeray:—

“ I do not sneer at the purpose for which, at the chiming eight o'clock bell, the household is called together. . . . I do not sneer at that,—at the act at which all these people are assembled,—it is at the rest of the day I marvel; at the rest of the day, and what it brings. At the very instant when the voice has ceased speaking, and the gilded book is shut, the world begins again, and for the next twenty-three hours and fifty-seven minutes, all that household is given up to it. The servile squad rises up and marches away to its basement, whence, should it happen to be a gala-day, those tall gentlemen, at present attired in Oxford mixture, will issue forth with flour plastered on their heads, yellow coats, pink breeches, sky-blue waistcoats, silver lace, buckles in their shoes, black silk bags on their backs, and I don't know what insane emblems of servility, and absurd bedizenments of folly. Their manner of speaking to what we call their masters and mistresses will be like a monstrous masquerade. You know no more of that race which inhabits the basement floor than of the men and brethren of Timbuctoo, to whom some among us send missionaries. If you meet some of your servants in the streets (I respectfully suppose for a moment that the reader is a person of high fashion, and a great establishment) you would not know their faces. You might sleep under the same roof for half a century and know nothing about them. If they were ill you would not visit them, though you would send them an apothecary, and of course, order that they lacked for nothing. You are not unkind; you are not worse than your neighbours. . . . But so it is; with those fellow-Christians who have just been saying Amen to your prayers, you have scarcely the community of charity. They come you don't know whence; they think and talk you don't know what; they die, and you don't care—or *vice versa*. They answer the bell for prayers, as they answer the bell for coals; for exactly three minutes in the day you all kneel together on one carpet,—and the desires and petitions of the servants and masters over, the rite called family worship is ended.”¹

Very different from this is the household of the Queen. It need not fear the test even of Mr. Thackeray's sarcasm. Kindly feeling towards every member of it; consideration for their personal comfort under all circumstances, even in the excitement of an expedition; careful knowledge of where they come from, of their relations, of all their “belongings,” appear in every page. No reader will refuse to accept cordially Mr. Helps' remark, that “perhaps there is no person in these realms who takes a more deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the household committed to his charge, than our gracious Queen does in hers, or who

¹ *Newcomes*, vol. i. p. 140.

feels more keenly what are the reciprocal duties of masters and servants." Akin to this is that appreciation of any attention shown to herself, which is perhaps the most remarkable trait of character illustrated in this volume. Her Majesty never seems to take anything for granted. The slightest services and courtesies, such as would be willingly rendered to any lady, and which to a Sovereign so loved and respected are things of the merest course, are never so regarded by her; but, on the contrary, always call forth some special expression of recognition and thanks. Mr. Helps has noticed this characteristic also, in language not at all too strong. After reading this volume, we recognise in the present occupant of the throne, more surely than we ever could before, the wise Sovereign, the considerate ruler of her household, the fond wife, the good mother, the accomplished lady, the cordial sympathizer with all ranks and conditions of her people.

The literary execution of the book is in keeping with the idea of it. There is no pretence, no attempt at book-making, no ambition of style: all is easy, natural, and graceful. There are, as we said before, few set descriptions; but often in a sentence a landscape is forcibly brought before the reader: and the scene of the welcome of the royal party at Taymouth, in particular, is represented with great vividness. As the Journal advances, we think (though this may be fancy) we can trace more freedom in the style; considerable humour, too, from time to time, in the adoption of Scotch phrases, and in recounting the various adventures of the "great expeditions." Nothing could be better than the accounts of these excursions—the idea of which, we are told, originated with the Prince. They are given with a freshness, an evident sense of enjoyment, a frank appreciation of the fun of the situation, which make the reader realize and enter into the spirit of it all very thoroughly. Above all, there are no stock reflections in the book; as Mr. Helps puts it, "the writer describes what she thinks and feels, rather than what she might be expected to think and feel."

Scott, as was to be supposed, is the interpreter most frequently referred to. But Clough, we are glad to say, is not neglected,—a writer who has entered more profoundly, we think, than any other into the spirit of Highland scenery. We have hitherto refrained from quoting at any length, because the whole book almost has been reproduced in the newspapers; but we cannot resist the following short passage, with *its* quotation:—

"After this we walked on for a beat quite round *Carrop*; and the view was glorious! A little shower of snow had fallen, but was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. The hills covered with snow, the golden birch-trees on the lower brown hills, and the bright afternoon sky,

were indescribably beautiful. The following lines¹ admirably portray what I then saw :—

‘ The gorgeous bright October,
Then when brakens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,
And amid russet of heather and fern, green trees are bonnie ;
Alders are green and oaks ; the rowan scarlet and yellow ;
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree,
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and ear-rings,
Cover her now, o’er and o’er ; she is weary, and scatters them from her.’

“ Oh ! how I gazed and gazed on God’s glorious works with a sad heart, from its being for the last time, and tried to carry the scene away, well implanted and fixed in my mind, for this effect with the snow we shall not often see again.”

Looking at this Journal critically, the undoubted popularity which it has won may at first sight excite surprise. It contains nothing in itself very original or very peculiar. The scenes described are well known ; the life depicted is not the life of a Court, but of an English family. But in this very fact will be found one cause of the book’s success. Familiarity of subject has an attractiveness not less than novelty. Every one must have felt the tendency to read and re-read on familiar themes in preference to adventuring on fresh woods and pastures new ; and so, too, seeing how others are affected by circumstances and places we are ourselves acquainted with is, in some frames of mind, a pleasure not less keen than to learn of strange scenes and societies. To this must be added also our interest in those who led this life, and in her who has recorded it. Nor can the severest censor with justice condemn such an interest : for loyalty at the present day is not servility, still less a vulgar looking up to the great. Few things are more remarkable in history than the change which has gradually come in the position of princes. In the beginnings of modern society, after the familiarity of feudalism had waned, Louis XI., scorner as he was of outward show, would not take a cup of water from Quentin Durward until he knew that the young adventurer was noble. The Queen of Great Britain, in modern times, wrapped in a plaid, is carried over a burn by two Highland gillies, and suffers no loss of royal dignity thereby. What a contrast between the two states of society ! Nay, there is a hardly less striking contrast between the etiquette of a Court like that of Louis XIV., or the stiff ceremonial of our own early Georges, and the Court life (so far as we see it all) of these pages. The change indeed has extended beyond Courts :—

“ I fancy that peculiar product of the past, the fine gentleman, has almost vanished off the face of the earth, and is disappearing like the

¹ *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.* By Arthur Hugh Clough.

beaver or the Red Indian. We can't have fine gentlemen any more, because we can't have the society in which they lived. The people will not obey; the parasites will not be as obsequious as formerly; children do not go down on their knees to beg their parents' blessing; chaplains do not say grace and retire before the pudding; servants do not say 'Your Honour' and 'Your Worship' at every moment; tradesmen do not stand hat in hand as the gentleman passes; authors do not wait for hours in gentlemen's anterooms with a fulsome dedication, for which they hope to get five guineas from his Lordship. In the days when there were fine gentlemen, Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George II.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank. Fancy Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston on their knees whilst the Sovereign was reading a despatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert said something civil."¹

The change has not been for the worse; it is in the direction of greater honesty and greater simplicity, and therefore of better breeding as well as of better morality. Nor has loyalty become weaker. It has but changed with the change in all other things. As an unreasoning sentiment it has passed away; as a rational conviction, based on respectful esteem and affectionate regard, it may now be as strong a feeling as it ever was.

We have heard it maintained as a great historical fact, that bad men, in the common judgment of the world, have always been the best kings. Thus Louis XI. was one of the wisest rulers France ever had; our own Richard III. gave promise to be the greatest even among the great Plantagenets. There is a certain truth in the seeming paradox. For there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the highest principles of personal morality can regulate wholly the transactions of States. But, true or untrue, the doctrine can only have application in those cases where the Sovereign actively controls the public policy. In our Constitution the duties directly devolving on the monarch are not of such a character. And, for this very reason, other functions assume a peculiar prominence. Foremost among these comes the function of giving the tone of society. To preserve, therefore, a pure standard of morality is a high regal duty, the discharge of which is not only a thing becoming in itself, but which surely tends to strengthen and uphold the monarchy. How much the monarchy of England, in this particular, owes to the Queen and the late Prince Albert, we can only guess, but our children may one day learn. For the most sanguine politician can hardly, we think, look far forward without some anxiety. Not long ago our great English orator,

¹ *The Four Georges*, p. 114.

ended one of his loftiest speeches with words of good hope :—
 “ I think I see, as it were above the hill-tops of time, the glimmering of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and the people that I love so well.”¹ We welcome the cheerful prophecy. Yet, ere the splendour of that day shall shine, we fear that many a storm will have swept over us. The present aspect of England does not speak of peace; her immediate future is not unclouded. No man living, we think, has a more anxious prospect before him than the heir-apparent. Should his task prove easier than it promises to be, he will owe this to the fact that the crown will descend to him strengthened and hallowed by the affectionate regard of the whole nation. It can rest on no surer foundation. An aristocracy never yet has proved, in time of need, a support to monarchy—save when the Prince has stooped to be the head of a faction of the oligarchy. This the first two Georges were; unavoidably perhaps, without doubt unwillingly. History will one day do justice to the efforts of George III. to raise himself from such subserviency, and to become the king of his people. With all his faults, and they were neither few nor small, he *did* become the king of his people; and not even his son could break that sceptre. His granddaughter, avoiding his many errors, again holds it; and long may it be hers. “ The heart of Britain still beats kindly for George III.,—not because he was wise or just, but because he was pure in life, honest in intent, and because, according to his lights, he worshipped Heaven. I think we acknowledge in the inheritrix of his sceptre a wiser rule and a life as honourable and pure; and I am sure the future painter of our manners will pay a willing allegiance to that good life, and be loyal to the memory of that unsullied virtue.” She has so worn the crown that it rests easy and secure on her brow; and therein has deserved the gratitude, not only of her descendants, but of all who believe monarchy to be good for England.

We have said that this volume is the natural supplement of the *Early Years of the Prince Consort*. We see how the happiness, the promise of which was there, came to be realized; how truly Prince Albert was the centre of the household. From the former volume we could in some measure understand how much he must have relieved her Majesty from the weight of her public duties, how severe must be the strain of those duties upon her now. Reading this volume, we can partially, and but partially, come to know what a desolation has been the loss of him who, in the simple words of the dedication, “ made the life of the writer bright and happy.” In a passage of the Journal, the feeling of which no reader can fail to note, the writer alludes to the death of the Duchess of Kent. A

¹ Mr. Bright's Speech at Glasgow, October 1866.

trivial incident recalls the recent loss, and the awakened grief finds expression in a single sentence: "It made me very sad, and filled my eyes with tears. In the midst of cheerfulness I feel so sad! But being out a great deal, and seeing new and fine scenery, does me good." Here is the true anodyne—not in gaiety or excitement, but in quiet, in mountain air, in the soothing influences of nature. May these in due time have their effect in healing the deeper sorrow which has to be borne now, and which, in so great a measure, must be borne *alone*. To a Sovereign the consolation of companionship is of necessity denied; but since the publication of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, and of this *Journal*, our Queen may feel more than ever assured that the best sympathies of a whole nation attend her sorrow. Few, we think, can have read unmoved the note at page 22, which arrests us in the midst of all the joy and splendour of the visit to Taymouth:—

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3d of October, from Dunkeld (incognita), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss Mac Gregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

"We got out, and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then, unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without deep emotion—on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then!

"I was very thankful to have seen it again.—1866."

We have heard rumours of a purpose to publish this book at a price which will bring it within the reach of the great body of the people. We sincerely trust that these rumours are well-founded. For it is not the language of exaggeration or flattery, but of simple truth, to say that its wide circulation is on all accounts to be desired. Nothing can be more unreal, nothing therefore more false in morals, than attempts unduly to disparage the dignity of money and the value of position. It is idle to deny that these things can add to the purest pleasures; if in nothing else, at least in this, that they keep away causes of disquiet. But they do more. Recognised position should increase independence, should brace the tone of the mind. And, as Lord Macaulay has observed, even the beauties of nature are more fully appreciated when they can be

explored with comfort, though without state, and with those appliances of wealth which make the enjoyment of them easy and secure. There is, however, but little danger that any attempts in this direction will be too successful. It will be long before men come to undervalue either money or position. They seldom look but at one side of the shield. And yet the other side shows a truth also; a truth, if less obvious, more important, and more conducive to our well-being. For, after making all due allowances, the fact remains certainly true, that the sources of the keenest and most enduring happiness are within the reach of most men. Laying aside extreme poverty or sudden calamity, with which the existence of happiness, despite all the wisdom of sages, is utterly incompatible, our best enjoyments are not dependent on wealth or grandeur. There are many sweet murmurs around us if we would only pause to hear. Independence, or the pursuit of it, domestic life, love of study, of art, of healthy physical enjoyment, appreciation of the external world; and, in a word, all mental pleasures of every kind, are, if we so will it, within our power. It is, as we have said, but a half truth to maintain that these are sufficient for happiness; but even as a half-truth, we do not fully recognise it. A persuasion of how much they can do for us will, more than aught else, give contentment—the healthiest, happiest, and rarest condition of the mind. It seems to us that the journal of the first lady in the land impresses this persuasion with peculiar power. In every page it is apparent that the keenest enjoyment comes from the simplest sources; and that, not from any force of contrast, but because such is the necessary result when our natures are truly attuned to life. And we see too, the sad aspect of the same teaching—not only how little rank and wealth can confer of pleasure, but how slight is their power to bring consolation. For all classes of society these lessons are good; but for none so much as those who, shut out, in a greater or less degree, from external pleasures, are prone to over-value them. Were it for this reason alone, the wider the circulation of this book the better for the community. But it will teach more than this. The value of goodness and truth and pure affection, will be more strikingly brought home to all, especially to certain classes, when enforced by such an example. And we hope the book will be made accessible to all, not only for the sake of the people, but for the sake of the Royal Family. For so will the virtues of our Sovereign be more widely known; so will the Throne be strengthened in the affection of the whole nation; so will the memory of “Albert the Good” be kept green in the heart of that great community whose best interests we now know to have been his constant care.

ART. VIII.—THE ATOMIC THEORY OF LUCRETIVS.

"I know not whether this inquiry I speak of concerning the first condition of seeds or atoms be not the most useful of all."—BACON.

THE popular conception of any philosophical doctrine is necessarily imperfect, and very generally unjust. Lucretius is often alluded to as an atheistical writer, who held the silly opinion that the universe was the result of a fortuitous concourse of atoms; readers are asked to consider how long letters must be shaken in a bag before a complete annotated edition of Shakespeare could result from the process; and after being reminded how much more complex the universe is than the works of Shakespeare, they are expected to hold Lucretius, with his teachers and his followers, in derision. A nickname which sticks has generally some truth in it, and so has the above view, but it would be unjust to form our judgment of a man from his nickname alone, and we may profitably consider what the real tenets of Lucretius were, especially now that men of science are beginning, after a long pause in the inquiry, once more eagerly to attempt some explanation of the ultimate constitution of matter.

This problem, a favourite one with many great men, has come to be looked upon by most persons as insoluble; nay, the attempt to solve it is sometimes treated as impious; but knowing that all the phenomena of light are explained by particular motions of a medium constituted according to simple laws, and so perfectly explained that the exact motions corresponding to all the colours of the spectrum, with their modifications due to reflection, refraction, and polarization, can be defined in form, speed, and magnitude,—knowing this, we may reasonably expect that the other complex attributes of inorganic matter may be deduced from some simple theory, involving only as an assumption the existence of some original material possessing properties far less complex than those of the gross matter apparent to our senses. It is only in this sense that we can hope ever to understand the ultimate constitution of matter; but as the undulatory theory of light has both suggested the discovery of new facts, and has connected all known facts concerning light into one intelligible series of logical deductions, so any true theory of the constitution of matter would suggest new inquiries, and would group the apparently disjointed fragments of knowledge, now called the various branches of science, into one intelligible whole. To frame some such theory as this was the first aim of Greek philosophers, and to establish the true theory will be the greatest triumph of modern science. Of all the

subtle guesses made by the Greeks at this enigma, one only, we think, has been fruitful, and that the one expounded by Lucretius, but learnt by him from Epicurus, who in his turn seems to have derived his most valuable conceptions from Democritus and Leucippus. As, however, we possess fragments only of these earlier writers, it is convenient to speak of the theory as that of Lucretius, though he seems to have been simply the eloquent and clear expounder of a doctrine wholly invented by others.

Before explaining how far the views of Lucretius are still held by naturalists, and how far they contain the germs of many modern theories, we must endeavour to give a clear account of what his views really were, in which attempt we shall be much aided by the admirable edition and translation of his works by Mr. Munro.¹

The principles of the atomic theory are all contained in the first two books; attention being generally called in the original to each new proposition by a "*nunc age*," or some such expression. Lucretius begins by stating that "nothing is ever begotten of nothing." To this principle, which is assumed as true in all physical treatises of the present day, he unnecessarily adds, that this is not done even by divine power, about which he could know nothing. Lucretius felt little reverence for the Pagan divinities, and states this principle so roundly as at first to shock our feelings; but if we limit the application of the principle to matter once created, and such as we can observe, his principle is true, and invariably acted upon. Not even by divine power is matter now created out of nothing—nor does any effect happen without what we call a natural cause. Lucretius seizes the opportunity of stating that men think things are done by divine power because they do not understand how they happen, whereas he will show how all things are done without the hand of the gods—a bold proposition truly, but one which, translated into modern language, means simply that natural phenomena are subject to definite laws, and are not unintelligible miracles. Lucretius fails to perceive that definite physical laws are consistent with the work of God; and the difficulty of reconciling the two ideas, unreal as it seems to us, has been felt by able men even now-a-days, when the conception of divine power is very different from any present to the mind of Lucretius. To most of us the very conception of a law suggests a lawgiver, while he, to prove the existence of laws, thought it necessary to deny the action of beings who could set those laws at nought. The demonstration

¹ *T. Lucreti Cari De Rerum Natura, Libri sex.* With Notes and a Translation, by H. A. J. Munro, M.A. Second Edit. 1866. 2 vols. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

which he gives of his first principle is loose, and goes rather to establish the fact that natural phenomena occur according to definite rules than to prove that no matter is created out of nothing, except in so far as this creation would, he thinks, disturb the order of nature. This first principle, as to the creation of matter, cannot indeed be otherwise than loosely stated by Lucretius, for no definition is given of what should measure the quantity of matter,¹ and until we have defined how this quantity is to be measured, we cannot experimentally determine whether matter is being created or not. But Lucretius meant his proposition to include the statement that nothing happens without a cause, and without a material cause, and his proof of this is precisely that which we should still adduce, being the perfect regularity with which in nature similar effects follow similar causes.

The next proposition is, that "nothing is ever annihilated, but simply dissolved into its first bodies," or, as we should say, components. This statement is complementary to the first. Together, the two propositions affirm that constancy in the total quantity of matter which is a commonplace truth now, but which to Lucretius must have been unsupported by any rigorous proof. His own arguments in support of the law go no further than to show that we have no proof of the destruction of any portion of matter. He shows that rain when it falls is not lost, but produces leaves and trees, that "by them in turn our race and the race of wild beasts is fed;" but he makes no effort to measure accurately the quantity of matter apparently disappearing, but reappearing in the new form, and without that measurement his proposition could not be rigorously proved; moreover, in the mind of Lucretius, the indestructibility referred to all kinds of causes, so that, to make our proposition co-extensive with his, we must interpret it to mean that matter is indestructible, and that no cause fails to produce an equivalent effect, though Lucretius probably did not conceive these two parts of his proposition separate one from the other.

Occasion is taken at this point to state that the components into which bodies are resolved, or out of which they are built, may be invisible. The third distinct proposition states that "all things are not on all sides jammed together and kept in by body: there is also void in things." Lucretius thought that, in order to explain the properties of matter, it was absolutely necessary to admit the existence of vacuum, or empty space containing nothing whatever. If there were not void, he says, things could not move at all! And it does seem, at first sight, that in a universe absolutely full, like a barrel full of herrings,

¹ Afterwards, l. 360, the quantity of body is assumed as proportional to weight.

so shaped as to leave not a cranny between them, no motion whatever would be possible; but reflection shows us that what is called re-entering motion is possible, even under those circumstances, provided we do not suppose our fish to stick to one another; there may be an eddy in which the fish swim round and round one after the other, without leaving any vacant space between them or on either side, and yet without enlarging, diminishing, or disturbing the barrel as they move.¹ Lucretius either failed to perceive this, or declined to admit the possibility that all the movements of gross matter could be of this class; but he has another argument in favour of a vacuum: "Why do we see one thing surpass another in weight, though not larger in size?" How can things be of various densities unless we admit empty pores in bodies? His proof is insufficient; but here again modern research has confirmed his conclusion, so far as it affects gross matter only, and Lucretius conceived no other. His explanation of varying density is that which is universally received and taught, and even the modern disbelievers in a vacuum do not deny that some space may be unoccupied by gross matter, but simply affirm, on grounds to be hereafter stated, that all space is full of something, though not of ponderable matter. In support of his proposition, Lucretius points to the pores found in all bodies, and uses the following ingenious though fallacious argument to prove a vacuum:—"If two broad bodies after contact quickly spring asunder, the air must surely fill all the void which is formed between the bodies. Well, however rapidly it stream together with swift circling currents, yet the whole space will not be able to be filled up in one moment; for it must occupy first one spot, and then another, until the whole is taken up;" therefore in the middle a void must have existed for a sensible time.

We are next informed by our author that matter exists, or, in the language of Lucretius, "all nature then, as it exists by itself, has been founded on two things: there are bodies, and there is void in which these bodies are placed, and through which they move about." In his first and second propositions, Lucretius uses the word thing, *res*, which, as we have already explained, comprehended all kinds of things, such as matter, force, motion, thought, life, etc. He now states the existence of matter, and few will be disposed to contradict him; indeed, he appeals to the general feeling of mankind in proof of his assumption. Unless you grant this, he says, "there will be nothing to which we can appeal to prove anything by reasoning."

Lucretius now affirms that nothing exists but matter and void, or, as put in Mr. Munro's translation, "there is nothing which you can affirm to be at once separate from all body and quite

¹ A homogeneous plenum may also be conceived as compressible.

distinct from void, which would, so to speak, count as the discovery of a third nature." Here at last we reach debateable ground. Lucretius hardly adduces a single argument in support of this proposition, contenting himself with showing, first, that no tangible thing but matter exists,—a mere begging the question; and, secondly, that properties and accidents are not entities distinct from matter,—which is true, but little to the point. As examples of properties, he gives weight, heat, fluidity; as examples of accidents, poverty, riches, liberty, etc. Time, he says, exists not by itself, but simply from the things which happen; actions do not exist by themselves, but may be fairly called accidents of matter, and of the space in which they severally go on. Even if all this be granted, we shall not necessarily concede that matter and void have alone a separate existence; but we must not complain that Lucretius does not support his proposition more strongly at this point, for indeed his six books form one long argument in support of his proposition. Lucretius undertakes to show that every fact in the world can be explained by the properties of matter, and that matter itself may be conceived as possessed of but a very few simple properties, from the construction of which the complex facts we see may follow. Of course he fails to do this, but if the proposition be restricted to what are called physical phenomena, it becomes, if not certainly true, nevertheless an hypothesis well worthy of consideration, and not yet proved false. Lucretius admits no subtle ethers, no variety of elements with fiery, watery, light, heavy principles; he does not suppose light to be one thing, fire another,—electricity a fluid, magnetism a vital principle,—but treats all phenomena as mere properties or accidents of simple matter, and produced in simple ways; but to understand what he meant by matter, or "bodies," we must pass on.

The next proposition of Lucretius describes the composition of matter as we perceive it. Bodies are either atoms, or compounded of atoms and void, or, more at length, they "are partly first beginnings of things, partly those which are formed of a union of first beginnings." The words which Mr. Munro here translates as "first beginnings of things" describe the Lucretian atoms; Lucretius does not use the word *atoms*, but calls these "*primordia*," or "*seminarum*." These atoms are necessarily solid, or they could not mark off void space from full. They cannot be broken, because they have no void within them to admit a cutting body, or wet or cold or fire, therefore they must be everlasting and indestructible. Lucretius, too, is so persuaded of the great wear and tear that is going on, that he remarks, if atoms had not been indestructible, everything would have been destroyed by this time. The constancy of all phenomena is a very good

argument in favour of the indivisible atom, for unless the component parts of a machine are unchanged, how can the results produced be constant? unless there be really something indestructible and indivisible in sodium, how can it happen that every little fragment shall retain every physical property of sodium, so that, for instance, when glowing with heat, it shall continually, as it were, ring out the same notes of light, imparting such vibrations to our eye as paint the well-known double yellow line? If we could divide the little bodies which, vibrating at those special speeds prove sodium to be glowing in the flame, they would no more vibrate at those speeds than a cut violin-string would give out the true note to which it had been tuned. By such division sodium would be destroyed; whatever might be the result, the body named sodium would exist no longer; but as yet no man has been able thus to divide the sodium atom, and no one expects that bodies will ever be decomposed into elements simpler than such as would ring out a single note, a single line in the spectrum. In other words, all men of science believe, consciously or not, in atoms indivisible and imperishable. Lucretius certainly knew nothing of spectrum analysis, nor of the law owing to which chemical compounds have forced an atomic theory into daily language; but the arguments drawn from these sources are simply special applications of his general theorem; if matter really obeys definite unchangeable laws, the ultimate materials employed to make matter must themselves be definite and unchangeable. Newton's exposition of this argument, quoted by Mr. Munro to illustrate our author, is admirably clear:—

“While the particles continue entire they may compose bodies of one and the same nature and texture in all ages; but should they wear away or break in pieces, the nature of things depending on them would be changed. Water and earth composed of old worn-out particles would not be of the same nature and texture now with water and earth composed of entire particles in the beginning. And, therefore, that nature may be lasting, the changes of corporeal things are to be placed only in various separations and new associations and motions of these permanent particles, compound bodies being apt to break, not in the midst of solid particles, but where those particles are laid together and only touch in a few points.”

We confess that these arguments seem to us unanswerable, as proving the existence of some inalterable basis of matter. Lucretius described his atoms as small, but not infinitely small, nay, having parts, yet “strong in everlasting singleness,” impenetrably hard, indivisible, unalterable, eternal.

Having reached his atom, before proceeding with the consequences of his assumption, Lucretius pauses to demolish rival theorists, but though he does this very well, we prefer to follow

out his own propositions in their natural order, remarking, however, that the next proposition occurs incidentally, as it were, while refuting his antagonists, and is to the effect that the differences between all bodies may be accounted for by the different arrangement of the atoms, and the different way in which they move, or, more literally, "the motions which they mutually impart and receive." Lucretius conceived matter as formed by atoms in continual motion, rebounding as it were from one another. His conception is most remarkable, as being very far removed from the impression produced by inert matter on our own senses, and yet almost indisputably true. Arguments drawn from the laws of the elasticity of gases and from the diffusion of fluids go far to prove the proposition. The former laws may be deduced from the assumption of atoms rebounding in a void; and it is hard to conceive why different fluids or liquids should mix with extraordinary rapidity whenever placed in contact one with its neighbour, unless molecules were continually fluttering as it were, at the limits of each fluid, restrained only from continuing their course by the opposition of other atoms. If these arguments seem insufficient, we may refer to the conception of heat as a mode of motion. If heat be a mode of motion of gross matter, then, as all bodies are more or less hot, the molecules of all bodies will be moving with more or less speed,—precisely what Lucretius taught. Lucretius was led to his conception by considerations very analogous to those which lead us to consider heat and other forms of energy as modes of motion. Probably the reason why he does not state this seventh proposition as a dogma by itself, is, that the proof could not as yet be given; but in discussing rival doctrines he is led to anticipate his own views.

He proceeds to assert that there is no limit to space, nor yet to the total quantity of matter; but these are rather metaphysical than physical questions, although he seems to think that, unless infinite space were full of matter, the universe could not hold together, for he will not hear of gravitation, by which "all things press to the centre of the sun." He is almost comically unfortunate in denouncing the idea, that heavy bodies which are beneath the earth shall press upwards, or that living things walk head downwards, and that when these see the sun we behold the stars of night; but although it is very interesting to observe that these doctrines were then held, we will examine only the propositions strictly necessary for his theory of matter, passing over also his assertion that atoms were not arranged by design, until we examine how he himself conceived that they were arranged. This explanation is given in the Second Book, containing what we should term the Kinetic branch of his theory, or, to use his own language, he next explains "by what

motion the begetting bodies of matter do beget different things, and, after they are begotten, again break them up, and by what they are compelled so to do." The book opens with the proposition that matter does not "cohere inseparably massed together;" it does not stick together as a mere inert mass. Lucretius infers this from the continual change which we perceive, and by which all things wax and wane, although the sum remains constant.

A modern physical treatise would attribute these changes to chemical affinity, heat, gravitation, etc., or possibly, in more general terms, to the various forms of what we term Energy. Lucretius can only suppose this energy to be represented by atoms in motion; and if this be not universally true, it is probably true for many cases. This perpetual motion of the atoms is next reasserted as a distinct proposition. "No atom," he says, "can ever stop, giving up its motion to its neighbour." At first sight, nothing can be more contrary to our ideas of the laws of motion. We repeatedly see a ball strike another, and set it in motion, remaining itself apparently quiescent after the blow; but nevertheless it is quite impossible that the relative motion of two perfectly hard elastic bodies, such as Lucretius imagined, can ever be altered by knocking one against the other. Motion is essentially relative; we only know that a body moves by observing that it changes its position relatively to another. When, therefore, treating of two isolated bodies only, we need only speak of their relative velocity. The motion of the centre of gravity of any system of bodies remains quite unaffected by their collision one with another, and, in considering our two isolated atoms, we may as well, for simplicity's sake, assume the motion of their joint centre of gravity to be *nil*, though this is not necessary to our argument. Moreover, it is found that a certain quantity, sometimes called *vis viva*, sometimes the kinetic energy of the system, is also constant after and before any collision. This quantity is proportional for each body to the mass of the body, and to the square of its velocity. It must be remembered that we are now speaking of two simple bodies which have only the properties of hardness and elasticity, not being compressible, hot, or susceptible of vibration, so that the transformation of energy due to motion into other forms of energy such as heat is excluded by hypothesis.

Now, in the case of two such bodies striking one another, since their mass will not change, it is impossible that this quantity should remain constant unless each body kept its own velocity. The one cannot hand over a part of its velocity to the other, for in that case the centre of gravity of the system would acquire motion. The velocity of the two cannot in-

crease or decrease simultaneously, or the *vis viva* of the system would alter, so the bodies have no choice but to bound back or to glance aside with their original velocity. In the latter case a spinning motion might represent the *vis viva*, but this would not be rest. If it be asked how it is that we do see the relative motion of bodies alter after striking one another, we answer that heat and other forms of energy have been found equivalent to *vis viva*, which may therefore pass into these forms, and so allow a change in the relative velocities of bodies. Had Lucretius known this he would have answered, that heat can only be equivalent to *vis viva* inasmuch as it substitutes the motion of small parts for the motion of the whole;—this being the very answer given by Leibnitz to the above objection, urged as fatal to the doctrine of *vis viva* which he had enounced.

It may be seen that our two bodies need not continue to move in straight lines after striking; they may glance off, so as to spin round. The *vis viva*, or energy, will be perfectly represented by the velocity of the rotating masses, and the centre of gravity may remain undisturbed. When two actual bodies strike and come to rest, it is probable that their atoms do acquire some periodic motion, such as spinning, which motion produces the appearance of heat, but is on so small a scale as to be otherwise invisible to our senses. When we consider the collision of a multitude of bodies, innumerable changes may take place in their relative velocities without violating the two principles, that the motion of the centre of gravity and the energy of the system shall both remain unchanged. Among these combinations some will admit of one or more parts of the system coming wholly to rest, contrary to Lucretius's views, but the following consideration shows that it is difficult to see how this would be brought about if we adhered strictly to his assumption, that the motion of a hard mass is the sole form of energy. He almost unconsciously, and certainly without any express statement, assumes elasticity as a property of his atoms, which he describes as rebounding one from another; but, reverting to our two hard bodies, if they do strike and rebound they must gradually slacken speed, stop for an inconceivably short time, and then gradually resume their pace in an opposite direction, so that, if they rebound, they must stop and pass through all speeds intermediate between zero and their original velocity; so that if we admit no form of energy but a hard mass in motion, we must conclude that no two bodies ever could strike one another, and yet, as neither we nor Lucretius have assumed anything to keep them apart, we find ourselves in a droll dilemma, which seems to prove the impossibility of the existence of a universe contain-

ing simple hard atoms in motion. We moderns jump out of the difficulty at once by saying that the hard bodies are elastic, and elasticity is a form of energy, so that the energy or *vis viva* which at one time was represented by the body in motion, is at another time represented by the potential energy of elasticity. Lucretius would have shaken his head at this explanation, and would have much preferred the theory just started by Sir William Thomson, and long since vaguely suggested by Hobbes, that the elasticity of atoms may be due to the motion of their parts,—a proposition exemplified by one smoke-ring bounding away from another in virtue of the relative motions of their parts, these not being necessarily themselves elastic. The energy of the molecule at that point where it strikes its neighbour and changes velocity is on this theory transferred to another part of the molecule which moves faster as the first part moves more slowly. If the molecules of gross matter are made up of atoms in rapid motion, as Lucretius believed, or of a portion of whirling fluid, as Sir William Thomson suggests, and if elasticity itself be only a secondary property, not possessed by the *primordia rerum* at all, then the proposition that a molecule never can come to rest is undoubtedly true;—such rest would be equivalent to the destruction of matter. Lucretius could not have proved this, nor even have understood the proof. He did not know the laws of motion even of two elastic bodies, but it is singular to find modern science returning to the never-ending motion of the old Greek atom.

The next proposition of our author explains the varying density of bodies. He says that the greater or less density of bodies depends on the smaller or greater distance to which the atoms in each continue to rebound after striking one another. They never stop striking and rebounding; they are in perpetual motion, tossed about by blows. Mr. Munro's translation fails, it seems to us, to convey this view, reading as though the atoms struck, rebounded and remained quiet afterwards, hooked as it were together; but Lucretius, in many passages describes the never-ending restlessness of his atoms, tossed like motes in a sunbeam, which he describes to illustrate the motion of the atoms in void. This explanation of the varying density of matter is still commonly received, and will be found in all popular text-books; the density of the ultimate particles of gravitating matter is very generally assumed to be the same, the greater or less density of gross matter being supposed due to empty pores, of greater or smaller magnitude, separating the molecules. At first sight it is very difficult to see how any other explanation of varying density can be given, since we find that by compression we actually can increase the

density of bodies without altering their weight or mass in any way. Now, unless there were a void space separating the molecules, where can these go to when squeezed? Most men¹ will find a difficulty in conceiving that space absolutely full of matter, soft or hard, can be made to hold more; but the same space does hold sometimes more and sometimes less gross matter, so that in the latter case it cannot be quite full, or, in other words, the body it contains is composed in part of empty pores. The proof is incomplete, and, if molecules be formed by the motion of a fluid, greater density may possibly be due to a modification in the motion of molecules, and not only to the greater frequency of the eddying molecules in a given space.

Lucretius next points out that his atoms must move very rapidly. In vacuum atoms travel faster than light. His proof of this is extremely vague. He says the light and the heat of the sun (which he calls "vapours") are forced to travel slowly, cleaving the waves of air, and several minute bodies of the heat (vapour) are entangled together and impede one another, but atoms of solid singleness can go ahead wholly unimpeded in a vacuum—not a very satisfactory proof. The idea running in the mind of the writer seems to have been that any matter moving in a medium would be impeded by friction, and therefore necessarily move more slowly than a free atom moving in a void; he may also have felt that, if all the power of the universe depended on the motion of exceedingly small particles, it was necessary to suppose them endowed with great velocity; but we do not find this argument used, although it has led the modern believers in atoms to the conviction that if their motion does represent energy, their velocity must be enormous. Lucretius would be glad to know that Herapath, Joule, Krönig, Clausius, and Clerk Maxwell have been able to calculate it; $\frac{1}{400000}$ inch is the distance named by Maxwell.

The nature of the original motion of atoms is next defined. Atoms which have not struck one another move in straight parallel lines, sheer downwards; gravitation is the evidence of this. An infinite number of atoms eternally pour from infinite space above to infinite space below with enormous velocity. This velocity is conceived as the explanation of the power or energy of the universe. Gravitation thus understood was a property of all matter. The apparent exceptions are correctly explained by Lucretius. The idea of his eternal infinite rain of atoms is enough to turn one giddy; it can be best discussed after we have stated the next most singular proposition. The atoms, at quite uncertain times and uncertain places, swerve a

¹ Sir William Thomson and Professor Tait find no difficulty in this conception.

very little from the straight line, then they strike, and from their clashing, matter and all natural phenomena are produced. As Mr. Munro translates it, "When bodies are borne downwards sheer through void at quite uncertain times and uncertain points of space, they swerve a little from their equal poise, you just and only just can call it a change of inclination. If they were not used to swerve, they would all fall down like drops of rain through the deep void, and no clashing would have been begotten nor blow produced among the first beginnings ; thus nature never would have produced aught."

Most people will think nature would not have produced much had she started in this way, and they are probably right ; this is the head and front of our philosopher's offending, and, indeed, there is not much to be said in his defence. Let us, nevertheless, in spite of the ridicule which from Cicero's time downwards has been heaped on this unhappy doctrine of the "Declination of Atoms," try to enter into the mind of Lucretius, and to understand what he sought for and thought he had found. As already said, he sought for power in the velocity of the atoms, power which, deflected hither and thither by obstacles of all kinds, should be the origin of every motion, every force observed on earth. Gravitation in its apparent action seemed to show a universal tendency in one direction ; this, then, he claimed as an inherent property of his atoms,—a claim no broader than the claim made by Newton, that every atom of matter should attract all other atoms at whatever distance they might be—and at first sight much more conceivable ; at first sight only, for, indeed, atoms pouring onward, as imagined by our author, could be no source of power. Motion in mechanics has no meaning except as denoting a change of relative position ; all atoms moving, as Lucretius fancied, at one speed, and in parallel lines, would relatively to one another have been in perfect rest. A bag of marbles in a railway train could not be employed as a source of energy in the train ; they lie at rest ; and it is only when brought into collision with something moving at a different pace from the train that they can develop any power, which may then be considerable. But more than this : How are we to conceive direction in space except relatively to something ?—what is up and what is down in space ? If it be answered, The place atoms come from is up above us, we answer, How, when all atoms are all one relatively to one another in a perfectly similar position, are we poor atoms to know that they are coming from anywhere ? So far as we can see, an absolute motion in space is devoid of all meaning. We must conceive a shape or position for space before we can conceive of motion relatively to space, and as we are at perfect

liberty to conceive any shape or position, or none at all, it follows that absolute motion in space is anything you please, that is to say, a mere fancy. Lucretius unconsciously assumed the world as his basis by which to measure direction and velocity. The direction in which things fall on the earth was sheer down in void; but really his assumption was meaningless, or, at least, explained in no way the power or force which he wished to explain. Not so, by the way, the older conception of Democritus, who thought atoms moved in all directions freely and indifferently;—a universe so constituted originally might at least contain all the energy we require. One atom would then exert its force on another, but the Lucretian atoms would have remained in profound stillness, except for that occasional swerve at quite uncertain times and places, the cause of which he leaves wholly unaccounted for. This swerving seems but a silly fancy, and yet consider this:—It is a principle of mechanics that a force acting at right angles to the direction in which a body is moving does no work, although it may continually and continuously alter the direction in which the body moves. No power, no energy, is required to deflect a bullet from its path, provided the deflecting force acts always at right angles to that path—an apparent paradox, which is, nevertheless, quite true and familiar to the engineer. It is clear to us that Epicurus, when he devised his doctrine of a little swerving from the straight path of an atom, had an imperfect perception of this mechanical doctrine; a little swerving would bring his atoms into contact, and a modern mechanic would tell him you require no power to make them swerve. With what triumph Epicurus, and Lucretius his scholar, would have hailed the demonstration; but, alas! their triumph would have been short-lived; they would soon have perceived that their atoms were described as in deadly stillness,—a death from which no life could spring, a rest from which they could never swerve until inspired with power from a source of life. Still we can see that their conception was not stupid, it was simply false, as all physical explanations of the origin of energy and matter must be. There is little to be said for the further conception that matter with its present properties would result from the mere accidental clashing of atoms; this one doctrine of Lucretius is so well known and so little valued, that we will waste no further time on it, merely pointing out that the worthlessness of these ideas as an explanation of the origin of things does not impair the value of the conception of moving atoms as the constituent parts of gross matter as it exists.

The motive for devising the curious doctrine that atoms might swerve now and then from the straight path without being

acted upon by other atoms, was, as Mr. Munro observes, undoubtedly the desire to devise an explanation of Free-will. Lucretius believed in free-will. If you believe in free-will and in atoms, you have two courses open to you. The first alternative may be put as follows: Something which is not atoms must be allowed an existence, and must be supposed capable of acting on the atoms. The atoms may, as Democritus believed, build up a huge mechanical structure, each wheel of which drives its neighbour in one long inevitable sequence of causation; but you may assume that beyond this ever-grinding wheelwork there exists a power not subject to but partly master of the machine; you may believe that man possesses such a power, and if so, no better conception of the manner of its action could be devised than the idea of its deflecting the atoms in their onward path to the right or left of that line in which they would naturally move. The will, if it so acted, would add nothing sensible to nor take anything sensible from the energy of the universe. The modern believer in free-will will probably adopt this view, which is certainly consistent with observation, although not proved by it. Such a power of moulding circumstances, of turning the torrent to the right, where it shall fertilize, or to the left, where it shall overwhelm, but in nowise of arresting the torrent, adding nothing to it, taking nothing from it,—such is precisely the apparent action of man's will; and though we must allow that possibly the deflecting action does but result from some smaller subtler stream of circumstance, yet if we may trust to our direct perception of free-will, the above theory, involving a power in man beyond that of atoms, would probably be our choice. Lucretius chose the second alternative as an exit from the difficulty: Atoms with strict causation did exist, and free-will too. We will then grant free-will to atoms, one and all, not in perpetual exercise, but at quite uncertain times. The idea is startling, but not illogical, and the form in which atoms are supposed to exercise their free-will is quite unexceptionable. We cannot but admire the audacity of the man who, called upon to grant free-will as a *tertium quid*, either to man or to atoms, chooses the atoms without a qualm. We do not agree with him, because observation has detected no such action on the part of atoms, or the constituents of matter.

We cannot hope that natural science will ever lend the least assistance towards answering the Free-will and Necessity question. The doctrines of the indestructibility of matter and of the conservation of energy seem at first sight to help the Necessitarians, for they might argue that if free-will acts it must add something to or take something from the physical universe, and

if experiment shows that nothing of the kind occurs, away goes free-will; but this argument is worthless, for if mind or will simply deflects matter as it moves, it may produce all the consequences claimed by the Wilful school, and yet it will neither add energy nor matter to the universe. Lucretius thought atoms acted thus; we do not, because we observe no action of the kind in matter, but, on the contrary, strict causation or sequence of phenomena. Whether what we call mind act so or not must also be a matter of observation, but as people have not been able to agree as to the results of observation about free-will made during a great many centuries, we fear the path of observation will lead us no further than we have already come.

We beg pardon for this little digression, which was really necessary to the understanding of our author's physical theory. Lucretius proceeds to state that atoms have always moved and always will move with the same velocity, or, as translated by Mr. Munro, "The bodies of the first beginnings in time gone by moved in the same way in which they now move, and will ever hereafter be borne along in like manner, and the things which have been wont to be begotten, will be begotten after the same law," for there is nothing "extra," nothing outside and beyond the atoms which can either add to or take away from what we should call the energy of the universe. This proposition foreshadows the doctrine of conservation of energy. It is coupled with the assertion that the sum of matter was never denser or rarer than it now is, a proposition which we may admit, in the sense that the mean density of the universe is constant, but the connexion of this proposition with what may be called the constancy of the total amount of motion in the universe escapes us. But it is clear, in all his work, that Lucretius conceived two things as quite constant: atoms were neither created nor destroyed, and their motion could neither be created nor destroyed. He believed that each atom kept its velocity unaltered. The modern doctrine is that the total energy of the universe is constant, but may be variously distributed, and is possibly due to motion alone ultimately, though this last point has not been yet proved. Many a fierce battle has been waged over the question, whether what was called the "quantity of motion" in the universe was constant. Newton, with perfect accuracy, declared that it was not, defining the quantity of motion in a body as the product of mass and velocity. Leibnitz declared that it was constant, defining the quantity of motion as the product of the mass and the square of its velocity, but observing that when apparently the quantity of motion diminished, it was simply transferred to the molecules of the body, so as to escape our observation as motion. Davy and Joule have

proved him right in some cases, and shown that our senses still detect the motion as heat. It is conceivable, but not yet proved, that Leibnitz may be right in all cases, and that what we call the potential energy of gravitation, elasticity, etc., may really be due to the motion either of the atoms of gross matter, or of their constituent parts. If matter in motion be conceived as the sole ultimate form of energy, Leibnitz's proposition is absolutely true, and Lucretius must be allowed great merit in having taught that the motion of matter was as indestructible as its material existence, although he knew neither the laws of momentum nor of *vis viva*. If energy, as he believed, be due solely to motion, then his doctrine is true.

It is unnecessary further to state our author's theory in distinct propositions. He proceeds to explain the necessary properties of atoms. It is not odd, he says, that though they are in continual motion, their sum (*i.e.*, gross matter) seems to rest in supreme repose. Atoms are too minute to be perceived; their forms, he says, are various, but the number of these forms are finite. This doctrine corresponds to the modern idea of simple or elementary chemical substances, each with its special atom, but limited in number. There are, he thinks, an infinite number of similar atoms. Infinite or not, the chemical theory requires that there shall be a great many similar atoms, but nothing, thought Lucretius, is formed of simple atoms; all bodies, however minute, are compounds. Atoms have no colour, nor are they hot or cold in themselves; they have neither sound, scent, nor moisture as properties. All these properties Lucretius believed to be dependent on the shape, motion, and relative position of his atoms, but he makes only the most feeble attempt to explain how these various properties can be thus conferred, nor could this be done with the slightest hope of success until the laws of these properties had been established by long series of experiments. Something may now be done in this direction, but it remains to be done, with one exception. The motions producing the phenomenon of light are known, but we do not know what moves.

Of course, Lucretius believed organic bodies to be made of atoms, and atoms only. Sentient beings, he thought, did not require to be built up of sentient materials; but we need not discuss this conclusion, which follows of course from his assumption that nothing but atoms and void exists, a mere assumption, until the manner how atoms can build sentient beings be discovered. He determines in favour of a plurality of worlds, for what has chanced to happen here must certainly have chanced to happen elsewhere.

The Second Book concludes by a contrast between the miser-

able inefficiency of the gods, who pass a calm time in tranquil peace, and the mighty power of the infinite sum of clashing atoms, now building up new worlds, now slowly but inevitably crumbling heaven and earth to dust by the unceasing aggression of their never-ending flood.

He thinks Memmius his friend ought to be very glad when this conclusion is reached, and if fine poetry could please Memmius he probably enjoyed the peroration; otherwise it is doubtful how far looking upon himself as a curious and complicated result of the accidental collision of little bits of hard stuff is calculated to make a man cheerful.

We do not propose to follow Lucretius further. The applications which he makes of his theory are no doubt curious and amusing, but they contain little that is true, while any criticism of them would lead us to consider the whole field of physical research; nor do they add much to the clearness of his doctrine as to the constitution of matter. Let us rather reconsider what that doctrine was, and what merit it can claim. We shall find that almost all the propositions which refer simply to the constitution of matter are worthy of the highest admiration, as either certainly true, or as foreshadowing in a remarkable way doctrines since held by most eminent naturalists. Confine the following statements to matter as we can observe it, to physical science in fact, and they form a basis which even now would require but little modification to be acceptable to a modern student of physics.

Nothing is made out of nothing, nor can anything perish; both matter and vacuum have a real existence, and gross matter, such as we perceive, contains absolutely solid particles separated by empty spaces. The absolutely solid particles are atoms. These are impenetrable, hard, indivisible, indestructible. These atoms are in continual motion, and the difference between various bodies consists, first, in the difference of the shapes of original atoms, and, secondly, in their arrangement and their motion. The velocity with which atoms move is exceedingly great, and their motion is indestructible; it can neither increase nor diminish. This motion escapes our senses only because atoms are very small. But they are not infinitely small. Atoms have no colour, nor are they of themselves hot, cold, noisy, moist, coloured, or scented. These properties are given by motion, shape, and arrangement. We shall better understand the extraordinary merit and good sense of these propositions after considering some rival theories.

Where Lucretius breaks down is in the attempt to account for the origin of the power found in the universe, and for the various regulated motions required to explain what we observe

and for the apparent anomaly between the strict causation required and perceived in inanimate nature, and the free-will of which he was conscious. Here he fails entirely, and many others have failed too. Although *he* would have cared little for our commendation of his physics, coupled with a rejection of his proud claim to have set free mankind from grovelling superstition, by explaining the mystery of the existence of matter and man's mind, *we* may derive sincere pleasure in recognising the early germs of discoveries which have required two thousand years to reach their present development. Let us not be too indignant at his scornful rejection of divine agency. Divinity to him meant either the old Pagan gods or the pale abstract idea of a First Cause, which explained nothing, being but one form of statement that something was left to be explained. What wonder that he rejected both? We may admire those old philosophers who could clothe divinity with noble attributes, and find in their own hearts the motive for their faith, but we need not therefore despise those who, smitten with the great truth that nature's laws are constant, fancied that in this constancy they saw the proof that nature's laws are self-existent. But we are diverging from our subject.

We will not compare our author's views with other ancient theories at any great length; these at first sight seem greatly inferior to the atomic doctrine. Of the idea that the universe is composed of four elements, earth, fire, air, and water, no trace remains except in language, but careful investigation might show that the believers in these elements, or in some one or more of them, as the material of the universe, meant something very different and much more sensible than the vulgar interpretation of their doctrine. Lucretius abuses these philosophers, some because they denied a vacuum, a denial which he thought inconsistent with motion, some because their material wanted the character of indestructibility which he thought essential, some because he quite failed to perceive how all things could be made out of the element chosen,—fire, for instance; but we must not take Lucretius's account of rival theories as fair; we may with the exercise of a good deal of fancy see in the doctrine of homœomeria, which taught that all things contained the materials of everything else in a latent state, a foreshadowing of the chemical theory which proves that our bodies are made of the same chemical materials as peas, cabbages, etc., but it requires an elastic imagination to link the old and new creed together. Any explanation of the metaphysical conceptions of matter would also be out of place here. To Aristotle the existence of an atom with any properties at all, and the nature of motion, were mysteries demanding, as he says, speculation of a far

deeper kind than Democritus and the atomic school attempted. This is true enough, but we think Aristotle and his followers got entangled in the "snares of words," to use Hobbes's language, and their teaching led to little or no progress in what we call science. Let us then pass on some two thousand years, and see at the revival of philosophy what some modern great men have taught and written on the possible constitution of matter. We need choose no smaller men than Leibnitz and Descartes to serve as foils to our author.

Descartes, after a hypocritical flourish to the effect that he knew the complete fallacy of all he was going to say, since it did not agree with the orthodox theory of creation, but still that it would be interesting to consider how God might have created the world if he had been of Descartes's mind as to the simplest way of proceeding, propounds the following plan:—

The universe at first was quite full of something; it was all alike, and there was no void anywhere. This universal plenum by and by was broken up into pieces. The pieces of plenum rubbed against one another till they became quite round; the dust rubbed off their angles filled up the interstices,—for of course no void could possibly occur once the universe was quite full. The dust and round balls he calls the first and second kind of materials of which the universe, as we know it, is composed; but besides the dust and balls there is a third material; all the edges of the first fragments of plenum did not get ground into dust; a fair number were merely rubbed into a kind of snake-shape of triangular section,—such a shape as would slip through the interstices in a pile of cannon-balls. These snake-shaped pieces sometimes got entangled, and when so entangled they composed the solid matter which is apparent to our senses. The balls and dust fill all space, the dust forms the great vortices which carry the planets round the sun, the balls are light and go flying about, so do the snakes, which, getting entangled, form gross matter. It is far more interesting to endeavour to understand the views of great men, however removed they may be from our own, than to look merely on the ludicrous side which their ideas may happen to present; but we are unable in all Descartes's theory of matter to perceive anything beyond the most childish fancy. It does not seem to have occurred to him that there would be any difficulty in breaking up an absolute plenum; what would be the nature of the separation between the fragments, what could define the boundary, he nowhere says; he sends his balls, dust, and snakes flying about in any direction he may think convenient; the balls and dust are imponderable, the knotted snakes, made of the same stuff, and intermediate between the two other kinds, are

ponderable. Why three kinds—balls, dust, and snakes? Why not rather fragments of infinite variety of shape and size, from big bits of plenum to dust? No answer to all this, but long dissertation on the knotting of snakes to form spots on the sun. His laws of motion are false, and he knew it, but says we must not judge from our experience of gross matter; and yet, this man insisted on clear conceptions as the very test of truth.

Leibnitz about the same time declared against atoms, against a vacuum, and against Descartes. He will have it to be inconsistent with the perfection of God that a vacuum can exist. It is out of the question that God should leave any part of space unemployed. John Bernoulli, in whose correspondence with Leibnitz these questions are treated with much dexterity, very properly replies that vacuum may be useful, since it may be a condition without which matter would not have its present properties; if so, the void could not properly be called unemployed. Still, Bernoulli admitting that a void is not necessary to the theory of matter, gives it up. We must of course remember that these men did not mean by void the absence of gross matter—the Torricellian vacuum was then known,—they meant absolute emptiness. This argument about what God could or could not do, because it was derogatory to his dignity or wisdom, was at this time pulled in upon all occasions, and led to the strangest paradoxes about his free-will and omnipotence. We do not use the argument now in support of the laws of mechanics; we do not speak of circles as more perfect than other figures, and therefore more consistent with divine wisdom, but in morals a claim of the kind is still frequently made, and Darwin applies this argument to stripes on horses' legs, which he thinks God would not have stooped to create. We are far from saying that an appeal of the kind is without meaning. The argument may be turned thus, when it will no longer seem altogether foolish:—We observe great regularity and very perfect adaptation of means to ends throughout creation, so that what we do understand seems to be perfectly done, and we infer that the contrivances we do not understand are equally perfect. Any contrivance which we can show to be bad or imperfect will therefore by that very fact be proved impossible as a part of creation. The main proposition will very generally be granted; the difficulty lies in applying the minor premiss. When a man says that a vacuum is an imperfect contrivance, he only means that he dislikes it; and the application of the argument to moral questions is generally open to like criticism. Bernoulli asked Leibnitz how he accounted for the existence of moral evil as part of a perfect universe. Leibnitz returned Bernoulli's own argument about a

vacuum. Evil may be necessary to allow of good, just as Bernoulli thought a vacuum might be necessary to allow of matter.

Leibnitz, though he protested against atoms, himself devised what must be called an atomic theory, though his atoms were not separated by a vacuum. They were a kind of bubble (*bulla*), with a glassy shell containing ether. They were of various composition, containing more or less fire, earth, air, or water; not the gross things known by that name, but essences of some kind. Leibnitz does not think his bubbles existed from all eternity, but gives the strangest account of their formation in his "Theoria motus concreti." He sets the sun and earth spinning in the midst of a universal ether. Molecules of the sun's mass, too, had a special motion of their own, which impelled some thing or some action, we are not sure which, along the ether, producing light; this light, striking the earthy, airy, watery globe of the earth, sets the whole in fermentation; the dense parts formed in hollow bubbles containing ether; these spun round and so acquired consistency. (This idea of giving consistency by motion, taken by Leibnitz from Hobbes, was in opposition to Descartes, who derived consistency from rest.) Leibnitz explains his meaning by a metaphor: In a glass-blower's, glasses of a simple artificial form result from the straight motion of breath, combined with the circular motion of fire, and so "bullæ" were produced from the straight motion of light and the circular motion of the earth. These bubbles are the seeds of things—Lucretius's own phrase—the origin of various kinds of things, the receptacles of ether, the basis of bodies, the cause of the force we admire in motions.

The bubbles varied in "contents through density;" in "contents through size;" in emptiness, or perfect fulness, and in more or less emptiness and fulness. He explains how bubbles for the animal, vegetable, and mineral reigns, of sterile or productive qualities; salt, sulphurous, mercurial bubbles, etc. etc., are formed, and gives the special combination of qualities wanted for each. Thus, one of his bubbles is empty-extraordinary-alkaline-colourable-feminine, another full-extraordinary-acid-coloured-masculine—these two kinds of seeds differ in their way of acting. This seems like idiocy to persons not familiar with the scholastic habit of bracketing off qualities and categories, distinguishing and dividing things into a kind of verbal Chinese pattern. We have not made out the constitution of Leibnitz's ether, or his earthy, watery, airy globe, out of which he blew his bubbles, but we have found enough to show a very unfavourable contrast with Lucretius, even omitting monads, pre-established harmony, and many other interesting ideas,

proposed by the man who claimed to have run a race with Newton in inventing the higher calculus of mathematics, and who enounced the doctrine of *vis viva*.

Adhesion, he thought, was obtained by motion, but how, we fail to understand. His explanation runs somewhat thus—that two bodies in motion, one after the other, are both trying to be in the same place at once, and as they cannot accomplish this, stick together. Even Bernoulli, familiar with the views and terms of the day, found Leibnitz's theory extremely difficult to understand; as found in his *Hypothesis Physica Nova*, it is contained in a series of short dogmatic sentences with very little elucidation; we may therefore be unjust to him in our ignorance, but his criticism contained in his correspondence with Bernoulli seems to us much more valuable than this blowing of little complex bubbles. Thus he would not hear of the usual explanation of solidity, by the supposition that particles were hooked together or entangled by their shape, as taught both by Lucretius and Descartes. What, he asks, is to keep the hook together? and he got no answer. He refused to admit Lucretius's postulate of infinitely hard bodies and infinitely elastic bodies; indeed, the two properties do seem incompatible. The elasticity which we observe is given by a change of position of the parts of the body, and if the parts never change position it is hard to see by what the energy required for elasticity can be represented. He further objected to the assumption that atoms were indivisible, since, however small we conceive a particle to be, we can invariably think of its parts. Leibnitz was not to be satisfied with the idea which Lucretius seems to hold, that a thing may exist just big enough to have parts too small in themselves for independent existence. John Bernoulli, however, did not quite abandon atoms in consequence of this attack; like a sensible man he does not like assumptions of infinite hardness and infinite elasticity, but he replies to Leibnitz that atoms may be so constituted that they may be really indivisible by any process to which they can be subjected by other atoms, although they may have an infinity of parts such as the mind can conceive.

We will now endeavour to trace the development of the school which, discarding the hard solid elastic atoms of Lucretius, attempts to deduce the properties of matter from the motion of an all-pervading fluid endowed with comparatively simple qualities. This conception of matter probably differs little from the tenets of those ancient philosophers who held that the universe was built of some one element, such as air, fire, or water. Descartes, who has at least the merit of reviving the idea, in opposition to Gassendi and others who followed Lucretius, could

devise no rational hypothesis from this assumption; but Hobbes, contemporary with Descartes, held views which bear a striking resemblance to those recently broached by Sir William Thomson. Hobbes thought that a moist fluid ether fills the universe, so that it left no empty space at all. He understood by fluidity that which is made such by nature equally in every part of the fluid body,—not as dust is fluid, for so a house which is falling in pieces may be called fluid,—but in such manner as water seems fluid; he defines “a hard body to be that whereof no part can be sensibly moved unless the whole be moved;” and in explanation how a fluid can compose a hard body, he says, “Whatsoever, therefore, is soft or fluid can never be made hard, but by such motion as makes many of the parts together stop the motion of some one part by resisting the same;”—an admirable explanation of a recent discovery due to Helmholtz, described below, contrasting most favourably with Leibnitz’s subsequent mere verbal quibble on the same point. More than this, Hobbes perceived that elasticity need not be a primary quality of matter, but might be conferred by motion. “If the cause of this restitution (elasticity) be asked, I say it may be in this manner, namely, that the particles of the bended body, whilst it is held bent, do nevertheless retain their motion, and by this motion they restore it as soon as the force is removed by which it is bent.” These are most remarkable propositions, and, should Thomson’s ideas be established, will entitle Hobbes to a very high position as the precursor of the true theory. Unfortunately, Hobbes did not compose an harmonious system out of the above ideas. He missed the conception of vortices of ether as atoms, and introduced particles of gross matter distinct from ether, which may after all be true. He also could not get free from the old nomenclature of elements, and even devised those same glassy bubbles full of ether, which now serve chiefly to prove that Leibnitz took (without acknowledgment which we can find) the best of Hobbes’s ideas, without being able to leave the dross behind. Hobbes has a kind of undulating theory of light, which he thought was produced by the motion of an ether; Leibnitz took that too; but Galileo might perhaps claim this, as well as the notion that it was the action of this ether which was meant by the spirit brooding on the waters at creation. Leibnitz took that too, and altogether he seems to have been a great hand at appropriation.

Malebranche, who followed Descartes in most things, gave up to a great extent the balls and dust and snakes, and broached the idea that gross matter was made up of molecules, each of which was an eddy or vortex of the primeval fluid. Here

we reach an intelligible conception, greatly in advance of the crude and somewhat confused views of Hobbes. The molecule is separated from the surrounding medium by the motion of its parts, it has a distinct existence, and may have very different properties from all the rest of the medium or fluid. If the parts of this fluid do not cohere in any way, but move frictionless, our little vortex-atom may have quite a sharp boundary, and if inertia be granted as an original property in our fluid, the little vortex may go on spinning for ever. Moreover, if it goes at a very great rate it may contain almost infinitely more energy or power than other parts of the medium, even when these are displaced by the motion of the vortex-atom, or a congeries of these, through the medium, which must of course then form a comparatively slow eddy coming in behind our vortex-atoms as fast as it is shoved away in front. The vortex plays the part of the Lucretian atom, the medium of the Lucretian void. A few vortices in a given space constitute a rare body; a dense body contains many vortices in the same space. The idea is one of remarkable merit, and has received several recent developments. Malebranche conceives the medium itself as full of vortices, almost infinitely small as compared with those constituting gross matter. He thought that cohesion was the result of pressure from this elastic medium against gross matter, as the two halves of a Magdeburg sphere were pressed together by the elastic air outside when the air inside is removed. Here we have a fresh explanation of hardness, as due to the motion of a fluid,—an idea adopted in an unintelligible form by Leibnitz from Hobbes, and also by John Bernoulli, who further argues that this property may be given by re-entering motion.

This very idea, first due, we think, to Hobbes, and now proved possible by rigid mathematics, is perhaps the latest contribution to our subject. Helmholtz has proved that in a perfect fluid one vortex or whirlpool cannot destroy another, cannot cut through it or divide in any way from the outside—so that a ring-shaped vortex, for instance, would be quite indestructible by other vortices; by a ring-vortex we do not mean one in which the fluid moves round in a simple circle, but a ring built up of a series of such little circles side by side; each little circle placed as a circlet of thread tied on a marriage ring would be. Such a ring-vortex as this, once set going in a perfect fluid, in which no friction occurs, would go on for ever, if we suppose our fluid endowed with inertia. Our ring-vortex might be stretched, squeezed, even knotted by other similar vortices, but it could never be pierced by them, never destroyed, and would, in all its metamorphoses, retain some of its original characteristics, depending on the velocity of its particles and its magnitude. Sir William Thom-

son at once pounced on this indestructible vortex as possibly fulfilling the conditions required for a practicable atom. Each vortex would be indestructible, since we could never bring to bear on it anything but other like vortices. It would be elastic, in virtue of the motion of its parts only, without any assumption of elasticity in its materials—an idea this hard to grasp, but to be practically felt by any one who tries to upset a good heavy top. He will find that, as he pushes it over, it resists, and will come upright again, exerting what we may call a kind of elasticity due to motion only. Moreover, Thomson shows that these very vortices have necessary modes of vibration, which may correspond to the special waves of light which the chemical atom of each elementary substance is capable of exciting or receiving; knotted, or even knitted, they would explain cohesion and chemical properties without any supposition of attraction or repulsion between atoms. By their impact they may explain the elasticity of gases in the manner proposed by a later Bernoulli; by other motions, such as those treated of by Thomson himself and Clerk Maxwell, they may cause magnetism and electricity. Nor is more required for the explanation of heat; and although it cannot be said that we yet know with any certainty what motions are required for the explanation of these phenomena, we do begin to know some of the relations which must exist between the several motions; nor need we despair even of explaining light and gravitation with the same machinery. Having traced the theory of a continuous fluid to its development in the hands of Thomson, we find that this school too has arrived at indestructible elastic atoms as the secondary constituents of gross matter, though they reject the crude atoms of Lucretius as a primary material.

Bacon was very cautious about atomic theories, but on the whole believed in atoms. He devised the idea of groups or knots of atoms, saying, in reference to the argument of Democritus, that if only one kind of atom existed, all things could be made out of all things; "there is no doubt but that the seeds of things though equal, as soon as they have thrown themselves into certain groups or knots, completely assume the nature of dissimilar bodies till those groups or knots are dissolved."

Newton, while approving of some form of the atomic theory, was very guarded in expressing his opinions; but his discovery of the laws of gravitation exercised great influence on most subsequent hypotheses as to the constitution of matter. The conception of atoms having the property of exerting various forces across a void space, followed as a matter of course from the idea of universal gravitation. A school arose which taught

that atoms might have the property of exerting force at a distance, and that this property might be inherent in the atoms, just as Lucretius taught that hardness and elasticity were original indefeasible properties of the seeds of things. Force came to be considered as having a real existence apart from matter ; but this idea, though very popular now, was not established without a hard struggle, and may yet have to be abandoned.

This view is in direct contradiction with the old axiom that matter could not act where it was not, or, as Hobbes put it, "there can be no cause of motion except a body contiguous and moved,"—no unnatural idea, but, on the contrary, universally or almost universally believed till Newton's time. We do not think that the fact of gravitation justifies the assumption that atoms can exert a force upon one another across a void, but Newton spoke of gravitation as an action between two distant bodies, and since then we have got quite accustomed to the idea of finite molecules of matter acting everywhere in the universe, and that, too, without any material medium of communication. This to Leibnitz was either miraculous or absurd. But, in fact, Newton did not teach this ; he stated a fact, he did not devise hypotheses ; he found that from the law of gravitation the vast mass of facts observed about falling bodies and planetary motions could be logically deduced. The one statement comprehended all the others ; his great discovery was the short statement with its proof ; he invented no explanation of how the law of gravitation could be brought about, and neither asserted nor denied that some medium of communication must exist. Leibnitz and other doubters said, How can this be, this attraction at a distance ? We cannot see how it can be done, so we will not believe it ; it is miraculous or absurd. Newton could only reply it was a fact, and we have been so satisfied with the answer as to be somewhat in danger of forgetting that the question, "How can it be ?" deserves consideration ; that the statement of the law of gravitation, though a wonderful discovery, does not set a bound to further inquiry.

The law of gravitation considered as a result is beautifully simple ; in a few words it expresses a fact from which most numerous and complex results may be deduced by mere reasoning, results found invariably to agree with the records of observation ; but this same law of gravitation looked upon as an axiom or first principle is so astoundingly far removed from all ordinary experience as to be almost incredible. What ! every particle in the whole universe is actively attracting every other particle through void without the aid of any communication by means of matter or otherwise—each particle unchecked by distance, unimpeded by obstacles, throws this miraculous influence to infinite distance without the employment of any

means! No particle interferes with its neighbour, but all these wonderful influences are co-existent in every point of space! The result is apparent at each particle, but the condition of this intermediate space is exactly the same as though no such influence were being transmitted across it! Earth attracts Sirius across space, and yet the space between is as if neither Earth nor Sirius existed! Can these things be? We think not; and Newton himself did not affirm this; his work was to prove a fact, and he neither affirmed nor denied the possibility of a medium of communication. That was a secondary question then, but now that the fact of the attraction is established the secondary question has risen to the first rank, and we must consider whether the intermediate space really contains nothing which plays a part in gravitation.

Analogy is against such a supposition. The influence exerted at a distance by electricity, magnetism, heat, and light, is effected by the substances filling intermediate space. For every one of these influences we suppose some intermediate material, and the existence of this material, often called an ether, is almost demonstrated. Faraday, by proving the influence of the intermediate material in the case of electrical action, by his discovery of magneto-optic rotation, and by showing how lines of force arose in media, rudely shook the theory of attraction and repulsion, exerted at a distance across a perfect void. Light gives us a very perfect analogy to illustrate our assertion that the law of gravitation is not an hypothesis, but a result capable of and requiring further explanation. Gravitation is not perceived directly by the senses, except in the case of the attraction of the earth. We have a special sense for the perception of light, yet many phenomena of radiation are not detected by the eye. Similarly, some of the phenomena of gravitation may escape our observation. Newton detected some of these. Suppose we had all been blind, Newton, instead of discovering universal gravitation, might have discovered light and its laws. From observations on the growth of vegetation, the sensation of heat, chemical decomposition, and other facts perceptible to blind creatures, he with vast genius might have discovered that a body existed at a great distance from the earth, from which a peculiar influence was periodically rained upon the earth; that this influence could also be produced by fire and in other ways by men living on the earth, and was in a given medium inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the source of light, as we call it. He might have discovered the transparency and opacity of bodies, and the simpler laws of refraction and reflection. To any one of his blind compeers who objected that such a supposition as an influence starting from an amazing distance, occupying no sen-

sible time in the traject, transmitted, reflected and refracted without the interference of one ray with another, was either miraculous or absurd, and wholly unworthy of consideration as a physical hypothesis, he would have answered; Light exists for all that, and its laws I can prove to you by mathematical reasoning from experiment. He would have been perfectly right, as he was about gravitation, but that need not have prevented subsequent philosophers from devising the undulatory theory of light if they had been clever enough; quite similarly, the fact that gravitation as discovered by Newton does exist need not prevent our trying to devise a scheme which shall explain its action, starting from much simpler postulates than that of an universal influence of each atom on all others at a distance.

The action of a body on its neighbour can be explained without the idea of a force acting even across a small void, by the simple assumption that two bodies cannot be in the same place at the same time, an assumption only tacitly made by Lucretius, and generally received as undeniable, though it admits of rational doubt, for experiment is by no means conclusive as to its certainty. Still, most people will be and have been unable to doubt it. With this assumption, motion and influence of all kinds can be transmitted either through a fluid constituting a plenum, or from one atom to another, as they clash in a vacuum. By successive blows or extended currents action can produce results at a great distance from its origin upon either of these hypotheses, without the assumption that matter can act where it is not. Some explanation of gravity may be found requiring only the above assumption, coupled with the other dogma, that matter once in motion will continue to move till stopped, and no atomic theory can be received as complete which does not explain gravitation as one of its consequences.

Lesage, a Genevese, undertook to deduce the laws of gravitation as a necessary consequence of the atomic theory, reverting, however, to the chaotic motion of atoms in all directions taught by Democritus, instead of the rectilinear parallel motions of Lucretius. Lesage asked you to conceive two solid bodies in space, say the earth and sun, and atoms coming to assail them equally in all directions; but one side of the earth would be partially screened by the sun, and the corresponding side of the sun would be partially screened by the earth, so what we would call the front faces of the earth and sun, which looked towards one another, would be less bombarded by the atoms than all the other faces. The atoms hitting at the back of the two bodies would push them together. The atoms hitting the sides would of course balance one another. The idea is ingenious, but requires some strong assumptions. The attraction of gravitation

is not as the surface of the bodies, but as their mass. Lesage had therefore to suppose his solid bodies not solid but excessively porous, built up of molecules like cages, so that an infinite number of atoms went through and through them, allowing the last layer of the sun or earth to be struck by just as many atoms as the first, otherwise clearly the back part of the sun and earth would gravitate more strongly than the front or nearer sides, which would be struck only by the siftings of the previous layers of matter. This notion involves a prodigious quantity of material in the shape of flying atoms, where we perceive no gross matter, but very little material in solid bodies where we do find gross matter, and it further requires that the accumulation of atoms which strike the solid bodies perpetually should be insensible, and on these grounds, independently of dynamical imperfections, we must reject the theory in its crude form, though it may prove fruitful some day. Meanwhile it serves to show that the school which denies action at a distance need not have recourse to an absolute plenum.

Three distinct atomic theories have now been discussed: we have found believers in atoms of "solid singleness," in atoms due to the motion of a continuous fluid, and in atoms having the property of exerting force at a distance. Naturally the three elementary conceptions have been compounded in a variety of ways. Leibnitz mentions with great disapproval a certain Hartsoeker who supposed that atoms moved in an ambient fluid, though the idea is not unlike his own. It is difficult to trace the origin of the hypothesis, but Galileo and Hobbes both speak of a subtle ether. The conception of an all-pervading imponderable fluid of this kind has formed part of many theories, and ether came to be very generally adopted as a favourite name for the fluid, but caloric was also much thought of as a medium. We even find half-a-dozen imponderable co-existent fluids regarded with favour,—one called heat, another electricity, another phlogiston, another light, and what not, with little hard atoms swimming about, each endowed with forces of repulsion and attraction of all sorts, as was thought desirable. This idea of the constitution of matter was perhaps the worst of all. These imponderable fluids were mere names, and these forces were suppositions, representing no observed facts. No attempt was made to show how or why the forces acted, but gravitation being taken as due to a mere "force," speculators thought themselves at liberty to imagine any number of forces, attractive or repulsive, or alternating, varying as the distance, or the square, cube, fifth power of the distance, etc. At last Boscovich got rid of atoms altogether, by supposing them to be the mere centres of forces exerted by a position or point only, where nothing existed but the power of exerting a force. A medium

composed of molecules flying in all directions has been shown by Maxwell to have certain properties in which it resembles a solid body rather than a fluid. The less the molecules interfere with each other's motion the more decided do these properties become, till in the ultimate case in which they do not interfere at all, Maxwell states that the elastic properties of the medium are precisely those deduced by French mathematicians from the hypothesis of centres of force at rest acting on one another at a distance. Thus the most opposite hypotheses sometimes conduct to the same result. Dalton, assuming that the idea of an atom with an ambient ether was generally believed in, gave an immense support to the atomic theory by his discovery of the simple relations in which substances combine chemically. Since then it has been heretical to doubt atoms, until Sir Benjamin Brodie the other day broached ideas which seem independent if not subversive of the simple atomic faith.

Reviewing the various doctrines, we find that the problem of the constitution of matter is yet unsolved; but at least it can now be fairly stated. We know with much accuracy the conditions to be fulfilled by any hypothesis, and we possess a mathematical machinery by which we can test how completely any hypothesis does fulfil those conditions. The materials for the work are not wanting, though the architect has not appeared. Inertia and motion seem the most indispensable elements in the conception of the *materia prima* extended in space. Once in motion, it must continue in motion till stopped; when at rest, it must not move without a cause; when in motion, it represents energy, or power, and can exert force. How? The simplest, but not the only mode conceivable, is by displacement, in virtue of the property that two parts of it cannot occupy one and the same part of space. The believers in displacement may assume that space is quite full, or that in parts it is wholly empty; that it contains one, two, or more kinds of primary ingredients capable of displacing one another, or each its own products merely.

The most plausible suggestion yet made by this school is, that a single omnipresent fluid, ether, fills the universe; that by various motions, of the nature of eddies, the qualities of cohesion, elasticity, hardness, weight, mass, or other universal properties of matter, are given to small portions of the fluid which constitute the chemical atoms; that these, by modifications in their combination, form and motion, produce all the accidental phenomena of gross matter; that the primary fluid, by other motions, transmits light, radiant heat, magnetism, and gravitation; that in certain ways the portions of the fluid transmuted into gross matter can be acted upon by the primary

fluid which remains imponderable or very light ; but that these ways differ very much from those in which one part of gross matter acts upon another ; that the transmutation of the primary fluid into gross matter, or of gross matter into primary fluid, is a creative action wholly denied to us, the sum of each remaining constant.

Gross matter, on this view, would be merely an assemblage of parts of the medium moving in a particular way ; groups of ring-vortices, for instance. There appears to be some difficulty in determining the fundamental properties to be assumed for our medium. We must grant it inertia or it would not continue in motion.

The believers in hard atoms can hardly restrict themselves to the combination and motion of atoms of gross matter ; these will not explain light, gravitation, and analogous phenomena, for which a second kind of very subtle matter is required ; but this may be supposed to consist of almost infinitely finer atoms. If the molecules of gross matter be supposed constructed from these finer atoms moving in certain special ways, this doctrine would be in accordance with that of Lucretius, and would differ little from the fluid theory, except that it would admit a void. Thus far the displacement school.

Those who believe in force exerted at a distance without a means of communication have more elbow-room. They may assume attractive and repelling forces, perhaps oblique and tangential forces ; they may assume that these forces vary according to laws, simple or very complex ; they may wholly deny the existence of anything but force, and grant extension and inertia to a field of force regulated in a special fashion. This little field of force, or a combination of such fields, may build their chemical atom, and the motions of these atoms in their turn as above, produce some of the properties or accidents of gross matter ; they may believe in a plenum or a partial vacuum, and in one or more kinds of matter, precisely as the other school may do ; and, indeed, it is impossible to set a limit to their conjectures ; because when once the mind admits this conception of an abstract force, such as that of gravitation as popularly understood, it will not refuse to entertain the idea of any other kind of force varying according to infinitely different laws, nor is there any mental limit to the possible set of co-existent forces.

Let each party try. Mathematics provide a sure test of success, though impotent to suggest a theory. The existence of the chemical atom, already quite a complex little world, seems very probable, and the description of the Lucretian atom is wonderfully applicable to it. We are not wholly without hope that the

real weight of each such atom may some day be known, not merely the relative weight of the several atoms, but the number in a given volume of any material; that the form and motion of the parts of each atom, and the distance by which they are separated, may be calculated; that the motions by which they produce heat, electricity, and light may be illustrated by exact geometrical diagrams; and that the fundamental properties of the intermediate and possibly constituent medium may be arrived at. Then the motion of planets and music of the spheres will be neglected for a while in admiration of the maze in which the tiny atoms turn. Those who doubt the possibility of this achievement should read the writings of Thomson, Clausius, Rankine, and Clerk Maxwell. They will there gain some insight into what is meant by an explanation of such things as heat, electricity, and magnetism, as caused by the motion of matter, ponderable or imponderable. They will also perceive the vast difference between the old hazy speculations and the endeavours of modern science. Yet when we have found a mechanical theory by which the phenomena of inorganic matter can be mathematically deduced from the motion of materials endowed with a few simple properties, we must not forget that Democritus, Leucippus, and Epicurus began the work, and we may even now recognise their merits, and acknowledge Lucretius not only as a great poet, but as the clear expositor of a very remarkable theory of the constitution of matter, though we must admit that he failed in his bolder attempts to abolish the gods, and dispense with creation, or even to reconcile universal causation with free-will.

- ART. IX.—1. *The State of Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. London, 1866.
2. *Irish Emigration and Land Tenure in Ireland.* By LORD DUFFERIN. 1867.
3. *The Church Settlement in Ireland.* By AUBREY DE VERE. 1866.
4. *Plea for the Celtic Race.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1866.
5. *The Irish People and the Irish Land.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1867.
6. *The Church Establishment in Ireland.* By AUBREY DE VERE. 1867.
7. *The Liberty of Teaching Vindicated.* By ISAAC BUTT. 1865.
8. *The Irish in America.* By J. F. MAGUIRE, M.P. 1867.
9. *Report of Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Tenure (Ireland) Bill.* 1867.

THE Irish Question presents probably the most difficult practical problem ever set before a statesman—a problem difficult enough in its inherent and absolute conditions, yet rendered doubly difficult by nearly every conceivable complication that can be gathered round it. There is the economic difficulty; there is the difficulty of race; there is the difficulty of religion; there is the difficulty of foreign sympathy; there is the difficulty of free institutions; there are the inherited complications of the past; there are the actual complications of the hour. We have to rescue the mass of the community from a depth of poverty which often reaches to positive wretchedness and destitution, and yet to do this by measures and on a system which shall not purchase immediate relief at the cost of future aggravation. We have to keep peace, and, as far as we may, to allay animosity between two sections of the people who hate each other with a bitterness of enmity of which in England we have happily no experience, and both of whom are singularly excitable and prone to violence and fond of conflict. We have to soothe, and content, and loyalize a population who had reason enough in former times to abhor our rule, and whose ulcerated and alienated hearts cannot perceive or will not admit that those former times have long since passed away; who are convinced that those who wronged and oppressed them of old are wronging and oppressing them still; and who demand as the price of their allegiance and tranquillity, and the remedies for their sufferings, either concessions which are simply and obviously impossible, or measures which would only exasperate the evils under which they groan. We have to surmount these

obstacles and to achieve these aims, not as a Cardinal Richelieu, or a Czar Peter, or a Frederick the Great might have done, with the clear conception and the strong hand of an unfettered and irresponsible despotism that could act decisively as soon as it saw distinctly; but by the very imperfect and operose instrumentality of a Government which can act only through forms of law and with the aid of a convinced nation, and of a Parliament very inadequately acquainted with the conditions of the question, full of confused perceptions and embittered feelings, composed of parties too equally balanced for any one to feel secure enough to venture on a bold course, and elected in part by the very country to be dealt with, and sharing, therefore, all its conflicting prejudices and passions, and in part by classes utterly opposed both to the religious and social opinions prevalent therein. We have to solve a problem analogous to that of Austria in Venice, and of Russia in Poland, but far more complicated, if not more insoluble, than either; and we cannot solve it by cession and retirement as in the first case, nor by fire and sword and exile, as in the second. We have to set to work with Rome on the one side and America on the other watching over our perplexities, and exasperating them by every means within their power. And, finally, on pain of panic, disorganization, and turbulence at home, and loss of position and repute abroad, we have to find a solution promptly and without delay, or to sit down in shame and danger, and confess that the problem is insoluble, that the task before us is beyond our wisdom or our strength.

And yet it is of the last importance that we should not act blindly or rashly; that we should not be driven by the urgency of the case or the gravity of the symptoms into the use of anodynes or drastics that would aggravate the malady, though the patient calls for them ever so loudly, or insists ever so plausibly that he must know best where he suffers and what he wants. It is everything, in a case of this sort, to clear the ground, to narrow the issue, to define the problem; to put aside all that is irrelevant, all that is impossible, all that is unattainable,—all, in a word, that lies out of the pale of rational and practical discussion, and to concentrate our efforts upon the seat of the evil and the *feasible* proposals for its cure. There are some things that *must* be done, and some things that *cannot* be done; we may dismiss these in few words, and then give our undivided attention to those points as to which there really is doubt and difficulty, as to which sensible and loyal men differ in opinion, and in which lies the real heart of “the Irish Question.” Unless we are much mistaken, we shall find that the subject simplifies itself wonderfully as we go along; that its several elements separate themselves and grow lucid as we look them in the

face ; that no new or magic panacea can be discovered, or is needed ; but that as soon as we see our line distinctly, and have set our steps in the right direction, all we shall have to do is to act steadily rather than daringly, to bear and forbear much, to hope little, and to wait long. The *course* should be determined on and entered on without an hour's delay ; the result and the reward cannot be looked for for a generation at the least. The medicine may be administered at once ; the cure it is to operate must be the work of time ; the blessing and the comfort are for those who will come after us.

First of all, it is of the greatest importance to recognise that Irish discontent is not a simple, but a complex and multiform sentiment. It is threefold at least, and is connected with three questions or grievances. There is the political, the religious, and the social or economic grievance : Fenianism, Catholicism (complicated by its antagonistic Orangeism), and Tenant-Right agitation ;—the question of Government and allegiance, the question of the Church Establishment and education, and the question of the Land Tenure. All complainants alike are bitter against England, but their bitterness fixes on distinct points. All demand “justice to Ireland ;” but this justice means in one mouth separation and repeal ; in another, perfect religious equality, or the recognition of Romanism as the nation's creed ; in a third, “fixity of tenure,” or the partition of the soil. Nay, there are further divisions of the hostile feeling still : there is the animosity which is based upon some distinct wrong, grievance, or demand, and that which is purely unreasoning and undefined ; and, finally, there is that which is simply hereditary, which has its root in the sufferings and oppressions of a comparatively remote past, and has nothing to do with the present at all, which cannot even recognise that the present is altogether different from the past. This form of hatred and disaffection, which is perhaps the most widely spread, is also about the most hopeless of all ; it cannot be reached, because, so to speak, it has no seat towards which our attack can be directed ; eminently unjust in one sense, it is undeniably just and well-grounded in another ; the facts in which the feeling has its source, and whence it draws its perennial nutriment, can neither be gainsaid nor defended ; and it is one of the heaviest penalties of wrongdoing in former times that doing right now brings us no reward, gains no credit, and purchases no forgiveness for our ancestral sins. We alienated the hearts of our fellow-citizens by iniquity and oppression generations ago, and now it is too late for either repentance or reform to win them back. The mischief is done ; and we are forced, like so many other offenders, to sit down, in the midst of our new-born virtue and our sincere aspirations after a better life, and mourn over the irreparable.

No reflection was so often forced upon our minds as this during the perusal of Mr. Maguire's very interesting but most one-sided book on *The Irish in America*. The naturalness, the inevitableness of their hatred against England, its clear explanation, its undeniable justification, its perverse *logic* (so to speak), and yet at the same time its utter unreasonableness and injustice, if judged by the facts of the day and in the eye of calm judicial measurement of the whole truth of the case, stand out with singular lucidity. The very men who proclaimed their ferocious and undying abhorrence of England, and their thirst to humiliate and destroy her in retaliation for her cruelties, real or supposed, against Ireland and themselves, had all gained greatly by their transference to the New World, and many of them had reached a pitch of prosperity there which their own country never could have offered them. In a word, they had exchanged—been forced to exchange—hopeless penury, and perhaps starvation, for plenty and wealth;—but some of them had been forcibly evicted, usually, if not invariably, for non-payment of rent, and could see nothing and remember nothing but the suffering which that eviction brought them at the time; while others merely inherited the rooted animosities of their fathers, who had fled or been exiled when the shameful and cruel penal laws against Catholics were in full force; and all alike had sworn never to forgive either the Government that had enforced the admitted rights of property, or the descendants of those who had repealed all the unjust enactments under which their ancestors had suffered. One prosperous Irish farmer in the Western States, owning 400 acres of fine land, and surrounded by his wife and sons, swore “he would never forgive the British Government the longest day he had to live,” because a quarter of a century ago he had been “turned out like dogs, worse than dogs, on the roadside,” from a wretched cabin and a two-acre plot in Munster (p. 603). Another man, thriving and well conducted in all mundane matters, neglected his religious duties, and could not be induced to go to confession, because he had registered an oath “never to forgive the bloody English Government, that allowed a man to be treated worse than a dog, and sent their peelers and their army to help them to do it to me and others.” The man's story was sad enough; in the days of wholesale clearances, when landlords could neither obtain rent nor gain possession of their land, and when proprietors, peasantry, and rulers were alike driven nearly to despair, he had been evicted along with a number of others. But his father was ill of the rheumatism, his wife was near her confinement, and both died from the exposure; and the poor bereaved wretch naturally enough remembered nothing but the harshness and the issue, and treasured up his thirst for ven-

geance as a household virtue (p. 606). The next story illustrates the other point we have alluded to,—the way in which the impressions of the past survive the facts which gave them birth :—

“I remember the look of genuine annoyance with which a high-pressure Fenian, who introduced himself to me in a Northern State, received information on a subject having reference to Irish trade and manufactures. He desired to learn—for an oration, as I afterwards understood—what were the special restrictions which the jealousy of England still imposed on the industry and trade of Ireland. He was filled with the memory of the ‘discouragement’ of the Irish Woollens by William III.; and he glowed as he thought of the indignant oratory of the Irish House of Commons. But he knew little—indeed, he did not desire to know—of the actual state of things at the present hour; and when I assured him that, so far as the law stood, the merchants, manufacturers, and business men of Ireland were on a complete equality with their brethren in England, he could scarcely bring himself to believe what I said. He was literally disgusted.”—P. 611.

Animosity of the character indicated and explained by incidents like these, it is evident we can do nothing, or next to nothing, to eradicate, or even neutralize and mitigate; and unhappily nine-tenths of the animosity of the American Irish is of this character. We must accept it, with all its dangers, as our punishment for the misdoings of the past.

Much of our difficulty in dealing with this question arises from the vagueness of thought and language common with the Irish, and habitually, it would seem, adopted from them by their advocates. We are told that we must “do justice to Ireland,” that we must “legislate and govern in conformity with Irish notions,” that we should “rule Ireland as Ireland would rule herself were she independent,” and the like. Thus surely, and thus only, we are assured, can we allay discontent and hatred, make tranquillity take the place of turbulence, and change disaffection into hearty loyalty and acquiescence. And those who use this language both in Parliament and in the Press—among whom are numbers who ought to know better, and to think more deeply and definitely—appear to fancy that in speaking thus they have erected a standard and laid down a principle. Let us look a little more closely into the matter, and learn what “Irish ideas” and Irish notions of “Justice” are on the three questions into which we have divided the subject a page or two back, and then ask ourselves whether it is possible to act in conformity with these ideas and plans, and whether we should really loyalize the Irish or make them prosperous and contented by doing so. And first as to political discontent :—What are Irish wishes and ideas on this head? They may be

classed under two broad categories : Irish political malcontents may be divided into Republicans and Repealers—those who desire to separate Ireland altogether from Great Britain, and those who seek to undo the Act of Union, and give her an independent Parliament of her own, retaining only the dynastic link. Other political grievances than the British connexion and the Act of Union Ireland has none ; the most inveterate and malignant ingenuity of faction has altogether failed either to discover any or to fabricate any. Now, are we prepared, or does any sane man in England recommend us, to “act in conformity” with either of these sets of “Irish ideas” ? Would such action “loyalize” the people or tranquillize the country ? Would it, really and soothfastly, be “doing justice to Ireland” ? We have now lying before us three documents expressing the views of those who seek for absolute independence, and the establishment of a Republic—the Fenians, Nationalists, *aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent*. Two of these are singularly verbose, grandiloquent, and rhetorical, the other is admirably concise and well-written ; but all are distinct enough in meaning. To avoid all suspicion of misrepresentation, we will quote a passage or two. They are “An Address of the American Fenians to the People of England,” a declaration of Fenian principles “by the Brotherhood assembled in Congress at Cleveland, in Ohio,” and “Ireland for the Irish, by an American Fenian,” published in *Tinsley's Magazine* for December last, the writer of which, if not a “sworn brother” of the order, has (we are assured) habitually consorted with its members in America, and is perfectly qualified to expound their views with fidelity. The Irish newspapers belonging to the “National Party,” as it calls itself, echo, week by week, precisely the same sentiments. The “Declaration” says :—

“The God of nature, in placing between the English and Irish nations not only the distinctions marked by differences of national character, but also natural barriers, which—in spite of special legislation designed to obliterate the nationality of Ireland—have kept them separate and distinct as peoples, has written on imperishable record the claims of our country to independent national existence, and made earth and sea the witnesses to the inviolability of our charter of freedom. The Irish people of to-day are still the custodians of that great trust ; and, in their name, the Fenian Brotherhood has been organized to demand, and, with the blessing of Heaven, to achieve, what so many of our race have attempted before—the liberation of our country from the domination of England. We demand it in the name of every man of Irish blood throughout the whole earth ; and we desire to accomplish it solely for the benefit of every Irishman, without distinction of creed, or class, or political idea. We claim the land of our fathers for the benefit of the people whose birthright it is, who love it with a filial

affection, and who, by the eternal decree of their Maker, have earned, in the sweat of their brows, the right to live upon, to possess, and to enjoy it.

“Representing the power which 15,000,000 of the Irish people, scattered between the Old World and the New, must necessarily exercise, if they be true to their country, we have adopted the alternative of revolution, because the slavery to which our kindred are subjected has become too galling for human endurance, too degrading to be submitted to unresistingly by beings endowed with the attributes of men. Our rights, the possession of our native soil, are kept from us by force, by the power which grasped both with iron hands. By force and arms alone can they be restored to us in their original integrity; and by force and strength of our own arms we propose to win them back. The task of their recovery belongs to us in the first place; and by our efforts to consolidate and organize our people, we but record our acceptance of the duty, and our determination to acquit ourselves of it like true men and faithful children of our country. Our cause is a just and holy one; it is the struggle of right against wrong, of freedom against oppression. It is not alone the cause of a nation striving for its own independence; it is the effort of enslaved humanity to emancipate itself from the thralldom and debasement of feudal tyranny.”

The following is from the Magazine :—

“The first radical error in regard to Ireland is to believe that the Irish people will be contented with anything less than complete independence of England; the second radical error is to believe that they have no chance of securing their independence. From these two errors all others grow. Good English laws, good English government, good English reforms for Ireland, are all very well in their way; but they do not touch the Irish question any more than good Austrian laws, good Austrian government, good Austrian reforms, touched the Italian question. *Is it so very difficult for you to understand that the Irish people want to be rid of England altogether; that they would rather have bad laws of their own making than good ones of yours; that they would rather be badly governed by themselves than well governed by you; and that no possible reforms, even though they were Utopian in their blessings, would be acceptable to the Irish people, so long as they had that hated word ‘English’ affixed to them? Why, for the last half hundred years you have been improving your treatment of Ireland, and it is undeniable that many of the worst evils which formerly afflicted her unhappy people have been removed; but yet the Fenian uprising of 1866-7 has been more powerful than any which have preceded it, and is still vital, dangerous, and deadly. Is this the result of your better laws, your improved legislation, your kind reforms? Hundreds of thousands of people have emigrated from Ireland; the population, thus thinned out, is better provided for than ever before; the island is, on the whole, much more prosperous; but still the hatred to England is as deep, the disposition to conspiracies as prevalent, and the desire for independence as heartfelt, as in the bad old days, while*

the number and the power of the conspirators have actually increased, and they have been able to carry the war into the cities of England, threaten armouries, release prisoners, and keep the whole country under arms. Past reforms have not settled the Irish question, and future reforms will not be any more effective."

And again :—

" Irishmen do not look upon Englishmen as compatriots with whom all difficulties can be amicably arranged, but as foreign enemies, to be driven out of the government of the country. Englishmen complain that the Irish are never satisfied with what is done for them. Exactly so. A hungry man is not satisfied when you give him a toy. The royal visits to Ireland, which were once considered as a sovereign panacea for Irish disloyalty, the land distribution (advocated by John Bright and others), the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, now mooted as a sure cure for Fenianism,—are toys given to hungry men. *What the Fenians desire is Ireland for the Irish ; and they look upon all the promised reforms as bribes to seduce true patriots from a righteous purpose.*"

What Repeal meant in O'Connell's day we all remember,—both the arguments and the representations by which it was supported and the object at which it aimed ; and now we see it revived in its purest shape in a manifesto recently issued by a body of Roman Catholic priests, with the Dean of Limerick at their head. These gentlemen say :—

" We belong to no party in the State within or without the constitution. We have no alliance with Whig, Tory, or Radical. It would be an error and a crime to say that the disaffection of this country is not deep-seated and extensive. Deplorable as such a fact may be, no one who knows the country can truthfully deny it. Generally a blank hopelessness pervades the mind of the population, a dark brooding, all the worse because every day growing in intelligence. And we solemnly declare that one of the most imminent dangers of the movement of this generation is the magnanimous spirit of self-sacrifice which has animated the mass of those who think of risking their lives or spending them in even a hopeless contest. That they ' cannot be worse,' that ' there is no hope for the country,' and that ' it is as good to die,' are the sentiments and ethics which poverty and degradation have taught, and which are frequently repeated by American success and daring. Again, we declare that the only hope of peace, order, progress, and at last real union, is in tranquillizing Ireland. And we solemnly declare that the only means of effectually tranquillizing Ireland is by a restoration of her nationality. General legislation by the Parliament of Great Britain will never be equal to the task of teaching, enriching, developing, and raising Ireland. Political economy will never do for a country like Ireland, any more than the ordinary food of health and vigour would do for the weak and sickly. The most exceptional legislation must be employed, the minutest knowledge

must be obtained, the most persevering local inquiry must be instituted, and a full, heart-whole, and, we would say, exclusive attention, province by province, must be directed to discover and remedy Ireland's wants; and these things an English parliament cannot perform. And, above all, such a parliament will never satisfy the cravings of a whole people, whose intellects and whose hearts combine in the cry for nationality. A land tenure will accomplish something; removal of the Protestant ascendancy, by placing the Protestant Church in the same position before the State as the Catholic Church, will accomplish much; equality in education, and the removal of the anomaly of giving a freedom of education on the condition of people giving up freedom, will do its share, and we will hail any and all of them with thankfulness; *but we feel bound to say, that when all of them have been granted, safety from foreign danger, perfect development of home resources, above all, the heart of this country will require nationality.* Give Ireland her own legislature and the government of her resources—nationality and her federal amity will be a tower of strength to the empire. *We conclude, then, that Ireland is poor and helpless, not by any fault of the Irish race, but by the force and fault of English legislation.* That the very nature of most of the remedies required to make Ireland rich and contented makes it impossible for a British parliament to adopt and employ them; and, besides, that home aspirations and the plea for Irish intervention from abroad can never be met, unless by restoring to Ireland her nationality, re-establishing the Sovereign and Lords and Commons of Ireland."

It is only after reading such documents as these, and recognising how correctly they represent the sentiments, not indeed of the whole Irish nation, but certainly of the disaffected portion, that we perceive the full hopelessness of the problem,—the hopelessness, that is, of removing the *political* discontent of a people who do not rebel against this or that grievance,—who admit, indeed, that we are doing our poor best to remedy their grievances,—but who tell us that we can never satisfy them, and simply demand of us *that we shall go*. Go it is clear we cannot; we would not if we could, and we ought not if we would. For, putting aside for the moment English considerations and Imperial interests, the Irish people are not homogeneous, and are by no means of one mind in these matters. A large portion of them, and the most prosperous and energetic portion, cling to the British connexion, have no notion either of Republic or Repeal, dread and deprecate the prospect of being handed over to the tender mercies and the wild policy of their fellow-countrymen, would fight to the death rather than that what are called "Irish" ideas and Irish purposes should prevail,—and though far less numerous than their antagonists, would be by no means unlikely to conquer in the strife. The Protestants constitute one fourth of the population, and the Protestants are loyal almost to a man, while thousands of the Catholics, espe-

cially the better educated, are staunch adherents of the British connexion. Ulster, the stronghold of the Anti-Fenian doctrines, when reinforced by the loyal districts of Leinster, will be found to contain nearly two millions and a half out of the five and a half that Ireland now numbers. "Justice to Ireland" according to Fenian notions would be the height of iniquity and cruelty in the eyes of the propertied and cultured classes, and no one who knows the country feels the slightest doubt that the retirement of England from the government would be the signal for a civil war of more than ordinary fierceness,—a conflict of which any man could predict the incidents, but of which no man could foretell the issue. But the idea is of course simply absurd. Nor is that of Repeal one whit more practical. We know what the former Irish Parliament was, and how ill it worked with that of England, even when elected mainly under Protestant and English influences: were it restored now, it probably could not be made to work at all. And as to Mr. Goldwin Smith's suggestion of Provincial Parliaments to deal with all local questions,—an Ulster assembly chosen under Orange inspiration, and a Munster one under the auspices of Cardinal Cullen,—we can only say that no stronger proof could be given of the perplexity and hopelessness of a problem which could drive so sensible a man to so senseless a proposal.

The disaffection and disloyalty of Ireland, then, so far as it has a political source and is directed towards political aims, cannot be removed or laid to sleep. The malcontents seek for the impossible, their demands are of a nature which they are aware cannot even be listened to, since they involve the surrender at once of empire and of duty, a pusillanimity as well as a crime, the giving over of a whole country to the least capable portion of its inhabitants. To go a single step in their direction would, as they tell us candidly, allay no hatreds and quench no desires; while it would be a divergence from that course of action by the steady pursuit of which alone, we deliberately believe, can the ultimate prosperity and pacification of Ireland be attained. We must do what is right and wise unflinchingly, and let loyalty follow if it will; we must on no account swerve from what is right and wise in the hope of purchasing loyalty by folly or by wrong. Adherence to duty may not always be rewarded; but desertion of it never fails, in public affairs at least, to be punished in the end. It may be sad that we should be reduced to such an issue; and it may be and is a bitter shame and reproach to us that we have so mismanaged matters in the past that we cannot attract to us or govern by the law of love a people so full of excellencies and resources as the Irish—so peculiarly, as Mr. Mill says, "the needed complement of ourselves;" but with Separatists, Fenians, and Repealers we can

hold no parley ; and those who urge us to govern in conformity to Irish ideas, and to loyalize the Irish by adopting or humouring their peculiarities and opinions, ought to define a little what they mean, before using language which so lends itself to abuse and misconception.

When we come to the Religious discontent of Ireland the case is very different. Here we have inherited a bitter legacy from the past, and our conscience is not clear in the present. We wronged the Catholics of Ireland for generations ; we are wronging them wilfully, knowingly, persistently still, though in a far feebler and milder fashion. We cannot say that the Irish Catholics have not good reason to hate England for her shameful sins and cruelties against them in former days ; we cannot even say that she is not giving them some reason to hate her even now. In this matter we have not really and fully *repented* of the misdeeds of our forefathers, for though we have departed from and reversed most of them, we have not altogether abandoned or atoned for them. We have repealed all the old penal laws against Popery ; we have emancipated the Catholics and placed them on a perfect social and political and civil equality with Protestants ; but with an obstinacy and stupidity which is almost insane, we still retain the Church Establishment as a perpetual, irritating, insulting memento of our past enormities. The religion of the minority is maintained as the religion of the State ; as if we were bent upon for ever reminding our Irish fellow-citizens that in Ireland the majority are still oppressed. No one who is acquainted in detail with the heinous penal laws against the Catholics, which continued up to the close of the last century, can wonder that Irishmen should have grown up in the most passionate abhorrence of the Government which enacted and maintained them : no one who realizes how truly the Protestant Establishment is the outcome, the relic, the memorial of the feelings and opinions from which those laws sprung, has any right to wonder that this abhorrence should endure as long as that Establishment is upheld. It may be true that practically the grievance is little felt ; it may be true that Fenianism does not even mention it among Irish wrongs ; it may be true that since the commutation of tithes into a rent-charge payable by the landlords, the Irish peasant is not conscious of the pressure, and would be no pecuniary gainer by its removal ; it may be true that the chief portion of the property burdened with this rent-charge is owned by Protestant Churchmen ; it may even be true that the surrender of the Establishment would not loyalize either priests or people, and that this act of plain but tardy justice would bear no immediate fruit and bring us no clear reward ; still,

when all admissions are made, the undeniable conclusion remains, that as long as this symbol of alien supremacy and hereditary wrong is suffered to exist, no Englishman can say that justice has been done to Ireland, or that Irishmen are irrational in hating England.

We have treated this subject so recently, that we need add only a very few words here. In what manner the abolition or disendowment of the Protestant Episcopal Establishment in Ireland is to be effected, is a question, and doubtless not an easy one, for statesmen. Many and various plans have been suggested, both of reducing the Establishment and disposing of its surplus revenues, into which we need not enter. It is sufficient to point out that the measure itself has become incomparably more feasible than it was when last practically mooted thirty years ago, at the time of Lord Morpeth's celebrated "Appropriation Clause." In the first place, the principle of Voluntaryism—the separation of Church and State—has made no trifling conversions in the interior of the Establishment itself,—Ritualism, Tractarianism, and the Colenso controversy having effected remarkable changes of sentiment in that direction. Secondly, the political strength of the orthodox Dissenters, and of the middle class generally, who are opposed on system to all religious endowments, has materially increased. And, thirdly, a great obstacle in dealing with the question has been removed by the authoritative announcement of the Catholic hierarchy, that they demand and will accept no portion of the confiscated revenues of the Establishment; for while the majority of the Scotch and English nation would probably prove to be in favour of disendowing one creed, they would to a certainty be resolutely hostile to any scheme for endowing the other. We believe that the only vehement or formidable opposition that need be anticipated to the measure of justice and policy we advocate will come from the ultra-Protestant province of Ulster,—and this must either be disregarded or disarmed. It will never do, at this day, to suffer Orangeism to hinder us from doing justice to Catholicism in Ireland.

The question of the Church Establishment is, unhappily, not the only one connected with religion on which bitter animosity now prevails among the rival sects. An angry controversy is raging on the question of mixed education, which is widening, and bids fair to render permanent that gulf which the State for the last thirty years and more has been endeavouring to bridge over. In the year 1831 was commenced, under the auspices of the present Prime Minister, then Mr. Stanley, that system of national education in which for a while the prelates of both Churches joined harmoniously, and which, it was hoped, by bringing up Catholic and Protestant children together in one

schoolroom, might pave the way for sentiments of mutual goodwill and brotherhood. For a time, under the management of Archbishops Murray and Whately, the scheme worked admirably; but by degrees the serpent of religious discord and jealousy crept in to mar the benevolent and Christian plan. The old squabbles between secular and sectarian instruction began again. At first the Protestant clergy objected to the too liberal concessions (as they fancied) that were made to Catholic demands. Then the Catholic clergy became hostile to the very moderate restrictions (as they seem to us) that were placed upon their freedom of action and teaching in the schools. Now, they are fairly embarked in their habitual crusade to render all teaching, whether aided by the State or not, distinctly sectarian, and to get the unreserved management of the education of the entire Catholic population into their own hands. What it will become, and to what purposes it will probably be turned, should they succeed, all history warns us. We have no intention of entering into the controversy. Those who desire to see a very powerful statement of the priestly view should read Mr. Butt's pamphlet called "*The Liberty of Teaching Vindicated.*" Mr. Butt is himself a Protestant, but he gives many facts which seem to show that the Catholics have some grounds for complaint, and that the soundest principles of the national system have already been so far encroached upon or surrendered that it may not be worth while to contend for what remains, at the price of continued bitterness and sectarian animosity. On the other hand, the last Report of the Irish Education Commission (1866) gives very strong reasons for the continuance of those restrictions, which were designed to prevent the national schools from degenerating into means of proselytism, and indicates pretty plainly that the objection to them arises from the priests, and not from the population generally. It appears that nine out of ten children are educated at schools where there is no mixture of sects; and that in Ulster, where the greatest admixture prevails, the system works amicably enough, or would do so, if sectarians would allow it. Our own impression is, that until these miserable jealousies and unchristian animosities shall die away, our only alternative lies between purely secular instruction, seconded, aided, or provided by the State (time for special religious instruction being of course allowed and enforced), and education on the sectarian system prevalent in England, supplemented by State grants. To advance to the first would be a vast step for Ireland; to retrograde to the last, if we are forced to that, would be a sad concession to the strength of the bigotry which weighs like an incubus upon that unhappy country. With the Church Establishment removed, and a secular education organized, the last grounds of religious

discontent would be swept away,—though, alas! the recollection of the bad old days must long survive to punish and to thwart us.

The Land-Tenure discontent is a graver and more difficult matter than either the political or religious disaffection, and goes far deeper into the heart of the nation. The political animosity towards England may be left to die away with time, simply because it is hopeless on our part to try to remove it, and hopeless on the part of the disaffected to indulge it. It is a chronic sore, too, engrained in the constitution, and ever liable to break out from time to time in a more active form under the stimulus of foreign sympathy or tempting opportunity. The hostile sentiment arising from religious causes admits of more positive remedial treatment, inasmuch as one of its chief objects can and ought to be removed at once. But the question of land-tenure is an affair of interest even more than of idea or feeling; it is, or it is fancied to be, an affair of life or death, of plenty or starvation, of prosperity or ruin, of simple justice or downright wrong to the Irish peasant and farmer,—that is, to three-fourths of the population. It comes home to “men’s business and bosoms” in a way that no other question does. If we can solve it satisfactorily and completely, other matters of controversy will cease to be formidable. If we cannot, no arrangement, however amicable or equitable, that we may attempt on the field of politics or religion, will do anything to lay to rest the discontent and disturbance which are the curse of the country, or suffice to render it either progressive, prosperous, or tranquil.

And here we must remark, at the outset, that the very prominence and paramount importance and urgency of the land question is *itself*, if not *the* evil to be dealt with, at least the source and gravamen of that evil, and is a fact for which England and English legislation in *the past* are mainly, though not wholly, answerable. Scarcely in any matter have we been more guilty than in this; in no other matter is our guilt being punished with such enduring and unrelenting severity. The great passion of the Irish people is for the possession and the cultivation of land;¹ they have always and instinctively been too inclined to look to land and cling to land as the only means of livelihood and comfort; the fact that population does increase and that land does not, has always lain at the root of half their difficulties; the cruel and crushing competition for land resulting from this fact and that feeling has led to no small portion of Irish crime, and to nine-tenths of Irish poverty and Irish

¹ It is however satisfactory to learn, from the concurring testimony of nearly all witnesses, that this passion has materially diminished of late years.

turbulence, by augmenting the landlords' and diminishing the cultivators' share of the produce, and by making every *actual* Irish tenant regard every *aspiring* Irish tenant as a robber and an enemy. Wise statesmen and a wise legislature would have directed their most strenuous exertions to mitigate this competition and allay this fierce desire; to teach the Irish that there are other branches of industry that yield far richer returns than the tillage of the soil; to turn their energies into new channels; to foster every sort of manufacture which could be introduced into the island; to diminish to the utmost possible extent the proportion of the population immediately dependent upon agriculture; and by so doing at once to lower rents, to create and improve markets, and to raise the price of agricultural produce. Had this course been followed with persistence, Irish tenants would not be at the mercy of their landlords, as they are too habitually now; Irish occupiers would not have been shooting and maiming successful rivals for the only means of living which they know; Irish peasants would not have been driven to seek in distant lands for those fields of labour (in their imagination the only ones) which limited acreage will not afford to increasing numbers at home. Instead of this, however, English statesmen, who were not wise, and an English legislature, which was not just, pursued, a couple of centuries ago, and for a long course of years, a precisely opposite line of action. The jealousy and selfishness of British manufacturers and the weak and iniquitous compliance of a British Parliament were allowed to crush and actually to prohibit the various industries which were beginning to take root in Ireland, and which, if fostered, or even if simply let alone, might by this time have supported one-half the population, and become as prosperous as the linen trade is now.¹ By this means, by this previous fault, by this heinous

¹ "It has been rather the custom of late to represent the landed interest of Great Britain as the sole inventors and patentees of protection. The experience of Ireland does not confirm this theory. During the course of the last 250 years we have successively tasted the tender mercies of every interest in turn—whether landed, trading, or commercial—and have little reason to pronounce one less selfish than another. From Queen Elizabeth's reign until within a few years of the Union the various commercial confraternities of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grip on the trades of Ireland. One by one, each of our nascent industries was either strangled in its birth, or handed over, gagged and bound, to the jealous custody of the rival interest in England, until at last every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed, and even the traditions of commercial enterprise have perished through desuetude.

"The owners of England's pastures opened the campaign. As early as the commencement of the 16th century the beeves of Roscommon, Tipperary, and Queen's County undersold the produce of the English grass counties in their own market. By an Act of the 20th of Elizabeth, Irish cattle were declared a 'nuisance,' and their importation was prohibited. Forbidden to send our beasts alive across the Channel, we killed them at home, and began

injustice, we threw the Irish peasant back upon the land as his sole resource, and shut him up, as it were, within its boundaries; and thus undeniably made ourselves answerable for a large proportion of his subsequent wretchedness and animosity. Of all the wrongs with which England is charged by Irish tongues, perhaps there is no case in which the indictment can be so well maintained as this, or in which the crime has been so heavily visited upon us. Even here, however, equity will call upon us to remember that Irish folly has not been backward in assisting and exasperating the operation of English wrong. If Ireland had been tranquil, British capital would long since have introduced both the cotton and woollen manufactures, and thus have provided employment at home for hundreds of thousands who have been forced abroad to seek it. Over and over again have projects of this sort been nipped in the bud, or discouraged after the first steps had been taken, by renewed proofs of the insecu-

to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather. Our cattle trade abolished, we tried sheep farming. The sheep breeders of England immediately took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by a Parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction, we tried to work up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest outcry of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel, and broadcloth in the country rose up in arms, and by an Act of William III. the woollen industry of Ireland was extinguished, and 20,000 manufacturers left the island. The easiness of the Irish labour market and the cheapness of provisions still giving us an advantage, even though we had to import our materials, we next made a dash at the silk business; but the silk manufacturer proved as pitiless as the woolstaplers. The cotton manufacturer, the sugar refiner, the soap and candle maker (who especially dreaded the abundance of our kelp), and any other trade or interest that thought it worth its while to petition, was received by Parliament with the same partial cordiality,¹ until the most searching scrutiny failed to detect a single vent through which it was possible for the hated industry of Ireland to breathe. But, although excluded from the markets of Britain, a hundred harbours gave her access to the universal sea. Alas! a rival commerce on her own element was still less welcome to England, and as early as the reign of Charles II. the Levant, the ports of Europe, and the oceans beyond the Cape were forbidden to the flag of Ireland. The colonial trade alone was in any manner open—if that could be called an open trade which for a long time precluded all exports whatever, and excluded from direct importation to Ireland such important articles as sugar, cotton, and tobacco. What has been the consequence of such a system, pursued with relentless pertinacity for 250 years? This: that, debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself back upon "*the land*" with as fatal an impulse as when a river whose current is suddenly impeded rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilized."—*The State of Ireland*, pp. 129–32.

¹ "An amusing instance of the feeling that Ireland was to be sacrificed to England is mentioned by the author of the '*Commercial Restraints of Ireland*,' p. 125. In 1698 two petitions were presented to the English House of Commons from the fishermen of Folkestone and Aldborough, stating that they were injured 'by the Irish catching herrings at Waterford and Wexford, and sending them to the Straits, and thereby forestalling and ruining petitioners' markets.'"

rity which is the horror of wealth and commercial enterprise. Nor ought we to forget that at least one thriving trade—that of shipbuilding—was driven away by the insane and suicidal violence of the trades-unions of Dublin about a generation ago. The want of manufacturing industry on a sufficient scale is Ireland's greatest need at this moment; and for its absence both peoples must share the blame—the English in the past, the Irish at the present day.

In speaking of the feelings and questions which grow out of the land-tenure in Ireland, we shall encumber our pages with as few statistics and quotations as possible. The facts we have to deal with and the authorities on which we rely (and as to relevant and important matters there really is not much controversy) are to be found in the various books whose titles are at the head of this article, especially Lord Dufferin's and Mr. Butt's. Our object is to make the essentials of the question clear, and to avoid all side issues or details which might cloud the mind or divert attention from the main, large, simple features of the case. Controversialists and practical politicians would differ far less often and less widely than they do were greater pains taken to strip the subject in dispute of all irrelevancies, and to present it nakedly and in its nucleus, as it were, to the understanding. Under the names of "Tenant-Right," then, and "Landlord and Tenant Bills," and "Tenure of Land," two or three entirely distinct matters are confounded. The claims of occupiers of land in Ireland and the discontent felt by them must be divided into two wholly separate categories, which have no real connexion with each other, and which must be discussed and dealt with in a wholly different manner; and this is the first contribution we have to make towards clearing the popular conceptions of the question. The tenants' demand for "compensation for improvements" effected by them upon the soil is one thing, their demand for "fixity of tenure" is another. The first is a claim for security for the produce of their labour, the second is a claim for security in the possession of their holding. The first asks to be awarded simple and undeniable justice, the second asks to be endowed with a positive and perpetual property. The former is the object of Lord Naas's Bill, of Judge Longfield's recommendations, of the various Parliamentary committees that have taken evidence and reported on land-tenure and landlord and tenants' improvements. The latter is the purpose of Mr. Butt's pamphlets and of Sir John Gray's and the *Spectator's* scheme. The one is surrounded with many difficulties in practical detail, but is just and sound in principle, is virtually opposed by few, and as far as it could be made operative at all, would no doubt operate for good. The other involves the gravest questions of equity and policy, goes down to the very heart of the

question of landed property itself, and might turn out the most fatal measure ever adopted towards the people who demand it.

In England most agricultural improvements—all at least of an important and permanent character—are the work of the owner of the soil, and are effected by his capital. In Scotland, where this is not so universally the case, the farmer is usually a man of means, has a sufficient lease with equitable provisions, and can take care of himself. In Ireland, if we put aside the case of the wealthy English proprietors, and the more energetic and scientific native landlords who have recently introduced a better system, such improvements and outlays as are made were, as a rule, formerly, and are still often, the work of the occupier;¹ and as the occupier has seldom a lease, and is liable to be ejected or to have his rent raised at the will of his landlord, common justice, as well as the interests of the land and the security for decent farming, obviously demand that for such of his outlays, either of money or labour, as have really benefited the land, and as he has not had time to reap the profit of himself, he should, when he gives up his occupancy, be reimbursed by his landlord or by the incoming tenant, one or other of whom enters into his labour, inherits, as it were, his improvements. Thus much may be conceded without controversy,—is, in fact, generally now conceded on all hands. The discussion now turns upon two points—*first*, Whether the tenant shall be compensated for all improvements which his landlord *has not forbidden*, or only for those which his landlord has actually *sanctioned*? And, *secondly*, On what principle, on what reason, and by what authority, those improvements shall be valued and repaid? The first question is not quite as easy as it appears to begin with; for it often happens that a tenant may wish to effect improvements which, in the landlord's judgment, and from the landlord's point of view, are not improvements at all, but interfere with his ulterior projects for the good of the estate; as where the tenant puts up fences, though the landlord desires to throw several fields into one;² or when the occupier will erect wretched small farm-buildings suitable for a holding of twelve or fifteen acres, but useless, and worse than useless, in

¹ This, however, is usually stated far too broadly. The *larger* improvements, especially all connected with drainage (the most important of all), are the work of the landlords, and the smaller tenants scarcely ever improve at all.—(See Judge Longfield's Evidence, and Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, p. 232. In the case of four estates mentioned by Mr. Trench (House of Lords Committee) whose aggregate rental was £54,000, the landlords had expended in seventeen years no less than £142,719 in permanent improvements.

² It appears that where farms under fifty acres are usual, at least *ten per cent.* of the land is often occupied with fences.—*Irish Emigration*, by Lord Dufferin, p. 352.

the eyes of a proprietor who sees that his only chance of good and profitable management of his estate is to throw several farms into one as soon as he can, and erect suitable buildings for working that one on a large scale, in a scientific manner, and by the instrumentality of a tenant possessed of both capital and skill. The other question presents difficulties, but no insuperable ones. At present, the means provided by Mr. Cardwell's Bill for estimating the value of improvements about which a difference of opinion is entertained, are quite inoperative; nor, looking to the prevalent feelings in Ireland, can it be expected that individual magistrates or agents, or even Quarter-Sessions, will ever be accepted as satisfactory arbitrators; but we have little doubt that the competent and independent set of arbitrators suggested by Lord Dufferin, to be appointed and paid by the Government, would soon be able to establish a system of proceedings and basis of valuations that would practically solve all problems and preclude nearly all disputes. Certainly, there can be no doubt that compensation for all genuine improvements ought to be secured to the outgoing tenant, and as little doubt that qualified and impartial valuers could be found to do the work. Thus far nearly every one is agreed, that what is called vaguely "tenant-right" must be conceded and secured.¹

But when persons point to the system of "tenant-right" in Ulster as one that works well, that has created harmony between owner and occupier, and contributed to the improvement of agriculture, and as one, therefore, that ought to be extended and sanctioned by law, they are satisfied with a very superficial and wholly erroneous view of the case. To all such we recommend a careful perusal of Lord Dufferin's evidence before the Committees of the House of Commons in 1865, and republished in his "Inquiry;" and we think there will then remain little hesitation in their minds in pronouncing the system vicious in principle and mischievous in practice. It is only very partially, and usually not all in actual fact, whatever it may be in theory, and might have been in its origin, a compensation paid by the incoming to the outgoing tenant for the unexhausted improvements made by the latter. It is mainly, universally, and avowedly a purchase of the "good-will" of the farm—a payment made, and recognised by custom to be due, in order to secure peaceable possession of the holding, or, as Lord Dufferin calls it, a sort of "black-mail" paid by the new man to the old one to "bribe him not to interfere." In a word, and in fact, the new tenant has not only to *rent* his

¹ There would still, however, be vast difficulties, both of principle and detail, an idea of which may be gathered from Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, pp. 232-245.

occupancy from the landlord, but actually to *buy* it from his predecessor in the occupation, and “sometimes to give ten, fifteen, or even twenty years’ purchase of the rent,” *or half, and more than half, the value in fee-simple of the land.*¹ The mischievous effect of this custom, wherever it is, as it usually is, different from and in excess of that compensation for genuine outlay and improvement which we have already declared to be indisputably equitable, is threefold:—*First*, It greatly diminishes the rent received by the landlord, while it does not at all practically reduce the sum paid by the tenant, and, by thus crippling the landlord’s means, incapacitates and indisposes him for those more judicious and permanent and large improvements which he might otherwise be inclined and able to make. *Secondly*, It renders the landlord more careless than he otherwise would be of the solvency of his tenant, and more easy than he ought to be in suffering him to fall behind in his payments of rent, since he is aware that, when his tenancy comes to an end, or when he is obliged to eject him for debt or for bad farming, he will nearly always be able to recover his arrears out of the lump sum paid over to the defaulter by his successor; and, as a matter of fact, he does thus secure and recoup himself against the results of his forbearance. *Thirdly*, The practice is directly conducive to bad farming and to tenant-wretchedness, since the incoming occupier has to hand over to his predecessor nearly or quite the whole of the capital on which he ought to have depended for the good cultivation of his farm, and without which he cannot possibly do justice to it. Nay, the case is often worse than this,—commonly enough he has to borrow the whole, or a large portion of the sum of money in question, and thus enters on his task an indebted, impoverished, and embarrassed man.² It is true that he recovers the sum he has paid (or most of it) at the expiration of his term, supposing that he is ever called upon to give up possession, but this neither saves him from crippling poverty during his occupancy, nor does it enrich them at the end of it, for a considerable portion of it is too often by that time owing to his landlord. The system is bad in every point of view; and Lord Dufferin told the Committee that he had already spent £10,000 or £11,000 in endeavouring to extinguish it on his estates.

Two other points remain to be noticed in connexion with this branch of the question,—the law of distraint and the practice of granting leases. Many of the most thorough-going advocates of tenant claims would abolish the former and enforce the

¹ The Digest of the Devon Commission gives instances of far larger amounts than these—even up to fifty years’ purchase in former days.

² Often he pays the interest of the sum borrowed, by surrendering to the lender one or two of his best fields!

latter. They argue that to enable the landlord to take precedence of all other creditors, and to distrain upon the occupier's growing crops whenever he may be in arrear of rent, is to give the owner an unfair advantage, and to place the tenant in an unjustly inferior position; while they maintain further that, without the protection of a lease, no tenant can be expected either to take sufficiently deep and permanent interest in his holding to induce him to farm well, or to lay out capital or labour on improvements of which he is never secure of reaping the benefit himself. Those, however, who are practically acquainted with Ireland, even though among the most zealous promoters of an equitable and generous Landlord and Tenant Law, are, for the most part, of a very different opinion. They argue that, but for the security for his rent in ultimate resort which the power of distrain gives to the landlord, he would be forced to be far more strict than at present in preventing the rent from falling into arrear; that he would in simple self-defence be obliged to give a defaulting tenant notice to quit on the first occasion of default, instead of, as now, waiting for more prosperous years; and that evictions would become much more common and more prompt. We believe there is little doubt that they are right. With reference to the lease question, nearly all the most enlightened defenders of the claims and cause of the peasant, as may be seen both in the pamphlets and the evidence extracted by Lord Dufferin, agree that to give leases *indiscriminately* to small occupiers—*i.e.*, under 15 or 30 acres, according to the quality of the soil—would be undesirable and even mischievous; is not demanded by justice, inasmuch as these small holders are never improvers; and would promote and stereotype that poor and bad farming which is the curse of Ireland. A good and capable farmer, they say, scarcely ever needs the security of a lease; and none but good and capable farmers ought to have it.

The chief point to notice, however, is that the best law of landlord and tenant, the utmost extension of leases to energetic and deserving occupiers which any well-informed friend of Ireland would advise, the most liberal, equitable, and ready system for securing compensation for *bond fide* improvements to evicted or retiring tenants, would affect only a very small portion of the farmers and peasantry of Ireland;—scarcely more, Lord Dufferin shows, than a quarter of a million, even if we include the tenant-farmers of Ulster who desire no change in the law, and the large and wealthy cultivators who need none to protect them. There is no doubt that a righteous and easily workable arrangement between landlord and tenant ought to be contrived. There is just as little doubt that when we had gone the utmost length in this respect that justice and the interest of

the land required, we should have done literally nothing towards loyalizing and contenting the mass of the Irish people, because we should not have taken one step towards meeting their demands. They care little or nothing for compensation, for they are seldom or never improvers. The question of leases is irrelevant to them, for they never hold farms of a size to which leases could beneficially be granted. The entire landlord and tenant controversy passes over their head, and concerns them not. It relates to a grievance which they rather desire to retain than to remedy, inasmuch as it gives them allies and sympathizers in their agitation. It is universally admitted and avowed that what they want is not tenant-right but "fixity of tenure,"—i.e., a virtual property in their holding, large or small, so long as they pay the stipulated rent. (Some go a step further, and claim security against ejection whether they can pay rent or not, but these we may leave out of the discussion.) That this is the real demand, the concession "the Irish" claim and believe they are entitled to have, there is no question; they avow it themselves, The O'Donoghue declares it for them, and thinks it ought to be granted,¹ so does Mr. Butt,² so does the *Spectator*, so does Mr. Bright, in effect. This, then, is the real question before us; this alone will meet the exigencies of the case; this alone will content and pacify the agitation; this alone will allay disaffection and restore tranquillity. To this, therefore, we must address ourselves.

In several respects, we feel ourselves to be in a better position for arguing the question with impartiality than, perhaps, most of those who have discussed it on either side. We recognise as strongly as any one can do the paramount urgency of tranquillizing Ireland, and, if possible, recovering the hearts of the Irish people, and are conscious of as earnest a desire to satisfy and to serve them by any effort and at any sacrifice. We admit fully and frankly that their passionate wish for the possession

¹ "I look upon the Bill" (writes The O'Donoghue to the National Association) "as utterly worthless. . . . According to my judgment, the land question can only be settled by the Legislature enacting that no man in the possession of an agricultural holding shall be dispossessed as long as he pays a fair rent. If the landlord and tenant cannot agree as to the rent, let it be determined by a valuator appointed by the State."

² "I neither criticise nor disparage any efforts to obtain something like a recognition of the justice of the claims of the Irish tenantry. Those efforts may be of great importance if they succeed in securing even an imperfect admission of the principles upon which all legislation affecting the relation of landlord and tenant ought to be based. But of this I am perfectly sure, that 'the Irish Land Question' never can be adjusted on any other principle than that of establishing fixity of tenure in the occupier, independent of any action on the part of the proprietors of the soil—and that until this is done, the elements of the old quarrel will continue to disturb and distract every relation of Irish social life."—Mr. Butt—*Plea*.

of land, and their conviction that a paternal and equitable government would secure them that possession, are perfectly natural, without attributing to them any lawlessness or love of spoliation. When we remember the old system of land-tenure in Ireland, the traditions and recollections of the conquest, and of too many pages of subsequent history, their ignorance and consequent inability to look beyond their own experience to considerations which involve the welfare and progress of the country, the sufferings and often total destitution that have often followed ejection from their holdings, and, as much as anything, the persistent endeavours of their agitators and leaders to represent them to themselves on all occasions as victims of systematic robbery and oppression;—we feel that, owing to these circumstances, there is too much truth in the sweeping statement of Mr. Butt, that “the whole system of landed property in Ireland is regarded by the great mass of the people as an alien institution; and all its rights are looked upon as enforced by conquest, and maintained only by a foreign force;” and that it is this perverted view of the subject, sedulously fostered by the enemies of the English connexion, that we have to deal with. Further than this, we recognise the present state of matters as so serious, and we confess in our past conduct so many sins, errors, and shortcomings, that we are quite prepared for any “exceptional legislation,” however bold and startling, which shall offer a reasonable prospect of effecting the tranquillization and loyalization we all desire, provided, only, it be not merely temporary and delusive, and be not purchased at the sacrifice of the true interests and the permanent progress of the people on whose behalf it is adopted. Finally, we are prepared to look at the matter solely in the interest of the masses, and, if necessary, to put aside in so grave a conjuncture the claims and wishes of the landlord class, and courageously to undertake whatever interference with “the rights of property,” as the phrase is, may be truly and imperatively demanded by the public good; for we believe that all a citizen’s possessions, and in a peculiar manner his landed possessions, are held only subject to the paramount necessities of the State and the welfare of the people; and we can see no reason why, if the prosperity and safety of the country require it, a man’s estate should not be taken from him (a full and fair price, of course, being paid him), to be distributed among his poorer fellow-citizens, just as freely, and precisely on the same principles, as for the construction of a railway or the erection of a fort. If it can be made out that it is really for the good of Ireland that “fixity of tenure” shall be decreed, or that peasants and tenant-farmers shall be endowed in fee-simple with the properties they now hold or rent from year to year, we should regard such measures

as strictly just, warrantable, and statesmanlike. Only we should require—as in the case of railway bills, and far more strictly and severely than with railway bills—that *the preamble shall be fully proved*.

The public has now before it three distinct plans for effecting the object,—that is for transforming the peasantry and actual tenant-farmers of Ireland either into perpetual and immoveable occupiers of their holdings at a fixed head-rent, or into actual proprietors in fee-simple, or into the one as a progress towards the other. The first is Mr. Bright's. In his notable speech at Dublin, in October 1866, he advises "a Parliamentary Commission, empowered to buy up the large estates in Ireland, *belonging to the English nobility*, for the purpose of selling them on proper terms to the occupiers of the farms, and to the tenantry of Ireland." A day or two afterwards he explained his crude plan a little more in detail. It appeared then, that he would have the State use its unrivalled credit as a borrower to obtain money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and employ this money in purchasing the estates of absentees, and then re-sell these estates in small portions to the existing tenantry or peasantry; or, rather, *let* them at such annual rents (say 6 per cent. on the purchase money) as would render the holder absolute owner in fee-simple in fifteen or twenty years without any loss to the State. That is, he would have the Government Commission buy the property of Lord Derby, for instance, at (say) £35 an acre, and let it to Patrick O'Dogherty for (say) £50 or £60 a year, for a fixed term of years, after which period it should become his own.

Mr. Butt's plan is as follows, given in his own words:—

"The great charter of enfranchisement of the serfs of Ireland would be a Statute which would contain provisions such as these:—

"Every person in actual occupation of an agricultural tenement in Ireland, under any tenure, should be at liberty to serve a notice on his landlord that he elected to hold under the Statute.

"Upon service of this notice the rent to be paid should be fixed at a fair valuation, and a declaration made by a local tribunal entitling the tenant to be considered as holding at that rent.

"This declaration should be equivalent to a lease for sixty years at the specified rent, and subject to the following covenants:—

"To pay the rent.

"To cultivate the lands in a proper and husbandlike manner.

"To maintain and keep the premises in good order and condition, and not to sublet without the consent of the landlord.

"To these might be added a condition, that within a given number of years, say seven, the land demised should be put into good cultivation.

"The breach of any of these covenants to be attended by forfeiture

of the interest; and in ejectment for non-payment of rent the forfeiture to be absolute, and the right of redemption to be taken away.

“All future lettings of land to be made in the same manner and subject to the same conditions.

“The operation of the Act might be limited to ten or twenty years. Within that time the present population would have acquired a proprietary interest in the soil. The country might then have arrived at a state in which such provisions might be dispensed with—most probably, with the approbation of all parties, they would be renewed.”

The third plan is thus propounded by the *Spectator*, in its issue of December 28, 1867 :—

“Our proposal is that the State should buy from the landlords, at a price to be fixed by scientific calculation, the right of raising the rentals of their farms; that, in fact, the landlords should sell their right of eviction, a right, we may remark, almost surrendered in Ulster. The tenant should then be offered this right in consideration of an additional payment of, say, five per cent., of which two per cent. should form a sinking fund for the repayment of the principal advanced by Government. He would then be placed in the exact position of the old peasant in Bengal,—that is, he would, subject to a quit-rent at quarter-day and to the rights of sub-tenants, be actual owner of the soil. All disputes about improvements, cultivations, votes, or other subjects would end for ever, for the single claim of the landlord would be limited, as it is in Bengal, to the rent in cash on quarter-day. Further, the tenant would be sure, sooner or later, to sublet his farm,—the practice of which many friends of Ireland express such apprehensions. Let him sublet as deep as he likes or can, but every such sublease must be like his own, a perpetual lease, voidable only if the rent is not paid to the hour. The one grand fear of purely agricultural tenants, that they may ‘lose their land,’ may, that is, be thrown out of work, and turned out of their homes at one and the same moment, would then be ended; each man would reap the full reward of his own industry, and each would be imbued with that first and strongest of Conservative impulses, the wish to protect his own property from attack. At the same time, the landlord, enjoying his quit-rent and his demesne, would be the natural chief of the population round him, the greatest capitalist, the best educated resident, the man with the highest social position. So far from his property being confiscated, he would be guaranteed by the State alike in his present rental and his possible future profits; would lose nothing, except indeed the power to drive his tenants to the poll, or to take possession of improvements made with their cash.”

The several schemes, it will be observed, differ in many of their details, and in their range of operation,—Mr. Bright’s being the most moderate and the least complete; but all of them are pretty courageous and thorough-going, and propose to concede, if not quite all that the Irish occupier and labourer desire, at least all that their advocates, and those who share

their sentiments, feel it decent to ask for them. Virtually, they would all, within their range of operation, effect a complete change in the ownership of the soil, and render the cultivators substantially the proprietors—as they claim to be. As we have said, we have no objection to offer to any of these schemes, provided they would effect the desired aim, viz., really be good for Ireland, really create a prosperous and happy peasantry and tenantry, really promote good agriculture, really satisfy, tranquillize, and loyalize the people. We have only therefore to consider how far they are likely to work these desiderated miracles.

The first comment we have to make is one that applies most obviously to Mr. Bright's proposal, but affects them all in a proportionate degree, and will be held by many to be fatal to such plans *in limine*. *They would eliminate the one improving and progressive element and influence in Irish agriculture that now exists.* By general admission, one of the greatest and most universal of the evils of Ireland is the wretched condition of the cultivation of the soil,—its slovenliness, its clumsiness, its want alike of capital and science,—its backwardness, in short. At the time of the introduction of the Poor Law it was officially stated, and we believe never contradicted, that the number of persons engaged in cultivating a given acreage was *five* in Ireland against *two* in Britain, while the produce obtained was as *one* to *four*. It is notorious that nearly all the improvement—and it is very great in some parts—that has been effected since that time has been effected by the larger landlords, and not by the small tenants; and that the best cultivation, as well as the most prosperous tenants and the most comfortable peasantry, is almost invariably to be found on the estates of those wealthy and usually English proprietors, whom Mr. Bright would buy out and supersede by those who are, for the most part, among the worst farmers in Europe. The reason is simple enough: only large proprietors have wealth enough, science enough, enterprise enough, power enough, to oblige the Irish tenant to introduce and adopt those improved processes towards which his ignorance and fond foolish clinging to ancestral habits and ideas so strongly indispose him. But more than this, we do not find that security of tenure—not even the Ulster tenant-right which Mr. Butt so praises and so wishes to extend—is in the least degree a guarantee for a better state of things, or conducive to more careful and efficient culture. It would even seem to be the reverse. One of the most competent observers we know, just returned from the north of Ireland, writes thus:—

“The agriculture of Ulster, speaking generally, is such as, if seen

in the worst cultivated parts of Scotland, would be held as proof that the farmer was a drunkard, or a bankrupt, or both; and the condition of the mass of the farmers, as to housing, clothing, and food, seems to me below that of the Scotch farm-labourers.

“Further, in almost all places where I found a better aspect of matters, I also found that there the owner had, so to speak, overridden the tenant-right system, and had taken the management of the land, as to houses, draining, etc., into his own hands, giving leases to competent and deserving tenants where they wished it, which, strange to say, they often do *not*, apparently owing to the general Irish repugnance to act on commercial rules, or to do anything of which the whole result is not visible or immediate.

“The same spirit keeps even those holding under practically permanent tenures from expending money on drainage; the outlay is immediate and the fruits distant, and therefore they prefer to hoard their means.”

The evidence before us is nearly uniform as to the fact that the small farms are in a worse condition and far worse cultivated than the larger ones; and that often farms held under an actually permanent tenure are the most maltreated and inefficiently cultivated of any.¹ The error of the advocates for the artificial introduction of peasant proprietorship into Ireland lies in the assumption, which has no warranty either in experience or in reason, that mere ownership or security of possession will supply the place or insure the advent of capital, science, sense, enterprise, and readiness to learn and to improve; everything, in a word, that is necessary to judicious and profitable tillage. We say, then, and we believe that all the facts of Ireland will bear out the conclusion, that to exchange large proprietors for small, wealthy ones for those of comparatively scanty means, still more, English for Irish ones, as Mr. Bright proposes, would be a retrograde measure towards the evils from which the country is only just beginning to emerge, would throw its agriculture back for half a century, and go far to banish that element of capital and science and enterprise in which alone progress and salvation can be found. If Mr. Bright, instead of looking at the question in his study or lecturing upon it in Dublin, would visit in succession the estates of those whom he proposes to eliminate, and the farms of those to whom he would transfer them, and compare the cultivation of the soil and the condition of the residents, whether labourers or tenants, we believe he would speedily come to doubt the success of his panacea.

That panacea, moreover, involves one special condition which is entirely left out of sight by its inconsiderate advocates, and which constitutes one principal if not fatal objection to the

¹ Lord Dufferin—Evidence 2. 1499.

scheme. *The purchaser would have to spend in buying his farm the capital which he needs for its cultivation*, and which, if he is to do justice to it, and to succeed, he *must* devote to that purpose. In Ireland, at all events, he would rarely have money enough for both objects. The curse of Ireland and of Irish agriculture is the want of capital among the farmers. The main reason—one of the main reasons at least—which keeps the cultivation of the soil, even in Ulster, where there is tenant-right and security of holding, in so deplorably backward a condition, is, as we have already shown, that the incoming tenant has to spend, in purchasing from his predecessor the good-will of the farm, a sum of money, the sacrifice of which leaves him for life an impoverished and indebted man, incapacitated from tilling his land decently or to advantage. Mr. Bright's plan would start nearly all his newly-created proprietors in the same position. Political sects, amateur doctors, and off-hand statesmen of this school, forget that the strongest recommendation of the system of landlord and tenant, of placing the ownership and the culture of the soil in different hands,—and which maintains that system in the Lothians and in other districts of England and Scotland (to say nothing of Italy) where farming is carried to its utmost perfection, and where the farmers are exceptionally wealthy, skilful, and independent,—is that it leaves the occupier free to employ his whole means in carrying on his business; his capital is floating instead of being sunk; and manufacturers and producers are well aware that this circumstance constantly makes all the difference between success and failure. An Irishman with £1000 might make an excellent and improving *tenant* for a farm of twenty-five or even fifty acres; but he would be an embarrassed and crippled *proprietor* if he spent that sum in buying it. To obtain the land he would have sacrificed his means of making it a source of profit or of comfort or of peace.

The scheme propounded by Mr. Butt, and, with a trifling modification, endorsed by the *Spectator*, is not open to this objection, but to one or two others yet more fatal. Mr. Butt proposes to perpetuate the existing holdings, to render those who happen at this moment to be in occupation of certain plots of ground, the permanent possessors or owners of those plots, subject to the payment of a yearly head-rent which shall not be raised,—Mr. Butt says not for sixty-three years, the *Spectator* says never. Now, the first remark to be made upon this proposal is to point out its flagrant injustice to that portion of the people, certainly the most numerous, the most needy, the most discontented, and probably by no means the least avid of land, who at present are not holders, but merely labourers, paupers, or

seekers of a subsistence of some sort. According to the last census, the entire number of land-occupiers (allowing five to a family) in Ireland was 2,767,320, *or just half the population of the country*.¹ The holders (including families) of less than thirty acres, all of whom may be classed as poor, and most as very poor, were 2,031,280, out of a total number of certainly four millions and a half. This notable plan for pacifying and doing justice to Ireland, and contenting her population, would leave more than half her people not only without holdings, but deprived for ever of any chance of obtaining them, except, as now, by the ruin, or at the pleasure of landowners. By what pleas could the equity of such a plan be made good to the understandings of the excluded majority, and what would be their sentiments towards their luckier brethren, probably not one whit more deserving or more industrious than themselves, and assuredly not at all more passionately anxious to become landowners?

The second point to be noticed is, that this plan seeks to perpetuate, sanction, and solidify a division of the soil which, by the universal testimony of all observers, is recognised as *the* special curse and misery of the country. Out of 553,654 occupiers of land in Ireland, more than half, or 278,357, hold less than fifteen acres, 125,549 less than five acres, 40,080 only one acre or less. The condition of these small occupiers is described as usually wretched in the extreme; they are often, if not habitually, worse off than day-labourers; their cabins poorer, their garments more ragged, their sustenance more precarious and inadequate, while their fashion of the cultivation of the soil is disgracefully slovenly and unproductive. Probably a more evil deed could scarcely be done for Ireland than to perpetuate such a state of affairs and such a class of miserable landholders. The *Spectator* does not know these facts, for the *Spectator*, though the most thoughtful of all our public instructors, is sadly apt to fancy it can make thought do the work of knowledge, and to construct facts as well as theories "out of the depths of its own moral consciousness." But Mr. Butt does know his countrymen and their habits and conditions, and that he should have been betrayed into such recommendations may well surprise us. We have promised our readers not to overwhelm them with quotations, otherwise we could fill pages with corroborative testimony. The small occupiers are too poor to make

¹ According to Lord Dufferin, the case is even stronger. He states the adult male population of Ireland to be 1,900,000, and the number of actual occupants of farms to be 441,000, many of whom are about the very worst that could be picked out as recipients of the boon of "fixity of tenure."—*State of Ireland*, p. 201.

improvements ; they are too ignorant and unscientific to know how to improve ; their holdings are too small to admit of anything like good farming ; and they have not the means of maintaining or purchasing the necessary stock. They *half* cultivate the land in the way they saw their fathers do. Ireland, by its climate, is made for a grazing country ; but holders of farms of five acres cannot take to grazing ; they dig, because they cannot plough, on such holdings ; they grow oats, which the weather often forbids to ripen, and fall back on potatoes, which bitter experience has shown to be the most perilous crop on which a people can depend. But whatever be the cause or *modus operandi*, of the fact there can be no doubt, nor, so far as we know, is there much difference of opinion about it. To establish and perpetuate the present holders and the present size of holdings in Ireland, would be to stereotype the worst form of agriculture and of agricultural life known in civilized countries in our days.

But, say our *doctrinaires*, filled with the half-known and half-understood details of *la petite culture* in Belgium and France (a large question, into which we shall avoid entering), and forgetting that the Irish soil and climate are entirely different from those of Belgium or France, and that the Irish are utterly dissimilar in character and habits from the French and Belgians, all this wretchedness and bad cultivation arises from insecurity of tenure. Once make the tenant owner or irremovable occupier, and his whole habits and nature will be changed, and the wilderness will blossom like a garden. Is it so ? Here again a grain of observation and experience is worth an ounce of inference and speculation. The most unassailable and concurrent testimony of all acquainted with Ireland, whether we seek it in the records of the Devon Commission or of Mr. Maguire's Parliamentary Committee—among whose witnesses advocates of "justice to Ireland" were not wanting—declares in the most emphatic manner, not only that the smallest farms were, as a rule, incomparably the worst cultivated, but that the worst of all, those which showed the most villanous, slovenly, and backward agriculture and the most discreditable and miserable people, were invariably those let on long leases (three lives, and sixty-one years), *and especially and notoriously those held in perpetuity*, and at low rents.¹ A tenant-at-will often does his best, because he knows that he must farm decently or quit ; a tenant secure in his holding can set his landlord at defiance, scratch a

¹ It cannot be said that the scheme of "fixity of tenure" has not been fully tried, and is always self-condemned ; for it is calculated that *one-thirteenth* of the soil of Ireland is thus held in perpetuity, and that this portion is always the worst farmed.

few fields, fatten a few pigs, and go to sleep. The Devon Commission, in particular, abounds in instances and proofs. One witness says :—"In this district long leases have proved injurious to the condition of the tenants and the cultivation of the land. The tenant having secured a long term, procrastinates, gets into lazy habits, neglects his business, goes on conacreing and impoverishing, until his land is exhausted and covered with paupers—himself the greatest." And he goes on to detail four cases of the sort, all on his own property. Another witness says :—"I know a farm which is upon lease for 999 years, and there is not such a badly managed estate round the country, nor one on which the people are so wretched." A third :—"On the estates let in perpetuity in this barony, the tenants generally are the poorest in the neighbourhood, have subdivided their farms to a great extent, and cultivate them very badly." And so on *ad infinitum*. The testimony of Judge Longfield and other friends of a fair tenant-right before Mr. Maguire's Committees all points in the same direction. What Ireland and the Irish peasant really need is the very opposite of the treatment Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* recommend.

We have now to notice a point on which these two authorities diverge. The *Spectator* would permit subletting and subdivision to the new proprietary, or quasi-proprietary, it would create by its "permanent settlement." Mr. Butt, more awake to the danger, and enlightened by some acquaintance with his countrymen and the experience of the past, would prohibit it, or give the landlord the absolute right of prohibiting it. It would come to precisely the same thing. No one should know better than Mr. Butt that however you may *prohibit* the practice, you cannot *prevent* it. Lord Dufferin (*Irish Emigration*, pp. 96-114) collects quantities of convincing evidence showing that the strictest covenants against subletting have always proved inoperative. They simply cannot be enforced. Even if a tenant is withheld from granting a lease or agreement to a sub-tenant, he cannot be prevented from dividing his farm among his children or friends, or allowing them to squat upon it and run up a miserable cabin on each separate field ; and this, in fact, is the practice followed—with what evil and ruinous results no one is more aware than Mr. Butt. This practice is, in truth, the master mischief of Irish agriculture, that which, more than any other cause, brought Ireland to its present wretched state of over-population and destitution, that which culminated in the famine of 1846. Yet it is this which the recommendation of the *Spectator* would inevitably renew and multiply. It is impossible to describe the practice and its fatal consequences as fully as would be desirable within our limits ; but we must

give a few lines to make its gravity in some measure understood.

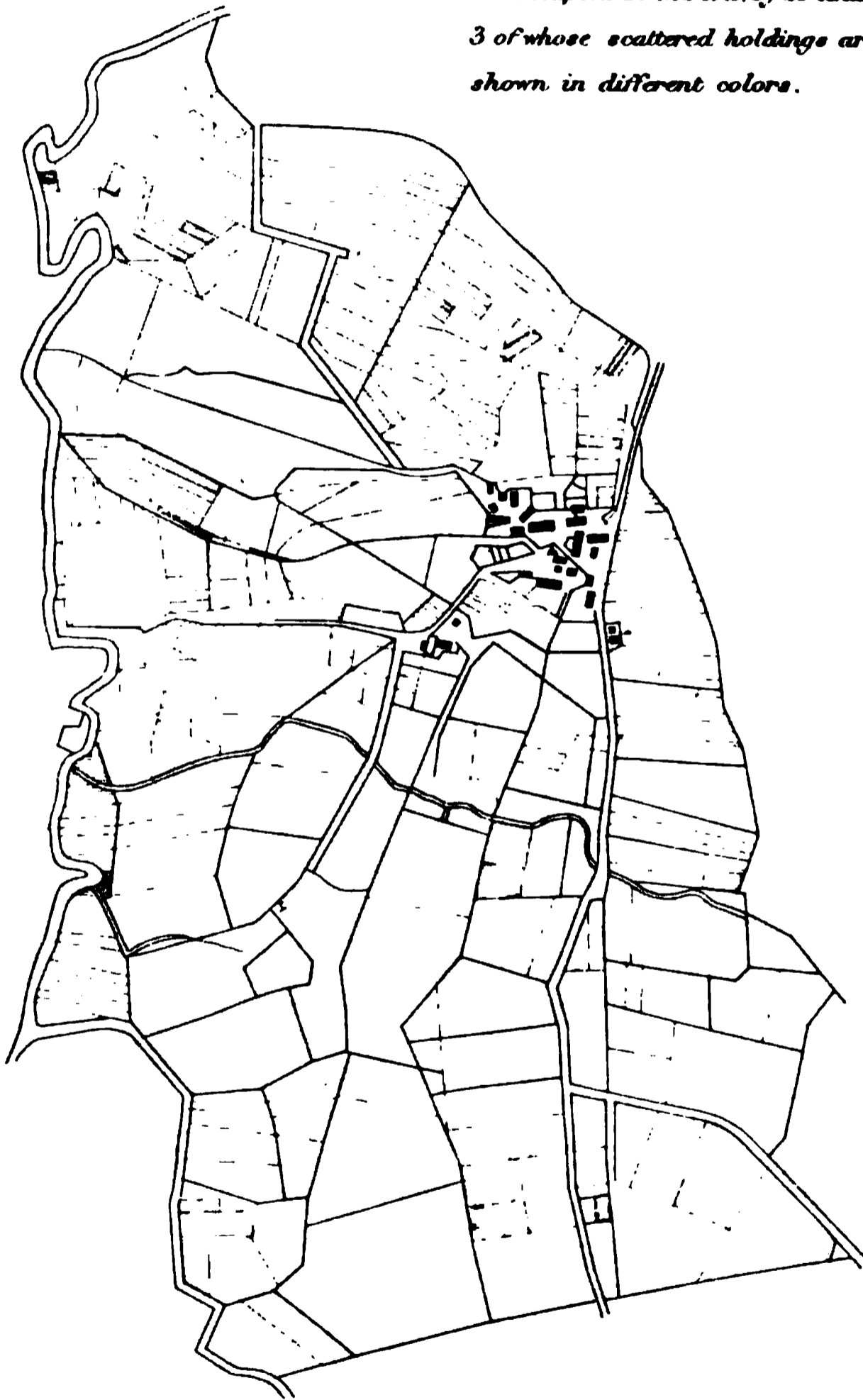
The average Irishman, every Irishman nearly who is not exceptional or placed in exceptional circumstances, has three characteristics. He has not only an eager desire for land, amounting in many classes to an absolute craving or passion, but he has almost as strong a wish to be a *landlord*, and to have tenants under him. He greatly prefers the *otium cum dignitate* of receiving rents to the incessant labour of cultivating his own farm. Hence, as soon as he obtains possession of a holding of adequate size on a tolerably secure tenure, especially if in perpetuity or on a long lease, his invariable practice is to sublet, and probably in small lots, all that he does not need for the maintenance, according to his standard of maintenance, of himself and his family. But, besides this tendency, the Irishman is both gregarious in his tastes and a man of strong family affections ; he likes to have those he loves about him ; he cannot find in his heart to deny to his children the gratifications in which he has indulged himself ; and therefore as they grow up and wish to marry (and most of them marry very early, both from wish and from priestly influence) he allots them each a few acres of his farm, and allows them to run up a miserable cabin in a corner of it. He does this for each in succession, and they in the next generation follow his example, till *morcellement* can be carried no further. This, moreover, is not all : the Irishman in his way is a philosopher—of the Epicurean school ; he is contented rather than ambitious, satisfied with little, desirous rather to enjoy life than to rise in life ; the very realized ideal of the poet's lines :—

“ Happy the man whose wish and care,
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.”

Sociable, pleasure-loving, indolent, good-natured, inclined to live in the present rather than the future, his wants and requirements diminish rather than increase ; and as long as he is safe from ejectment, and is among friends and connexions, he can be happy with the minimum of comfort and subsistence, and that minimum, and the area of land that will yield it, grow ever smaller and smaller. From these three tendencies and characteristics proceed subdivision of farms, inordinate increase of population, spreading poverty, a continuous lowering of the standard of plenty, comfort, and decency, miserable cultivation, reliance on potatoes, ill-paid or unpaid rents, excessive amount of those rents, evictions, famines, discontent,—in a word, all those evil consequences which so long contributed to make

SUBDIVISION OF FARMS IN IRELAND.

Shows the subdivision effected in 1 generation. This townland contains 205 acres formerly held by 2, but now occupied in 422 lots, by 29 tenants 3 of whose scattered holdings are shown in different colors.



Extracted from Report of Devon Commission.

Ireland what it was, and what it is only now beginning to cease to be. Those who are not aware that this is the case, and that these are the consequences, wherever there has been security or perpetuity of tenure, can have taken no pains to master the subject, for the means of informing themselves are abundant enough and easy of access; and if they are writers and public instructors their wilful ignorance is culpable dereliction of duty. If they believe that the security and perpetuity of tenure which they now advocate and would extend over the whole country, and confer on the whole people, will not produce in the future the same fruits it always has produced in the past, they are at least bound to give us some reason for the faith that is in them.

Of the extent and universality of the practice of subletting or subdivision, and of the utter failure and futility of all attempts made to prevent it, both the Devon Commission, Mr. Maguire's Committees, Sir George Lewis's pamphlet on Irish disturbances, and Lord Dufferin's two instructive *brochures*, contain the most abundant evidence and exemplifications. Lord Devon's inquiry about twenty-five years ago found 16, 20, 50, tenants or sub-lessees on farms let sixty years previously on long lease to a single farmer, often where the lease contained stringent provisions against the practice. Every tenant, as a rule, divided his land among his sons, till *ten* families were found subsisting, or trying to subsist, on *six* acres. In one case, the year 1747 saw sixty-three tenants on a given area,—a few years since there were 419 tenants and 274 cottiers. In 1747 each tenant had 110 acres; in 1847 the average was only 16 acres. On Lord Dufferin's property are two estates, which, in 1745, were let in perpetuity, the one to six, the other to seven tenants; the six farms are now twenty-five, and the seven have become twenty-seven. In both cases the sub-rents levied are higher, and the land in far worse condition than in the adjoining districts. In another instance, mentioned by Mr. Trench, where there were originally thirty-eight tenants on 44,000 acres, there were in 1841, 8000 tenants and 44,000 souls. The accompanying map, given in the Report of the Devon Commission, showing the subdivision effected in a single generation, by which two tenants have grown into twenty-nine, and 205 acres into 422 lots, may serve to complete the picture. It is a striking instance, but not an exaggerated one, of an almost universal fact.

But the scheme of Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* for contenting and redeeming the peasantry and tenantry of Ireland by rendering them secure and perpetual holders of their farms, which, if it were really operative, would infallibly produce the consequences we have just described, a few moments' further consideration will show could not practically be made to operate at all so as to secure the objects they have in view, and which

constitute its sole recommendation. In the first place, what reason is there for believing that content and loyalty, and the peace which is to follow in their train, would be the issue of a system which must create, in a single generation probably, certainly in two, a swarming, unimproving, miserable population, ill-fed, ill-housed, and always on the verge of destitution—such, in a word, as the famine of 1846 fell upon? But, in the second place, it would be impossible to carry out the system in effect,—for one simple reason. Both Mr. Butt and the *Spectator* of course enact that there shall be the power of ejectment for non-payment of rent, if for no other cause; and the latter authority, as we saw, contemplates an immediate enhancement of the present rents in order to provide the sinking fund required. Now an immense preponderance of evidence shows that, even at present, ejectments for any other cause than non-payment of rent are rare in the extreme; yet ejectments, we are assured, are deplorably numerous. The fact is that existing tenants are frequently in arrear, are perpetually unable to pay at all, and they would be so under any system, and would be so of course increasingly when their rents were raised. Were the scheme proposed to be carried out, not a year would pass over our heads before some of the newly-established permanent tenants would have to be dispossessed for non-fulfilment of their one condition of tenure; the first two years of bad harvests would see evictions deplorably numerous; and before ten years were gone, what with default of rent, ruin in consequence of borrowed money, sale of right of occupancy by emigrating or despairing or drinking farmers, probably half the land would have passed back into the hands of the landlords or of other purchasers.¹ The energetic, the frugal, the skilful tenant, the man possessed of a little capital, a little ambition, a little science, would thrive, as he does now. The indolent, the impoverished, the careless, the convivial tenant, would soon be in arrear with his rent, and be forced to forfeit his holding, just as he is now; and, as now, the latter class would be the many,

¹ We have here greatly understated the case, for on looking further we find that Mr. Butt would eject these “fixed” tenants not only for failure to pay the covenanted rent, but for bad farming also:—

“The interest in the soil thus conferred upon him he should retain only so long as he proves himself a punctual and improving tenant. Non-payment of the rent should be followed by forfeiture of his interest. I propose to make the ejectment for non-payment of rent an absolute one. At present the eviction is subject to redemption by the tenant at any time within six months. This privilege I propose to abolish, and to make the eviction absolute at once.

“I propose to bind the tenant to proper cultivation of the farm, and to the maintenance of all improvements; and, in the event of his failing in either of these conditions, he incurs, in like manner, the forfeiture of the interest which the Statute confers upon him.”—*Fixity of Tenure*, p. 5.

and the former class would be the few. And the evicted, though obviously evicted only for their own default, and as a consequence of their own incapacity, would be just as discontented as they are now; would hate England, and abuse the English Government as the source of their misfortune, precisely as they do now. That any one who knows the average Irishman, his qualities and his characteristics, his agriculture and his habits, can bring himself to believe that he will for a series of years pay a fixed rent without fail, or that if he be owner he will not sell his land, or so sublet it as himself to become an evictor, and that matters will not thus soon fall back into the old vicious routine, with increased numbers to suffer from it, does seem to us a strange example of what Dr. Johnson calls "the triumph of hope over experience."¹

One final objection yet remains to be noticed, an objection applying to the wisest and fairest form that can be devised of the scheme for regenerating Ireland, by rendering her farmers permanent and irremovable occupiers of their tenancies. It is, that the area of the country would not suffice for the purpose. The main proportion of the population lives on the land, and subsists by its cultivation. The *borough* population of England is 44 per cent. of the whole; that of Ireland is only 14 per cent. The proportion living in *towns* (of 2000 inhabitants) in England is 61 per cent.; in Ireland (in towns with 1500 inhabitants) it is only 20 per cent. The *country*, or agricultural population of Ireland, the numbers to be provided with land, must therefore be taken even now, reduced as it has been, at 4,500,000, or 900,000 *families*. Now, most of the witnesses examined specify twenty or thirty acres as the least which can be farmed to advantage, so as to enable the occupier to live in decent comfort, and to pay regularly a fair rent; to make him a safe and desirable man, in fact, to give a lease or a permanency of any sort to. Several men of experience, and well-disposed towards the tenant, place it a good deal higher, but of course much depends on the quality of the soil. If we take the minimum at twenty-five acres of *average* land, we shall certainly not be overstating the size of farms that is desirable. But the entire surface of Ireland cultivated, or capable of and able to repay cultivation, putting aside towns, water, bog, and irreclaimable waste, is only 15,000,000 acres; and this, if the *whole*

¹ In discussing this question, we have been anxious to confine ourselves strictly to the consideration of what would be best for the tenants and the peasantry,—what would really conduce to the well-being and content of "the people." But those who are disposed, as all fair-minded persons will be, to regard the equity and justice of Mr. Butt's proposal as concerns the landlords, may see its enormity most ably and temperately exposed in Lord Dufferin's *State of Ireland*, p. 29 *et seq.*, as well as Judge Longfield's and Mr. O'Connell's indignant denunciations of the scheme.

were divided among the 900,000 families, would only allow seventeen acres to each instead of the needed twenty-five. The plain fact, notorious in spite of all attempts to blink it, is, that in Ireland far too large a proportion of the people are dependent on the soil. She needs other resources, other industries, other occupations. And one word in conclusion on a cognate subject before quitting this part of our question. Those who point to France, Belgium, and Switzerland, as examples of the good effects of peasant proprietorship and subdivision of land occupancies, are apt to leave out of view three or four very relevant and significant facts:—*First*, That all three countries are eminently manufacturing ones, and that a very large proportion of their inhabitants subsist wholly or mainly on a variety of non-agricultural pursuits. *Secondly*, That in France the population of the rural districts does not and cannot be allowed to increase; in several parts it is even diminishing; the surplus flock into the towns. *Thirdly*, That in Switzerland large numbers leave the country for many years to seek their fortune abroad, and return home enriched men to enjoy it. *Fourthly*, That both in Switzerland and France the natural increase of the population is artificially checked and discouraged, as indeed in all countries of peasant proprietorship and *morcellement* it must be. And, *finally*, that in France, the land *par excellence* of subdivided holdings, more than half the proprietors are both indigent and indebted to the extreme.

That the condition of the mass of the Irish people has enormously improved in the course of the last thirty years, that this improvement has been continuous and marked, notwithstanding the apparent check given to it by three wet seasons in succession, that this improvement has been consentaneous with the consolidation of farms that has taken place and the restoration of much land to the sort of crops for which it was best adapted, and has been in no small degree traceable to that process, that the wages of all kinds of labour have risen from 25 to 60 per cent., however Mr. Butt and Lord Dufferin may differ as to their precise amount, and that the extraordinary emigration which has continued for so many years, has been a main and indispensable agent in these changes for the better, though some persons may regret its extent and its consequences on political or sentimental grounds,—these are points as to which there is and can be little controversy. That the introduction and extension of manufacturing industry, especially of the woollen and the cotton trade, is needed to supplement and aid the progress that has been already made there can be no question. If there were a brisk demand for manufacturing labour land would be

less run upon, competition would become less keen and bitter, and rents less excessive and unpayable. That emigration will continue with little diminution it is impossible to doubt, in the face of the fact that half a million of money yearly is remitted from the Irish in America to the Irish in the old country, in order to assist it. Nor till manufactures are largely introduced, and till the number employed upon the land is reduced to that really required for its thorough cultivation, is it easy to see that the annual expatriation of 100,000 redundant hands and mouths can be other than a blessing both to those who go and to those who stay; though we may fully sympathize with the emigrants who are forced (as so many Scotch and English and Germans are forced likewise) to leave their native land in search of plenty and prosperity. It is necessary simply to recognise the truth, that for all people, except under the rarest circumstances, it is impossible in the Old World both to multiply *ad libitum* and to stay at home. To all who are disposed to repine at the necessity, as it bears upon the sister isle, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Maguire's most interesting, wordy, overflowing, suggestive, but one-sided book, *The Irish in America*. It is true that he sees everything Irish *en beau*, that he writes as if the Irish emigrants were not only the *élite* of settlers and of humanity, but far the most prosperous and successful; that he ignores; if he does not altogether misrepresent, the estimate formed of his countrymen in America and the feelings with which they are regarded by the natives of their adopted country. But his work brings out two most important points in the clearest light, and in strong, and apparently quite unintentional, relief. The first of these is, that the Irish do not change their nature, nor greatly the lot which that nature entails upon them, by merely crossing the Atlantic, showing pretty clearly that it is not solely English misgovernment or English injustice which is answerable for their misfortunes at home. They succeed or they fail in the New World just as they display those qualities and retain those habits which have brought them success or failure in the Old World. Where they are frugal, energetic, industrious, and *sober*, they get on splendidly. Where they are improvident, reckless, convivial and inclined to drink, they always go to the bad. Where they go at once into the interior, and take to farming or farm-labour, they prosper and rise in the world as fast as others. Where they linger in cities, live on odd jobs, or as navvies and dockyard labourers, they usually remain nearly as wretched as in Ireland, and constitute the lowest portion of the population,—discreditable to the land they have quitted, a mischief, an embarrassment, an evil element, and a bad example in the land they have adopted. Wherever

the Irish are in a degree isolated, and scattered among natives or English and Scotch settlers, they seem to adopt their habits, and character, and mode of life. Wherever they congregate together in considerable numbers, there, as a rule, they remain Irish still. In the mines and ironworks of America, as in Ireland and England, they too often constitute the turbulent, unmanageable, combining, "striking," disaffected portion of the workmen. In New York—there especially, though not there alone—they are a source of great injury to the best interests of the city and the State, not liked, not respected, but ruthlessly used and duped. Mr. Maguire draws a deplorable picture of their wretchedness, but he says not a word of their rough proceedings or their political operation. We are left to learn this from other and from native sources. It appears, from two remarkable articles in the *North American Review*, that in the great metropolis of the United States, the "foreign vote"—nearly all Irish—constitutes 60,000 out of 100,000, or a decided majority; that these usually vote together, and have therefore become a power in all elections, must be considered, must be won, must be managed, must be *bought*, in a word;—that there, as at home, they are fond of politics, and a most evil influence in politics, and that to these men, and to the newspapers which are chiefly in Irish hands, some of the worst features, and much of the lamentable degradation of American political life is traceable. They elect the judges in New York, they elect the municipal council,—sometimes, indeed, they become councillors, and share in and divide the spoil; and what sort of men the judges and councillors there are, the two articles in question, well known, never controverted, and from purely American sources, will enable our readers to understand. Anything more corrupt, unscrupulous, shameless, or pernicious, it is not easy to conceive. Nor are the men they send to Congress or the State Legislature much better.

The other reflection strongly impressed upon us by the perusal of Mr. Maguire's glowing, and we have no doubt strictly correct, description of the prosperity of Irish settlers in Canada and the United States, the former especially, is wonder how any friend to his countrymen can wish to keep them at home. To go from Ireland to Nova Scotia, to Illinois, or the banks of St. Lawrence, would seem to be like stepping (through a temporary but very brief *mauvais pas*) from Purgatory to Paradise, from penury to wealth, from starvation to abundance. Nearly every man had the same tale to tell. "I landed at Halifax or New York eight, ten, sometimes only five years ago, without a shilling, or only with an axe; I went up country, worked for wages till I could purchase a few acres of my own; laid by, and struggled hard; and now I have a good house and a com-

fortable farm, all my own property, of 200 or 300 acres, am worth £2000, £3000, £5000; and every one of my sons can be certain of doing just as well." Yet these men when in their native country had, as a rule, only a miserable holding of three or five acres—for which they were often unable to pay rent—a wretched cabin, no hopes, and no ambition. Now compare for a moment the average, the *certain* prospect, which awaits the sober and industrious Irishman who emigrates to America, with the best prospect that he could dream of at home, were he ever so sober and industrious. Suppose Ireland "governed in conformity to Irish ideas," tranquil and prosperous almost beyond rational hopes, manufactures introduced, wages trebled, "fixity of tenure" conceded, what would be the brightest possibility within reach of the ordinary Irishman? To earn 18s. a week, to hold ten acres of not very rich soil, to feel that his sons, if they did not emigrate, could have only five or three, to live in a cabin, comfortable perhaps according to his notions of comfort, to forget the future, or, if he remembered it, to remember it with anxiety. What lies before him ten days further west? In a very few years a position as landed proprietor, a career, a political career if he desire it, yearly increasing wealth, absolute plenty and comfort, and perfect freedom from all anxiety either for himself or his children. What country in the Old World, what government in Ireland, though "native" to the core, could offer him anything like this? And wherein lies the secret of the marvellous contrast? Not in government, not in race, not in religion, not because he is oppressed in the one country and free in the other; but simply and solely in two facts, which no people and no sovereign can alter: that in Ireland men are redundant, and that in America they are scarce; that in the Old World labour can be had for a shilling a day, and land only for £50 an acre; whereas, over the water, labour commands five or eight shillings a day, and land can be bought for five shillings an acre—or less. In one case *one day's* work can purchase one acre; in the other case not *three years'* work.

That emigration from Ireland has not, thus far, gone on too fast is certain, for as we have seen, there are still 300,000 families more than are needed for the cultivation of the soil, and the manufacturing industry that should absorb them has not yet been established, and shrinks from so restless and turbulent a land. Whether it may not be found in a few years to have gone far enough,—and to be still going on when we might, under altered circumstances, wish to check it,—is another question, and a grave one, which has not received the attention it deserves. There is one feature especially in the emigration that calls for particular notice, and that is, *the age of the emigrants*. The population statistics of Ireland are not

yet perfectly accurate, but the *natural* annual increase—*i.e.*, the excess of births over deaths—may be stated at about 50,000, while the average annual emigration is about 110,000, showing a balance of decrease of 60,000. Now, if this number consisted of old and young alike, or equally of all ages, the drain would be no greater than appears on the face of the figures, and might well be borne. But it is not so. It consists of the breeding ages; those who go are precisely those from whom the population is recruited—namely, those between 20 and 40, and to a great extent young couples recently married, or beginning to have young families. It is obvious that if every year we were to export all who married at the age of 20, and to do this for twenty years, the country would speedily be depopulated, though an equal number of those between 40 and 50 would entail no such result. In the one case we export only the actual number of emigrants; in the other case we export not only themselves but all their future progeny. Now, we have no means of stating with certainty the ages of the emigrants each year, but we know enough to be sure that they are mainly of the class referred to, and that our conclusion is confirmed by the analysis of the population that remains. Thus, of the emigrants from Irish ports for the five years between 1851 and 1855, *fifty-one* per cent. were between 20 and 40 years of age, and 26 per cent. between 10 and 20,—*i.e.*, we may say at least *sixty-five* per cent. were of the breeding ages. In 1865, of Irish emigrants sailing from all ports, 65 per cent. were between 15 and 35 years of age,—or we may say 70 per cent. of the breeding ages. This has already told on the population at home, for the proportion between 20 and 40 years of age, which is 30 per cent. in England, is only 27·8 per cent. in Ireland; and in comparing the census returns of 1851 and 1861, we find that while there is an increase of 134,000 of those under 5 and over 55 years, there is a decrease of 886,000 of those between those ages. It may, therefore, be expected, as this process has now been going on for twenty years, that ere long we shall perceive a marked diminution in the state of national increase, and that the births will cease to exceed the deaths in the same ratio as at present.¹

Of sundry minor schemes, many of them mere modifications of the larger ones, for setting Ireland to rights, we have left ourselves no space to speak, nor perhaps is it necessary; but we may just notice in passing the recommendation of a writer, "Philocelt," who, in the columns of the *Daily News*, has often

¹ The Irish Registrar-General's Reports, were the figures complete and trustworthy, would strongly confirm the above results. They give the birth-rate in Ireland as one in 40; in England it is one in 28. But the system of registration has been too recently established in Ireland to enable us yet to trust the records.

been an eager antagonist of Lord Dufferin. This gentleman, while utterly repudiating Mr. Butt's plan of "fixity of tenure," as sure to prove a mere aggravation of Ireland's evils, advocates the creation of a "peasant proprietary" as the real cure (January 14). He would abolish primogeniture, bring land freely into the market, and sell it in small lots adapted to the means of really qualified purchasers, *how* small he does not say, but we may assume not in smaller ones than, as all witnesses agree, admit of being farmed with advantage. Now, without going into the question of the social and economical effects of peasant-proprietorship, a subject which has been discussed *usque ad nauseam*, and on which a vast amount of information, collected from various sources, is contained in Lord Dufferin's second pamphlet, we may remind "Philocelt" of two or three facts which he appears to have overlooked. The first is, that the abolition of primogeniture, or any artificial scheme like Mr. Bright's for making the soil of Ireland change hands by purchase, can scarcely be necessary, when within a very few years sales, for the most part *bond fide* sales, to the amount of upwards of £30,000,000 have been effected by the Encumbered Estates' Court; that, according to a statement made by the Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1861, when only £23,000,000 had been sold, more than *five-sixths* of the proceeds had been paid by Irish purchasers; that more than a sixth of the whole area of the island, or upwards of 3,200,000 acres, had thus been disposed of, and disposed of so as to affect a very considerable subdivision of the larger properties; 3547 estates having, at that date, been conveyed to 8364 purchasers, and, as far as we can make out, in 11,024 lots, which gives an average of 300 acres, and of course implies that many lots must have been of far smaller area. The average number of the sales effected in the last three years has been 340, and the average price paid for each lot about £3300.

It appears, however, that new evils are arising, as they were certain to arise in Ireland, from that very plan of selling in small lots to suit purchasers which "Philocelt" advises as a remedy:—

"A very acute observer" (writes Lord Dufferin), "the agent of an estate in the north of Ireland, though himself a native of the south, thus signalizes the dangers which are already becoming apparent from the minute division of property now promoted by sales in the Encumbered Estates Court:—

" 'I have several times mentioned to you the evils likely to arise from the sales in the Landed Estates Courts. Under the original Encumbered Estates Court, properties were brought to sale in large lots, suitable only for the purses of moneyed men, and accordingly they were purchased at such a price as enabled the buyer to let the lands

at fair rents to the tenants. After a time the demand for land in small lots became so great, owing to many of the farming class returning with money from the gold diggings, etc. etc., that persons having the carriage of sales at once decided on making the 'lots to suit purchasers,' and in almost every instance the landlord class of gentry were, and still are, beaten out of the market; the large prices given by the class I have mentioned, being such as to reduce the interest on the outlay in several instances which I could mention below two per cent. . . . The buyer is not of the standing in life to care for the comforts of those under him; his income is small—much smaller owing to the high price he gave for the lot. . . . The reason I mention middle men is that I see daily a class of men becoming landlords, in consequence of the sale of small lots in the Landed Estates Court, who are in every respect similar to those men.' ”

Professor Cairnes has made the same observation:—

“ There is, however, a partial counter-current, of which I have not seen any public notice. A class of men, not very numerous, but sufficiently so to do much mischief, have, through the Landed Estates Court, got into possession of land in Ireland, who, of all classes, are least likely to recognise the duties of a landlord's position. These are small traders in towns, who, by dint of sheer parsimony, frequently combined with money-lending at usurious rates, have succeeded in the course of a long life, in scraping together as much money as will enable them to buy fifty or a hundred acres of land. These people never think of turning farmers, but, proud of their position as landlords, proceed to turn it to the utmost account.”

The *Economist* newspaper in last November contained perhaps the best practical suggestion as to the method of proceeding which has yet, so far as we know, been put forth. It recommended “ experimental legislation:”—

“ Why,” it asks, “ when we cannot *know*, should we not *try*? Why, whenever practicable—and it constantly is perfectly practicable—should we not ascertain the effect of a measure about which we doubt and doctors disagree, in one or two districts, instead of introducing it blindly over the whole country? Why, of two rival schemes for correcting a great mischief or rectifying an admitted grievance—neither of which schemes seems perfect, and each of which has yet much to recommend it—should we not try one scheme in one place, and the other scheme elsewhere? A wise and modest physician when dealing with a new remedy or a new disease—or with diseases and remedies which he is conscious he only imperfectly understands—does not administer the same medicine in the same doses to all his patients, but gives one drug to one and another to another, or ten grains to one and five grains to another, and then watches their operation, and determines upon his ultimate and general mode of practice, according to the ascertained result. Why do the physicians of the State so seldom dream of acting in a similarly rational fashion? Why, in a word, being ignorant and devoid of the gift of unerring foresight, are we not more tentative and experimental in our legislation? There are surely scores of instances

where we might be so, easily, safely, and with manifest advantage ; and the amount of political wisdom and experience we might accumulate by such a course of action is incalculable.

“ There is one question especially which is now pressing upon us with unprecedented urgency,—which will admit of no delay, no trifling, and no blunders,—which is singularly grave, singularly difficult, singularly complicated by the fierce passions engaged on both sides of the controversy,—the solution of which depends, or ought to depend, mainly on the results which would flow from the adoption of this or that principle or scheme, while yet those results are peculiarly difficult to foresee, or at least are matters of much discrepancy of opinion among those concerned as well as among grave, impartial, and observing politicians,—a question, therefore, especially fitted for decision by experiment—by such fair, limited, adequate experiment as is practicable, safe, and *uncommitting*. We mean the Irish land question. Lord Dufferin, in his address to the Social Science Association at Belfast the other day, threw out a wise and prolific suggestion on this subject, which well deserves most deliberate consideration by our statesmen. Politicians differ *toto cælo* as to the way in which this great question ought to be decided, but they all agree that, till it is decided one way or the other, there will be no tranquillity in Ireland and no comfort for England. Some argue that it is but just that the land should be owned in one shape or another by the people who live upon it and cultivate it;—that this conviction and the passion for property in land are so deep-rooted and so fierce in the Irish peasant, that yielding to them will loyalize and pacify him at once, and that nothing else can;—that ‘fixity of tenure’ or actual ownership would develop in him, as by magic, those virtues of industry, forethought, good husbandry, and abstinence from undue reproduction, in which he has hitherto been so deficient;—that, in short, *la petite culture* and peasant proprietorship are the remedies for the woes of Ireland, and the true mode of inaugurating her prosperity and developing her resources. Others take precisely the opposite view:—they argue that ‘fixity of tenure’ cannot be granted or insured, because it involves and implies regular payment of the stipulated rent, and that the Irishman will constantly fail in this, and thus necessitate ejection or distraint, and its consequent irritation, disloyalty, and outrage;—that the Irish peasant, if fixed in his small holding, would increase and multiply as he did in the cottier times, and thus get the country once more overrun with multitudinous paupers as before; that if he became owner in fee-simple, he would instantly sublet his farm in smaller lots, on which the tenants could not live, or could live only in wretchedness;—that the Irishman, left to himself, is essentially and incurably a bad, unscientific, unimproving, and exhausting farmer;—and that to hand over the soil to him as he desires in small properties or holdings would be simply to sink back into the Slough of Despond from which the country is only just emerging, and to begin to tread the old vicious and fatal circle once again. We have, of course, our own distinct opinions on the subject ; but why should we not, in place of idly *speculating*, practically *ascertain* which anticipations are correct ? Why should not the Government—which

has taken, which has been forced to take upon itself so many strange functions in Ireland—purchase encumbered estates, or the estates of willing sellers, on a great scale,—say half a province, or three or four counties, such as Donegal, Mayo, Galway, and parts of Limerick and Cork? Why should it not then proceed to let one portion in suitably-sized farms to suitable tenants, at reasonable and remunerative rents, with such precautions against subletting as are equitable and could be readily enforced, and with only such provision for enforcing payment of rent by process of eviction as is obviously indispensable; and thus try the Hindu Ryotwar plan, or the Irish ‘fixity of tenure’ plan, on a scale which would render the experiment a fair and conclusive one? Why should it not further *sell* out and out, with a simple Parliamentary title, other portions of its acquired territory, to such Irish purchasers as had means of purchase or could give adequate security, and then leave them to ‘do what they will with their own?’ Probably not a generation, perhaps not half a generation, would elapse before all men might satisfy themselves, not only which set of political prophets had shown the sounder wisdom and the juster appreciation of the Irish nature, but which scheme—absolute ownership, or fixity of tenure with a determinate yearly payment, or the existing landlordism and tenant farming,—was best adapted to the country and the people,—and during that generation or half-generation, at least, we might look for peace. And a generation of peace might be the salvation of Ireland: it would, at all events, be a blessing and a novelty. And during that generation we should have had three agricultural experiments working side by side—*la grande culture*, under wealthy and powerful and enterprising landlords,—*la petite culture*, under controlled tenancy,—and peasant proprietorship in its unrestricted form;—so that we should be unteachable indeed if we could not draw irrefragable conclusions from the spectacle.”

A few parting words by way of summary. We have tasked the reader’s patience by an undeniably long article, because we have had to travel over much ground, but we have been far briefer than we should have been had we ventured to adduce proofs and testimony in support of the several propositions we have laid down. But this would have made our article absolutely unwieldy, and we can only affirm that we have, to the best of our belief, made no statement that is not amply borne out by the several irrefragable authorities to which we have referred. As to the widespread discontent and disaffection of the Irish at home, and the bitter and fanatical animosity of a large number of those who are settled in America, there can, we fear, be little doubt. As little doubt can there be that these sentiments, though partly traceable to, and in a great measure justified by, the conduct of England towards Ireland in former times, have no warranty whatever in our present attitude or behaviour, or in any with which we can be fairly charged for eight-and-twenty years—with the single exception of the Church

Establishment, which, though a wrong and a grievance, is notoriously not the source of the disloyalty or misery we lament. Least of all can it be doubted that this bad feeling, which might otherwise have died out under the many proofs of English anxiety to do justice and relieve distress, and under the indisputable improvement which has been effected in many parts and in most respects, has been sedulously fostered by foreign enemies, by malignant friends, by leaders of the populace who seek for nothing short of revolution, by perverse and shallow politicians whose nostrums and denunciations are among Ireland's greatest dangers and saddest symptoms. Nor does it seem to admit of question that of the several objects aimed at, and the several demands made on behalf of Ireland, by those who arrogate to themselves the exclusive title of her friends, some are simply impossible, others futile and irrelevant, others again utterly pernicious and suicidal; that in a steady maintenance of the just rights of property, and a strict discharge of its duties, and not in an invasion of the one or a transfer of the other, is the future good of the country to be sought; that in continuous, but natural and unstimulated emigration, and in the restoration of the land to that mode of culture for which soil and climate are obviously best adapted; *i.e.*, in the very processes which are now going on, and which so many speculators lament, lies the surest road to prosperity and comfort both for those who go and those who stay; and that if only Ireland were permitted by her wretched children to have a single generation of tranquillity, the healing work would be completed and sealed by the introduction of commerce and manufactures. Let us not be driven from the sound course on which we have entered either by despair at the slow processes by which only salvation can be reached, or by the impatience and turbulent discontent of those who cannot wait for the future because they suffer so severely in the present, or by idle doubts of the correctness of our policy, merely because it is inadequate to undo in half a generation the consequences of ten generations of blunder and misrule. There is *no* panacea for Irish woes; there *can* be no sudden cure, no magic nostrum, no infallible antidote, for evils which are deeply rooted in history, more deeply rooted still in the character and habits of the people. "Exceptional legislation for exceptional evils" if you will, provided you can prove that it will mitigate and not aggravate those evils; but, *failing such proof* (and such proof always has failed most signally), there is nothing for it but perseverance in plain work and discharge of ordinary duties, the enforcement of equal laws, protection to landlord and tenant alike, and, if possible, the restoration of tranquillity by the most prompt and reliable administration of justice,—and then to await

the result (giving time for such result to come) with untiring patience, but with no sanguine hopes. Meanwhile, in our conception, those are the worst enemies of Ireland, and among the worst citizens of England, who persist in dangling before the eyes of a deluded and fanatic people either the phantom of independence or the vision of repeal, or the still more fatal hope of a division of the land among the peasantry, in any shape, under any disguise, or by any means. It is in abandonment by the Irish of Irish faults and of Irish dreams, and not in such sedulous fostering of both as it is now becoming the fashion to recommend, that rescue and redemption must be sought. It is most desirable that the actual state of the case should be declared in the plainest and most uncompromising language both to Ireland and the world. Every proclivity towards, or attempt at, separation, all Englishmen and Scotchmen, and at least one-third of Irishmen, are resolved to put down, by the strong hand, at all hazards, at any cost, and with any necessary sternness. It is indispensable that we should do so; it is certain that we shall do so; it is at once our duty, our policy, and our right. Repeal we will not even discuss; it has already been discussed *ad nauseam* fully and fairly; nine-tenths of us will listen to it no longer. "Fixity of tenure," legislative expropriation of landed proprietors in favour of peasants or cottiers, in any shape, we may be confident will lose advocates the longer it is argued and examined. "To govern Ireland in conformity with Irish ideas"—that is with the ideas of the mere Celtic and unreflective majority—is simply impossible; it is idle to talk of it; it would be fatal to attempt it. Those who persist in repeating the parrot-phrase are mere hinderers of work, postponers of the day of real practical progress and education. The language of statesmen to Ireland should be:—"We will rule you justly, beneficially, forbearingly, to the utmost of our power; we will not leave you the ghost of a genuine grievance; but we will never let you go; we will never undo the Act of Union; you shall share for weal or woe in all the privileges and in all the obligations of the common empire; and you shall not be given over to be irretrievably ruined by the crude conceptions or the futile dreams or the bitter passions of the least cultivated, least advanced, and least energetic portion of your people. Cease to cry over spilt milk; accept the irreparable; renounce the unattainable; and all may yet be well,—and be well speedily."

One word in conclusion,—which perhaps might have been more fitly placed at the commencement of this paper. The general impression now prevalent in the public mind, and traceable mainly to that outbreak of chronic discontent, aggravated

by foreign exacerbations which calls itself Fenianism,—that Irish wretchedness, destitution, and social disorder are increasing, and have at length reached a pitch which necessitates immediate and decisive action,—is, we believe, entirely erroneous, and is contradicted by every unquestionable fact which can be adduced and established. All statistics, as well as all observation, show that Ireland is improving, and improving rapidly, and needs nothing but steadiness, time, and repose. Wages are rising, and have risen greatly, and are nearly as high in most places as they are in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, while the cost of living is much lower. Indeed, there is much reason to believe that, at the present moment, we have severer distress in England than in Ireland. Even during the last three years—two of them, at least, bad seasons—improvement has been going on. The number of acres under tillage has increased in proportion to the population (*i.e. per head*) fifty per cent. since 1847. The aggregate value of the crops has risen since 1860 *twelve* per cent.; the number and value of live-stock *twenty-five* per cent.; crime has decreased *thirty* per cent.; pauperism (since 1863) *eleven* per cent.; emigration *forty* per cent.; lastly, the number of families living in mere mud one-roomed hovels decreased *sixty* per cent. between 1841 and 1861; those decently housed remained the same; those well housed increased *thirty-three* per cent.¹ In the face of these facts, to cry out, as we are doing, that “something must be done at once,” and to be prepared, as we are, to do something very rash, is not creditable to our honesty or good sense; and statesmen, and Liberal politicians more especially, should set themselves to quiet the clamour, not to swell it, or to make political capital out of it.

P.S.—Since this article was in type, Earl Russell and Mr. Mill have given to the world their respective notions on Irish questions. The views of the two eminent Liberal politicians are, as might be expected, utterly divergent on the Land Tenure

¹ The degree of improvement in house accommodation in Ireland is better measured by relative than by absolute figures. The percentage of families living in houses of the first and second class, and in those of the third and fourth—the fourth being mere mud cabins with one room, and the third larger and roomier, but still built of mud—was as follows at the dates given :—

| | 1841. | 1851. | 1861. |
|-------------------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| First and second class, . . . | 19 per cent. | 28 per cent. | 33 per cent. |
| Third class, | 39 „ | 49 „ | 49 „ |
| Fourth class, | 42 „ | 23 „ | 18 „ |
| | <hr/> 100 | <hr/> 100 | |

It is scarcely possible to have a better test, or a more encouraging picture of an advance in the social condition of the poor.

question ; and the Peer has as decidedly the advantage in wisdom and in temper as the philosopher has in mere force and incisiveness of style. The member for Westminster scarcely alludes to the Irish Church at all ; he simply *assumes* its abolition as a settled point, and almost a *fait accompli*. The retiring Premier puts it prominently forward, but proposes to deal with it in a fashion that will scarcely find favour with our readers,—viz., by endowing all three sects with the temporalities of the existing Establishment in proportion to the members of the several adherents. Earl Russell adopts unreservedly the principles we have here advocated as to Land Tenure ; Mr. Mill not only gives in his adherence to the “Perpetual Settlement” scheme of the *Spectator*, but insists on its instantaneous and submissive acceptance, with an intemperate and dictatorial vehemence that, coming from so great a master of reason and of thought, is absolutely startling. Mr. Mill habitually mixes too much passion in his advocacy to be a safe guide ; he is more prone to have his hobbies and his crotchets than so leading a philosopher ought to be—and peasant-proprietorship has always been one of these. But he brings no new facts or arguments to strengthen his recommendation, and of old facts and arguments he ignores some and mistakes others. He treats Fenianism as a universal feeling among the Irish, and as the most formidable outbreak of disaffection we have seen ; whereas it is notorious that no one of the least social weight, capacity, or consideration has joined it ; that it is confined almost exclusively to the most ignorant classes ; that in this respect it differs from every previous outburst of disloyalty ; and is therefore the feeblest and the least alarming, as well as the most irrational of any. He argues that we must abolish landlordism at once and altogether, and make the cultivators the owners of the soil, because “the Irish” demand it, and it will be satisfied with nothing less. But he takes no trouble to define who “the Irish” are, or to consider the fact that a very considerable portion—and certainly the most energetic and thriving portion—earnestly deprecate his sweeping scheme ; nor does he deem it worth a philosopher’s while to reflect what might turn out the probable operation of his remedy if the Irish should prove less like the French than he chooses to believe, and should obstinately refuse to limit themselves to two children for each married couple. It is painful to say so of a man whom we have always been trained to reverence and admire, but we cannot but feel that in tone, temper, and argument, Mr. Mill’s pamphlet is unworthy of his well-earned reputation, and must greatly add to the difficulty of settling the question on a sound basis, by lending the sanction of so great a name to so mischievous a project and to such delusive and disturbing hopes.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

JUNE 1868.

ART. I.—A LIBERAL EDUCATION—SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.

1. *Suggestions on Academical Organisation, with especial reference to Oxford.* By MARK PATTISON, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Edinburgh: 1868.
2. *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., etc. etc. London: 1868.

MR. THACKERAY was fond of contrasting, with a whimsical regret, the dulness and the torments endured by children of his time with the varied felicities daily multiplied for the present generations of youth. He might have carried the contrast further; for now it seems as if not only the years of childhood are to be made happy with tales of wonder and lovely pictures,—the days of school-time are to be no longer laborious, our universities shall become scenes of occupations which are but pleasant play. In the approaching scholastic millennium, already present to the kindling imagination of Mr. Farrar of Harrow, idleness will disappear from our academic groves; they will be thronged with eager and happy seekers after knowledge. All difficulties are to be removed from present work; new studies of strange attractiveness are to arise. What these are to be is not perhaps stated with quite that precision which might be wished; but they will certainly possess such a charm, that youths who now turn away from Shakespeare and think Scott “slow,” will, for their sake, forswear racquets, and take no pleasure in cricket or boating. It is a roseate picture—to the elders of the community perhaps rather exasperating. We can fancy a morose man, who in his youth had suffered much at pedagogic hands, filled with envy at this

fair prospect for his successors. Why should he have been born so soon? Why should his early days have been embittered with grammars and lexicons, when now it turns out that Greek and Latin are not good for anything; or if, that they can be learned without any trouble?

The fulfilment of these high hopes seems to be made dependent on the downfall of classical studies from their present eminence—one of those questions which is sure to turn up from time to time. Long ago, Locke and Dr. Samuel Clarke successively attacked the abuse of classical learning in England; more recently, the vigour and wit of Sydney Smith was brought to bear against it; and within the last few months the controversy has started up in all the freshness of youth. In his late address at St. Andrews, Mr. Mill delivered the most judicious and most powerful vindication of classical studies which our time has heard. More recently, Mr. Grant Duff, at Aberdeen, carried away by no unworthy theory indeed, but yet by a theory quite impracticable, advocated an encyclopædic training, which should aim at giving a knowledge of everything; and last winter, Mr. Lowe devoted all the skill and all the resources which a classical education can give, to disparage the study, not only of the classical languages, but of the whole life of antiquity. Mr. Lowe did not limit his attack to our present *methods* of teaching. Had he done this, he would have met with general sympathy; for it is in vain to defend a system which would educate young men up to the age of two or three and twenty, as if they were all to be clergymen or editors of classical authors. But Mr. Lowe has gone much further than this. He has disparaged the study of ancient literature, ancient history, ancient ethics; and here he will encounter the opposition of men who are no bigots in the cause of mere scholarship, but who are persuaded that the study of the life of antiquity through the medium of the two great languages of antiquity affords the surest basis for a rational and elevating education. And at this present time, it is fitting that such opposition should be frankly given, for the just claims of classical studies are in some peril. The reaction shows signs of going too far. Our education is in danger of being lowered to material ends; the narrowing effects of a training exclusively scientific are beginning to appear.

Mr. Lowe put forward four "principles" which he maintained to be subversive of classical studies. The first of these, *i.e.*, that we ought to know things rather than words, is a tinkling and unmeaning phrase, unhappily echoed by several authors of *Essays on a Liberal Education*, which, when Mr. Lowe used it, was demolished even by the utilitarian *Times*. His second,

i.e., that we must teach things practical rather than things speculative, has been seldom better answered than in the following passage from a very forcible lecture on Classical Teaching, by the Professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh:—

“Is it true that our speculative or critical faculties, and our intellectual sympathies, are of such little consequence—harmless contributions perhaps to the amusement of idle men—that their education may be left to the casual intercourse of society? Is it not the case that we cannot read an article in a newspaper or review, we cannot listen to a speech or a sermon, we cannot hold a serious conversation with any one on any subject worth talking about, without having to exercise whatever speculative capacity we may have, and to bring into use whatever speculative opinions or sympathies we have formed for ourselves, or have taken unquestioned from the current speech of society? We live in a world not of words and things only; but also of speculations; and if we have not educated our faculty of originating, or at least of judging of speculations, we are at the mercy of any sciolist, rhetorician, or fanatic who may be kind enough to take upon himself the office of forming our opinions and stimulating our feelings on the most important subjects of human thought. It is because I believe that liberal, as distinct from popular and professional education, should be speculative rather than practical, should develop the highest capacity of human thought and sympathy, that I so strongly urge upon you the claims of classical study.”

Mr. Lowe's other two principles may be easily disposed of. One—that a knowledge of truth is better than a knowledge of falsehood—is most fallaciously brought to bear on the present question, by contrasting English history with Greek mythology; the other—that a knowledge of the present is better than a knowledge of the past—is a fallacy in itself. Indeed, throughout the whole of this celebrated address, we meet with arguments and illustrations to which a man like Mr. Lowe should never have stooped. To say that the teachings of ancient history can have no value for us because the idea of representation was then unknown, is like depreciating the study of ancient ethics because the speculations of their philosophers were without the light of Christianity. Whereas the truth is, that as the absence of Christianity gives a peculiar interest and instructiveness to the study of ethical speculation, and, indeed, to the whole life of antiquity, so does the want of representation to the study of ancient politics. Contrasts can teach not less forcibly than similarities. And that narrowness of judgment, to which History is the best antidote, is more surely cured by a knowledge of institutions different, in some essentials, from our own, than of institutions wholly or

nearly the same. Again, if Mr. Lowe is serious in his position, that the writings of M. Prévost Paradol or M. Sainte-Beuve are not less "beautiful and refined," and will "exercise taste" not less perfectly than the masterpieces of Greek literature; or in his contention that Greek history is of little value, because the Greek States were so very small while we are so very big, we can only wonder; argument would be quite useless: and while from ignorant men disparagement of grammatical studies, on the ground that "Homer did not know the difference between the nominative and accusative case," may be set aside as merely silly, coming from a man of Mr. Lowe's knowledge it must be condemned as wilfully fallacious and misleading. But worse than these extravagances are Mr. Lowe's perversions of fact. He has given a picture of English education, with especial reference to Oxford, which, as a representation at least of the Oxford of the present day, is ludicrously incorrect. It is not true of Oxford now that a man need not know anything of arithmetic: that science forming a leading feature in the examination for Little-go. It is not true of Oxford now that men of high attainments would fail to obtain honours because they could not write Latin verses: the highest honours in Oxford, and the most valuable prizes, *i.e.*, the fellowships, may be got without writing a single line of verse. It is not true of Oxford now that men are taught to draw no distinction between the authority of Cornelius Nepos and the authority of Thucydides. It is not true of Oxford now that her students "are taught nothing, and need know nothing," of the feudal system and the polity of the middle ages; on the contrary, a school of Law and Modern History has existed in Oxford for more than twelve years, which, popular from the first, has increased in popularity every year, while the whole wealth of All-Souls has been appropriated to these studies. Mr. Lowe, when receiving his degree at Edinburgh, was pleased to express his regret that his own university had never conferred upon him a similar honour. We must say that a man who makes an attack on a university, based upon such wilful ignorance of her real state, can hardly expect any favour at her hands. But worse than fallacies, worse than clap-trap, worse even than misrepresentation, was the tone of Mr. Lowe's address as a whole. It was clear, hard, and ignoble; deficient in breadth of view; regarding only the practical and the material; utterly ignoring the highest side of human nature.

Mr. Lowe's views are so extreme as to stand quite apart. Educational matters engross at present a great share of the public attention, but few, even of the most zealous reformers, go the length of the great Adullamite. Thus the volume called

Essays on a Liberal Education attracted considerable notice, but more from the position of the writers than from the novelty of the views therein contained. For, while the conclusions at which the writers arrive are, as a rule, sensible, they are not new. We do not think they get beyond—we doubt whether the controversy has at all advanced beyond—an article of Sydney Smith's, written some sixty years ago, and called "Too much Latin and Greek." That sound philosopher was heartily opposed to the over-estimate of classical studies prevalent in his day.

"Attend, too, to the public feelings—look to all the terms of applause. A learned man! a scholar! a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government, thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe, to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No; this is not learning; it is chemistry, or political economy—not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the *Æolic* reduplication, and is familiar with the *Sylburgian* method of arranging defectives in ω and μ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau-idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent, but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which *Cranzius* had passed over, and the never-dying *Ernesti* had failed to observe. If a young classic of this kind were to meet the greatest chemist, or the greatest mechanician, or the most profound political economist of his time, in company with the greatest Greek scholar, would the slightest comparison between them ever come across his mind? Would he ever dream that such men as *Adam Smith* and *Lavoisier* were equal in dignity of understanding to, or of the same utility as, *Bentley* and *Heyne*? We are inclined to think that the feeling excited would be a good deal like that expressed by *Dr. George* about the praises of the great King of Prussia, who entertained considerable doubts whether the King, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in μ ."

But *Sydney Smith* was too wise to rush into the other extreme. Though writing at a time when the pretensions of scholarship were tenfold what they are now, his admirable sense could not be led into the extravagances of *Mr. Lowe*. On the contrary, in this very essay he expresses a "sincere hope that classical learning will always be held in great honour in this country;" and he denounces any system of education from which classics are excluded as "radically erroneous, and completely absurd."

The substance of the *Essays on a Liberal Education* may be

fairly given in two propositions :—(1.) That our method of teaching Latin and Greek must be changed ; (2.) That certain other subjects must be added to the present teaching of our universities and schools ; and not only must be added, but must be put in their proper place, and receive their due recognition. From neither of these propositions will many men be found to dissent. The first of them conflicts with the prejudice, dear to the English mind, that difficulties are not inevitable evils, but are to be cherished for their own sake. “ If the English were in a paradise of spontaneous productions, they would continue to dig and plough, though they were never a peach nor a pineapple the better for it.” It is the theory of the pure scholar that we must learn the classical languages as a mental discipline only, with no aim beyond—that the instrument is to be cherished rather than the end—the difficulty preferred to the reward—the mere vehicle studied, heedless of the wisdom and the beauty which that vehicle might convey to us. Mr. Clark, in the *Cambridge Essays*, lays it down that “ it is a strong recommendation to any study that it is dry and distasteful.” Now, in educational matters at least, no idea can be more pernicious than this. For, as Locke has pointed out, the true mode of teaching is to remove difficulties as fast as may be :—

“ In teaching children, this, too, I think is to be observed, that in most cases, where they stick, they are not to be further puzzled, by putting them upon finding it out themselves. . . . This wastes time only, in disturbing them ; for whilst they are learning, and apply themselves with attention, *they are to be kept in good-humour, and everything made easy to them, and as pleasant as possible.*”¹

Doubtless our teaching has improved in this respect. That most afflicting absurdity, for example, of learning Greek through Latin, has ceased many years ago. Still, there is vast room for improvement. Are boys still forced to commit to memory innumerable lines of indifferent Latin, and worse verse, at a time when they can barely scan or construe them, in order to acquire a knowledge of the gender and quantity of Latin words ? How much of this sort of thing now goes on we do not certainly know ; but we gather from Mr. Bowen that grammar is still a medium for great torment. This gentleman has taken up what seems to us the greatest question of school reform, *i.e.*, the reform of our grammatical teaching ; and the only criticism we would make on his vigorous essay is that he does not tell us with sufficient precision how far he would go. Would he adopt the Hamiltonian method in its entirety ? Or would he make the school-grammar a mere skeleton, as it were—not teaching it in the abstract, but only in illustration of the concrete example ? We rather apprehend the latter to

¹ Locke on Education.

be his plan. "Plunge boys at once into the *Delectus*," he says; "make your *accidence* and *syntax* a result instead of a basis." In this we heartily concur. Mr. Bowen has hit upon a truth of importance, when he says that the Latin grammar is simply too hard for boys. High grammar—and grammar as we now teach it is high grammar—ranks in abstractness, and therefore in difficulty, with metaphysics, and far above ordinary logic. Such instruction to boys is worse than useless; it puzzles and disgusts them. This is conspicuous in the teaching of English grammar in our Scotch schools. Owing to the poverty of that grammar as such, English grammarians have been compelled to "poach on the province of the metaphysician and the logician."¹ Thus the Scotch Assistant Commissioners report that the English grammar taught in our schools cannot fail to be "perplexing and distasteful to any scholar."² The text-books are filled with an elaborate nomenclature expressing abstract ideas quite beyond the boy's powers of apprehension. The truth is, the facts of grammar may be learned at school; the science of it must be studied afterwards. In appreciating this distinction the French schools have advanced beyond the English or German.³ But in either aspect grammar is best taught by those languages which have "distinct forms for the greatest number of distinctions in thought," and in this the classical languages are unrivalled. Therefore we would teach one good grammar only—the Latin grammar,—and simplify that to the utmost. Science should not be forced upon the schoolboy, all unprepared to grasp grammatical ideas. The two great objects to be kept in view are—to gain time, which may be given to other subjects, and to make classical study easier, and therefore more attractive. Both objects would be advanced by a vigorous reform of our grammatical teaching. They would be not less advanced by the abolition of our dismal treadmill of Latin and Greek verse-making. Against this deformity in our educational system, Mr. Farrar has directed his loudest thunders. We heartily sympathize with his object, and we cannot think success far distant. Harrow has taken the lead among our schools, and the rest will soon follow. Mr. Farrar, in his accustomed strain of fervid rhetoric, calls the universities to action:—

"Let the colleges, then, boldly loosen these gilded and fantastic chains, which were formed in an age of logomachy, and tightened in an age of artificiality and retrogression. Let them determine more decidedly, and avow more distinctly, that verses are not essential for scholarships or for honours."

¹ See Report by Mr. Ross, Rector of the Arbroath High School.—*Scotch Commission Report*, App. p. 216.

² Report, p. 119.

³ Mr. Arnold's Report to the Schools Commission, p. 504.

Cambridge, we believe, yet lags behind in this matter ; but at Oxford, as we have already said, the highest honours, including fellowships, are attainable without verse-writing. The cause of common sense has of late made considerable progress ; and notwithstanding Mr. Farrar's indiscreet advocacy, we believe it will go on and prosper.

The second proposition into which we have ventured to analyse this volume of essays, is that the present teaching of our schools and universities should have greater width and elasticity. When Mr. Farrar enumerates as "among the studies," we must add to the present subjects, "comparative philology, history, modern languages, the Hebrew language, and the language and literature of our own country, and, foremost, the study of science," we cannot but feel that this vague and rhetorical way of writing is not calculated to advance a good cause. The evil of overburdening the minds of youth is too serious, and the cry against "cram" is too easily raised, for this dashing style of attack to be at all safe. Therefore, the more heartily we agree with Mr. Farrar in his main object, the more is it necessary, for the sake of the object itself, to protest against this exaggeration ; and especially against a tendency, plainly discernible in Mr. Farrar's writings, to recommend the teaching of a great variety of subjects—to confuse education with the imparting of knowledge. The "general information" theory of education is like the feeding of Strasburg geese : one organ, the memory, is unduly developed, to the great detriment of the general system.

But we get some comfort when we turn to Mr. Sidgwick, and see what are the "practical changes," which he gives as the result of his elaborate essay. They are merely to the effect that "a course of instruction in our own language and literature, and a course of instruction in natural science, ought to form recognised and substantive parts of our school system." And, he adds, more stress should be laid on the study of French. It will be observed that this does not involve bifurcation, that is, the separation of the school into modern and classical departments. In fact, this plan, though it has been tried at all the great schools of late foundation, has not been found to answer. It has proved unpopular with parents, because they have been reluctant so to educate their boys as to preclude the possibility of their eventually going to the universities ; and it has been found impossible to prevent the modern side from degenerating into a mere refuge for the idle and the dull. In the recent Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission¹ the bifurcation

¹ As we shall have occasion to refer to both these Reports, it may be well to give the names of the Commissioners. The Public Schools Report (1864)

theory is not recommended. It was discountenanced also by the *Public Schools Commissioners*; and we gather from Mr. Arnold's report to the Schools Inquiry Commission that it cannot be said to have proved successful abroad. The difficulty then is, has a boy time to learn these new subjects in addition to what he learns now? We cannot doubt that he has. And, moreover, it is presumed that time will be gained by changes in our present school system. Our teaching of grammar, as has been shown, may be simplified; our teaching of verse-making may disappear; and Mr. Sidgwick would catch another year or two by postponing the study of Greek till the age of sixteen, or perhaps rather fifteen. We believe this latter step might be taken with safety, and without any detriment to the study of Greek. It would fit in, too, with the views of the Schools Commissioners, who would confine the teaching of Greek to what they call education of the first grade, that is, to education which goes on to eighteen or nineteen years of age. But even without this last measure natural science may be introduced into our school teaching without fear. The Schools Commissioners give the whole weight of their authority to the support of this opinion:—

“ Whilst recommending that natural science should be taught in all schools within our province, we do not suggest that it should displace any existing subject held to be of importance. We believe that an amount of knowledge of natural science may be acquired in schools side by side with classics, mathematics, and modern languages, which may be of the greatest advantage to young men proceeding to the universities, or to professional training, or directly to the business of life. Probably some slight modification of the existing arrangement of studies in classical schools may be called for; but we are under no apprehension that the classics will suffer in consequence. On the contrary, we have good reason to know that natural science may so quicken the intelligence and increase the mental power of boys as greatly to contribute to their advancement in other studies. In the City of London School, where there are upwards of 600 boys, all the boys are taught natural science; and while some of them through means of this instruction have carried off distinctions in several of its branches at the University of London and South Kensington, it has not been found to prevent them from achieving the highest honours in classics and mathematics at the Universities of Cambridge and London.”

The Public Schools Commissioners express similar views, is signed as follows:—Clarendon, Devon, Lyttelton, Edward Twisleton, Stafford H. Northcote, W. H. Thompson, H. H. Vaughan. The Schools Inquiry Report (1868) is signed:—Taunton, Lyttelton, W. F. Hook, F. Temple, Anthony W. Thorold, Thomas Dyke Acland, Edward Baines, W. E. Forster, P. Erle, John Storrar.

and Mr. Mill speaks so powerfully on this point that we make no apology for quoting him at some length:—

“I am amazed at the limited conception which many educational reformers have formed to themselves of a human being’s power of acquisition. The study of science, they truly say, is indispensable: our present education neglects it: there is truth in this too, though it is not all truth: and they find it impossible to find room for the studies which they desire to encourage but by turning out, at least from general education, those which are now chiefly cultivated. How absurd, they say, that the whole of boyhood should be taken up in acquiring an imperfect knowledge of two dead languages. Absurd indeed, but is the human mind’s capacity to learn, measured by that of Eton and Westminster to teach? . . . If all the improvements in the mode of teaching languages which are already sanctioned by experience were adopted into our classical schools, we should soon cease to hear of Greek and Latin as studies which must engross the school-years, and render impossible any other acquirements. If a boy learnt Greek and Latin on the same principle on which a mere child learns with such ease and rapidity any modern language, namely by acquiring some familiarity with the vocabulary by practice and repetition, before being troubled with grammatical rules—these rules being acquired with tenfold greater facility when the cases to which they apply are already familiar to the mind; an average schoolboy, long before the age at which schooling terminates, would be able to read fluently and with intelligent interest any ordinary Latin or Greek author in prose or verse, would have a competent knowledge of the grammatical structure of both languages, and have time besides for an ample amount of scientific instruction. . . . I will say confidently that if the two classical languages were properly taught, there would be no need whatever for rejecting them from the school course, in order to have sufficient time for everything else that need be included therein.”¹

Therefore, the first proposition with which we started, namely, that the teaching of our schools must be improved, is the beginning of all reform. If we fail to do this, we shall accomplish nothing; if we succeed in this, to make room for a broader course of study will be found easy. Hence, of all the essays in this book those of Mr. Farrar and Mr. Bowen are of the most immediate practical importance. The abolition of verse-making save in particular instances cannot be far distant; but the subject which Mr. Bowen has taken up is of greater difficulty and far wider scope. We may venture to express a hope not only that he will persevere, but that other practical educationists will come to his aid. To change our whole mode of teaching grammar, though of vital moment, is no light task. It implies the creation of a new educational literature. It implies the downfall of the prejudice that there should be a

¹ Inaugural Address at St. Andrews.

universal text-book for the teaching of grammar. It implies, therefore, the active and continuous exertion of able, liberal, and experienced men ; and it is a sanguine hope that such will arise in great numbers from the present generation of school-masters. We dwell upon this the more earnestly, because we can discern in some quarters a disposition to put the cart before the horse, and introduce new subjects before room has been made for them by improvement in the teaching of the old. This is but to shirk the whole question ; and will surely lead to the half recognition and eventual degradation of these new subjects. They will come to be regarded as mere amusements, or as work to be “knocked off” in deference to popular prejudice. No immediate advance, however, can be hoped for in this direction without the co-operation of the head masters of our public schools. Unless they join heartily in the movement little will be accomplished by the individual efforts of assistant masters. But at this present time there are not wanting grounds which encourage the expectation that assistance will come from this quarter. It is a thing as cheering as unusual to see the head master of Eton inaugurating important reforms.

It is no part of our purpose to set forth the advantages of the study of science. We are content to assume these ; and would refer all who retain any lingering doubts on the subject to an eloquent and convincing article in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*.¹ The value of scientific instruction in respect of the mere information which it gives, this writer, agreeing with Mr. Mill, does not think great. In fact, he disparages the “useful-knowledge” view of science altogether. This knowledge, if it is good for anything, may easily be acquired by a man for himself ; but should never be given to a boy under pretence of education. Far better the modesty of conscious ignorance. But so to teach science as to impart the scientific habit of mind is a very different thing. Thus taught it gives a mental discipline which neither language nor philosophy can give ; it can best train us how to reason from the known to the unknown ; it fosters “wakeful attentiveness of the senses, and scrupulous sincerity of mind.”

But to teach science on the general-knowledge theory is very easy ; to teach it in this latter fashion is very hard ; so it is no wonder that we are met by the preliminary difficulty of determining what sciences shall be the subjects of instruction. Mr. Sidgwick would seem to recommend physics (rather a wide word) and chemistry ; and the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, without hesitation, fix upon experimental physics and chemistry,

¹ *Quarterly Review*, No. 246.

—though we think they had better have refrained from the dangers of a reason: “inasmuch as they constitute the common platform of all the rest.” Surely it is impossible to say this of chemistry. Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, in the *Essays*, objects strongly to chemistry, because, “as an exercise in reasoning, it is very deficient,” and because “it is of all subjects the most liable to cram, and the most useless when crammed.” He gives the preference to botany and experimental physics. The Quarterly Reviewer, again, objects both to chemistry and botany, advocating experimental physics and mechanics. Geology and physiology are rejected by all. It is plain that much consideration is required here before any definite conclusion can be arrived at. There is, however, one error worthy of remark, into which both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Farrar have fallen. They think that boys should not only be taught accurately one or two sciences, but also several superficially. Mr. Wilson quotes with approbation the report of a committee appointed by the Council of the British Association to consider the best means for promoting scientific education in schools, which lays it down that boys should not only attain “a thorough knowledge of the facts and principles of one science,” but also “a general acquaintance with what has been said or written about many;” should know “the simple facts of astronomy, of geology or physical geography, and of elementary physiology;” and Mr. Farrar would require from a boy leaving school, *inter alia*, “that he should be acquainted with the nature and greatest results of the sciences in general.” Mr. Farrar’s use of the English language is not such as to justify criticism on the assumption that he expresses accurately what he means; but precision may be expected from the Committee of the Royal Association; and we must say we do not like the opposition, in their Report, between a “*general acquaintance*,” and a “*thorough knowledge*.” It is quite true, as Whately long ago pointed out, that general knowledge is not necessarily superficial knowledge. We may know the leading truths of a subject thoroughly, and so gain a conception of it as a whole: this is to have a general knowledge of that subject; and that knowledge is not superficial, though we may be quite ignorant of details. If the Report means no more than this, no exception need be taken to it; only thus far, that we doubt whether knowledge of this nature can be well communicated by teaching to schoolboys. It is rather knowledge of a kind which a man gains for himself in later life, and which he can only gain if his mind has been trained to distinguish between what is thorough and what is superficial, that is, if he has had a sound education. At all events, in order that science may soon obtain, and securely hold, her due place in our

school-teaching, don't let us begin too violently. If one or two sciences are thoroughly taught as a part of the curriculum, we need have no fear that the sciences in general will fail to receive their due recognition. At present, we think it is of more moment to bear in mind this recommendation of the Commissioners :—

“The great object, especially with boys sufficiently forward to be capable of exact scientific teaching, should be to secure thoroughness of knowledge as far as it goes ; the important distinction between *elementary* and *superficial* knowledge should be upheld as rigorously as it is by the most notable teachers of grammar and mathematics.”

Mr. Mill thinks that physiology might be included at least in the university course. This suggests the idea, whether it would not be possible to give boys some latitude of choice as to the sciences they may learn. May not the sciences be distinguished into two classes, according as they do or do not involve mathematics ? For example, what is taught in the natural philosophy classes of the Scotch universities is, we apprehend, for the most part, applied mathematics. On the other hand, are there not many of the sciences of experiment or observation—such as chemistry, botany, zoology, etc.,—which can be pursued without any mathematical knowledge ? Can no use be made of this distinction educationally ? A certain amount of mathematics, perhaps, should be required from all. But surely no one would advocate forcing boys into the higher mathematics who show a decided inability for the study ? Now, while the sciences to which we refer do not afford us the same perfect types of reasoning as the mathematical sciences, they teach us how to reason by experiment, that is, from experience,—perhaps the more valuable lesson of the two ; while their power in cultivating the faculties of observation is all their own. It rather seems to us as if some liberty of selection would, in this matter, be attended with good results.

There is also a difference of opinion, though not indeed so wide, as to the place which the teaching of English should occupy in our system. We confess to the belief—not, we hope, the offspring of national vanity—that in Scotch education this problem has been to some extent solved. At our best schools, instruction is given in English composition, with readings from good authors ; and when the boys go to the universities no long time elapses before they get the best kind of English teaching in the classes of logic and moral philosophy. Besides this, at two of our universities, Glasgow and Edinburgh, there is now a chair of English literature. Mr. Johnson, one of the Essayists, thus expresses himself :—“The use of the English language by itself has been, if I am not misinformed, tried and found want-

ing in Scotland and in New England ; the fruit of essay-writing has been shallow and tasteless fluency." We do not know whence Mr. Johnson has obtained his information as to New England ; certainly Mr. Fraser's Report to the Schools Commission does not justify this criticism. But he is in error as regards Scotland. In the first place, the English language by itself is very rarely taught in Scotland. Latin rightly holds the place of honour among our school subjects ; and, in the second place, while it is true that the value of English teaching, to a greater extent than any other subject of instruction, must depend on the capacity of the teacher, yet we see no reason to believe that English well taught, beginning with reading and dictation and rising to recitation and composition, must lead to shallow and tasteless fluency. The Schools Commissioners are nearer the truth when they say that the results of our English instruction are excellent.

We may safely conclude that English taught in this fashion should form part of a liberal education. It does not at present do so in England ; and its introduction has been strongly advocated by many of the witnesses examined by the Schools Commission, especially by Lord Harrowby and Mr. Dasent. Mr. Thring of Uppingham assured the Commissioners that he had succeeded in introducing it without injuring the classics at all. Professor Seeley, in his evidence, takes a somewhat different view. He would teach English to boys, not grammatically, as a language, but, to use his own words, "artistically, rhetorically," aiming not so much at "precision and accuracy," as at "brilliancy and elegance." The great objection which the Commissioners state to this is the difficulty of finding fit teachers to use such a method. In schools we should think this difficulty quite insurmountable. "Average teachers," they truly say, "will be, after all, average men, with little perhaps of brilliancy or elegance in their nature ; and it may be questioned whether much would be gained by setting before them so high, and in many cases, perhaps, unattainable an aim." Moreover, there would be a danger of giving boys a positive distaste for the masterpieces of English literature, by associating these in their minds with the idea of task-work. This is no imaginary danger. The feeling operates strongly now in the case of Latin and Greek authors ; it would be unfortunate were it extended to those authors to whom, after all, we most frequently turn in after life for pleasure and instruction. And, after all, it can hardly be doubted that the most thorough and scholarly knowledge of English can be gained through Latin. We cannot concur with Mr. Sidgwick in thinking it "a grotesque absurdity" to say that *Paradise Lost* must lose its characteristic

charms to the non-classical reader. On the contrary, this seems to us eminently true. And if acquaintance with the classics is thus useful to the general reader, it is essential to the historical student of modern authors. A thorough knowledge of our own literature must be a historical knowledge; and that can only be gained by going to the source. And surely that knowledge need not of necessity be pedantic. Assuming the classics to be so taught as not to instil a hatred of all literature, why should an acquaintance with them make men insensible to "brilliancy and elegance" in English? Intelligent teaching of the *literature* of Greece or Rome can hardly fail to inspire some love and appreciation of our own. As a consequence of such teaching, all who have any taste for letters will readily gain for themselves a familiarity with English authors, and a knowledge of English literature; those who have not this taste, will never do so—no, not if they were drilled over Milton and Jeremy Taylor every day in the year, to the exclusion of all other instruction: the only result of that would be that positive hatred would take the place of ignorant indifference.

This long survey, then, leads us to the conclusion that the highest authorities agree with the two propositions which we ventured to give as the substance of the *Essays on a Liberal Education*. But, in the interests of educational reform, it is impossible to leave that volume without expressing our strong sense of its many faults. And this is the more necessary, because there can be no doubt that the extravagances with which it abounds will be found powerful weapons in opposing the beneficial changes which it advocates. There are not a few extreme views in this volume, which, if put forth seriously, are, in our opinion, clearly wrong; if they are exaggerated with a view to effect, this is unskilful pleading. Valuable reforms should be urged with temperance, especially in the face of a prejudiced and vigorous opposition.

In the first place, we think the idea a mistake. Changes such as those we are discussing should be advocated on some organized plan, the end or ends should be clearly stated, and the efforts of each labourer should be distinctly directed to to that end. Nothing of this sort can result from a disconnected series of essays; each writer dealing, as his own fancy may dictate, with some one of the thousand subjects which are embraced in the word Education. The natural consequence of this plan, or rather of this want of plan, is what we find here—repetitions, inconsistencies, contradictions; and, above all, a failure to produce any impression on the mind of the reader as to the result of the whole argument. An editor might have, in some measure, removed these evils by a clear summing-up in

the shape of a preface; but, in a greater or less degree, they are inseparable from the original scheme. Nor is it possible to say that we forget this error of design in perfection of execution. No good that we can discover is served by the dilution of Hallam with which Mr. Parker of University begins the volume, or by the pages of commonplace with which the inevitable Lord Houghton ends it. One unconscious service this volume will doubtless render to the anti-classicists. It will shake the traditional belief that a knowledge of the classics tends to give a good English style. All these gentlemen are presumably good scholars; yet they do not uniformly write pure English, or even always in good taste. There are frequent inelegancies; sometimes a forced humour; and very often a turgid and tumultuous style of writing—singularly out of place in treating of such subjects, and especially so from critics who censure “ungracefulness” in Thucydides, “unshapely work” in Lucretius, and talk of the “monstrous fatuities which disfigure Æschylus.”¹ The faults which we remarked as incidental to the scheme as a whole, appear in many of the essays—vagueness; a want of precision of object, and a consequent want of application in the arguments used; and self-contradictions. Thus, for example, even Mr. Bowen does not bring us up to a distinctly stated result as to the method of teaching grammar; it is impossible to find out exactly what place in education Mr. Hales would claim for English; the only definite suggestions (so far as we can discover) which Mr. Johnson makes for improving the “education of our reasoning faculties,” are “to substitute the French for the Latin language as the vehicle of youthful thought, and to resort to French instead of English books for the study of the rudiments of science and philosophy”—neither of which suggestions seems very reasonable. Why French writers, admitted by Mr. Johnson himself to be inferior to the best English writers, are to be preferred for the study of anything, Mr. Johnson does not explain; and, with great deference, we should have imagined that English was the proper vehicle for the thought of youthful Englishmen. It is extravagant too in Mr. Johnson to lay it down, seemingly as an indisputable proposition, that French writers “are wiser than the ancients;” we should rather hold it an evil seriously counterbalancing the advantages of knowing French, that the study of that language may popularize among us French ideas, especially on politics.

¹ Want of space prevents our supporting this criticism by quotations. But the reader is referred to pp. 234, 236, 237, 286, 302, 305, 307, of the volume of *Essays*; and to Mr. Farrar’s lecture, republished in the *Fortnightly Review*, *passim*.

The greatest number of these faults, and in their most striking development, will be found in the writings of the Editor—both in his essay in this volume, and in his lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for March. Mr. Farrar's object is so good, the strength of his convictions and his sincerity of purpose so apparent, that to speak of him in any language but that of approval is an unpleasing duty. But, as we have already said, the more we are satisfied of the importance of the subject he has taken up, the more imperative does that duty become. For we are firmly persuaded that a worse leader for this great educational movement could not have been selected; and we come to this persuasion at once from the want of any directing and harmonizing power in the editorship of this volume, and from the exaggeration of statement, confusion in thought, and weakness of reasoning which characterize his own writings.

His object in the essay is to abolish, or at least curtail, verse-writing as a part of our school training; his object in the lecture is to expose the faults of our present school system generally. Both objects are good, but they are intemperately urged. For success in neither was it necessary to indulge in disparagement of all classical learning; on the contrary, by so doing he imperils the success of his special aims. Besides, this disproportion of means to ends leads him into serious error; especially, it leads him into a very fallacious use of authority. He can quote great names against verse-writing, and in condemnation of our present school-teaching,—Thirlwall, Macaulay, Mill, and Jowett. But then in the next page he soars into diatribes against classical learning in general, from which none would dissent more heartily than these very men. Now this is deceptive. We do not for a moment mean to accuse Mr. Farrar of wilful deceit; but his method exposes him to the charge of so representing his authorities as to leave the impression that they go with him further than they really do. His weakness in argument is shown mainly by his arguments being too strong. They are more extensive than the conclusion he wishes to arrive at. They would carry him a great deal too far. Thus we have the threadbare folly about Keats knowing no Greek, as if a system of education could be organized on the theory that all schoolboys are such as he was. Then, again, as an argument against verse-writing, we have the following:—"Among our best and finest writers are those who have drunk simply and solely at the pure wells of English undefiled. Is it conceivable that Shakspeare or Burns would have written as they have written, if they had been drilled for years in Latin verse?" We cannot answer this question, though we certainly see nothing

“inconceivable” in an affirmative reply. But surely Mr. Farrar must see that he has proved too much. What he wishes to prove is, that boys can have a sufficient knowledge of Greek and Latin without writing verses. What he does prove, if he proves anything, is that men will be more likely to write like Shakespeare or Burns if they are ignorant of Greek and Latin altogether. There is no more dangerous error in controversy than this. It rouses enemies, and it shows them where to strike with effect. Again, in his lecture, Mr. Farrar’s object is to improve our school-teaching, and the bulk of the lecture is taken up with reiteration of his preference, “if he must choose,” of science to Latin and Greek. But why introduce the idea of this choice at all? Who forces it on him? Is not the object of the whole volume to show that there is no need for any such choice; that, by improvements in our method, we can make room for science without any injury to classical study? If this can be shown, as we believe it can, we conciliate those who hold to the belief that the classical languages are the best basis of a sound education. These men are in a numerical majority, and are not surely so weak in weight of authority, or in mental power, that their opposition should be needlessly provoked; and by adopting this line of argument not only do we conciliate opposition, but we can quote in our support the authority of both the Commissions, to which we have so often referred. And then with what reasonings does Mr. Farrar justify his preference! We give one specimen:—“Which was the happier, Linnæus falling on his knees to thank God for the golden splendour of a field of furze, or St. Bernard travelling all day long by the Lake of Geneva, and asking in the evening where it was? And which is likely to be the happier, the youth who goes to bed with his thoughts reeking with Juvenal and Aristophanes, or he who, in the sweet air and blessed sunshine, has been taught to regard the world around him as a Sibylline leaf, inscribed by God’s own finger with revelations of His laws?” It is almost idle to point out, that this contrast is entirely of Mr. Farrar’s own making; but it is melancholy to see any one stooping to this old cant about the indecency of classical writers. Mr. Farrar is strong for a knowledge of French history and literature. Can this be given, and yet the mind of the student kept untainted with evil? If we must choose—to adopt Mr. Farrar’s own style,—we think the mind may just as safely “reek” with Juvenal and Aristophanes as with Rabelais or Voltaire, to say nothing of modern writers.

When ill-directed and insufficient argument fail, Mr. Farrar falls back upon assertion and declamation. Thus, in the essay, we have the well-worn cry of “things, not words,” coupled, as

usual, by the equally well-worn observation, that the Greeks knew no language but their own. Both are given again in the lecture; and yet Mr. Farrar, when he wrote that lecture, had Mr. Mill's Address before him (for he quotes it), in which it is shown—(1.) That words, in a sense, and an important sense, are things; (2.) That the study of language has perhaps its highest value in that it frees us from the tyranny of words—one of the deepest causes of human error; and (3.) That from the want of this study, the greatest intellects among the Greeks are continually led away by words, mistaking the accidents of language for real relations in nature. It would have been satisfactory if, instead of this vain repetition, Mr. Farrar had attempted to grapple with Mr. Mill's reasonings. Lastly, we must give an example of Mr. Farrar's declamation; and we take not by any means the most perfect, but the shortest:—

“Why, when Christianity has been in the world for nigh two thousand eventful years,—while all that time philosophy has been waving her torch in the dimmest caverns of human speculation,—while the thoughts and actions of men are hourly thrilling from continent to continent on the wings of electric fire,—while navigation has been girdling the earth with a hundred bands, and has flung open to us for three centuries the golden doors of the Western Continent,—while Science has gone so far on her triumphal march with an unimaginable growth of strength and stature at every stride, it would be strange indeed, it would indeed be a deplorable stigma on the feebleness and imperfection of humanity, if the modern literature of a scientific and Christian world did not contain ‘streams from that unemptiable fountain of wisdom’ far wider and far deeper than any which flowed in the two languages of a long-vanished Paganism, of which even the younger has ceased to be spoken for thirteen hundred years.”

With what a different effect of conviction, to say nothing of the relief in point of style, do we turn from all this to the thoughtful precision of such a passage as the following, from Mr. Mill's Dissertations:—

“Not only do these literatures furnish examples of high finish and perfection in workmanship, to correct the slovenly habits of modern hasty writing, but they exhibit, in the military and agricultural commonwealths of antiquity, precisely that order of virtues in which a commercial society is apt to be deficient; and they altogether show human nature on a grander scale, with less benevolence but more patriotism, less sentiment but more self-control; if a lower average of virtue, more striking examples of it; fewer small goodnesses, but more greatness and appreciation of greatness; more which tends to exalt the imagination, and inspire high conceptions of the capabilities of human nature. If, as every one may see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern

mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, this is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it more incumbent on those who have the power, to do their utmost towards preventing their decline."

Or to the simplicity and moderation of this, from Mr. Arnold—

"To know himself a man must know the capabilities and performances of the human spirit; and the value of the humanities, of the science of antiquity is, that it affords for this purpose an unsurpassed source of light and stimulus. Whoever seeks help for knowing himself from knowing the capabilities and performances of the human spirit, will nowhere find a more fruitful object of study than in the achievements of Greece in literature and the arts during the two centuries from the birth of Simonides to the death of Plato; and these two centuries are but the flowering point of a long period, during the whole of which the ancient world offers, to the student of the capabilities and performances of the human spirit, lessons of capital importance."¹

Or to the weight of this authority—

"The languages of classical antiquity are almost indispensable helps to all sound acquirements in politics, jurisprudence, or any of the moral sciences. They are also requisite for the formation of those elevated sentiments and that rectitude of judgment and taste which are inseparably connected with them."²

There is one other fallacy connected with this subject which we must notice, though very shortly, and the rather because it receives some countenance from Mr. Sidgwick, and has been distinctly upheld by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*. It is, that an adequate knowledge of ancient literature and ancient life can be gained from translations, and from modern writings. That we can thus gain a certain knowledge of them is true, but that knowledge is, in no sense of the word, education, nor is it very valuable in itself. It is no use talking of translations. The argument on that point never gets beyond the everlasting reference to Keats. But the other branch of the fallacy is sometimes strongly pressed. Now, in the first place, the student of antiquity is forced to interpret the original writer for himself, and this is no slight matter. The mental discipline to be derived from following the sequence of thought in a page of Thucydides or Tacitus is a very different thing from finding the result given in a few sentences by Grote or Merivale. And when we add to this the value of the thought itself, the difference becomes yet greater. For then we find that, by such studies, not only do we gain the mental discipline above alluded to, not only do we familiarize ourselves with

¹ Schools Commission Report, vol. vi. p. 593.

² Austin on Jurisprudence, iii. 368.

some of the most perfect examples of literary art, but we enrich our minds with wise thoughts and keen observations, which it is not the province of modern writers on antiquity to respect, and which, though elicited by states of society widely differing from our own, nay, sometimes because of this very difference, are fraught with lessons of capital importance for our own time. In the second place, we do not know that knowledge gained from modern writers is true. We do not learn what the Greeks and Romans were; we learn what some modern writer thought they were. This is so plainly true with regard to their philosophical writings as to require no illustration; but it is hardly less true of their history. And it is hardly necessary to mention the names of Mitford and Grote, of Arnold and Mommsen, to show how very different the ideas of modern writers may be. Nor can it be maintained that such writers will correct each other; for the reader whom we are supposing has no test to which he can bring them. He will be at the mercy of the author who writes most effectively, or of the author whom he has first read. The student who can go to the originals is in a totally different position. Yet again; as Mr. Mill has pointed out, it is no small part of the worth to us of classical knowledge, that so we can read history in the original sources. Some of our ablest historians assure us that to do this, and to know what contemporaries wrote, is alone real historical study; all else is but to take on trust the theories and opinions of other men. Still further, these original sources, fortunately for us, often deal with the most important epochs of Greek or Roman history, and are of such compass that we can easily grasp them. Hence it would appear that the study of them combines, in a perfection altogether its own, the leading conditions of true historical research. The reader of Thucydides, for example, studies a contemporary record of an epoch in Grecian history most fertile in political lessons, and the record is so brief that he may easily master the whole. He will know how the events were regarded at the time; how the actors at the time were judged. His reason will be exercised on the original materials; his imagination will gradually form a picture of the period, to which, as he reads on, each new detail will add some striking feature or some richness of colouring; and he will thus gain an historical training and historical knowledge which could never be his were he forced to accept untested the picture which has been drawn for us by Mr. Grote. If this be thought too favourable an instance, take a book of a very different stamp, and which illustrates a more complex period of history—Cicero's Letters. From these Letters the student will hardly be able to form a conception of the time so complete or so true as from the Greek historian. He

will there find much that is erroneous, the natural result of political passion and prejudice. This he can correct by the opinions and arguments of other writers. But he will thence gain an insight at first-hand into the events and characters of that day which no other source could supply; which will afford him the means of testing modern writers; which will not leave him at the mercy of every new theory; which will lead him to receive with caution the estimate of the empire now so favoured by French historians,—to distrust Mommsen's condemnation of the last republicans of Rome.

Space forbids our enlarging on the manner in which Greece and Rome are mixed up with our language, civilisation, and social economy. The argument is well-worn; but not on that account the less weighty. Without some knowledge of this we should be trammelled with the ideas of feudalism, or else break loose from the past altogether. The Schools Commissioners do not hesitate to say, that without this learning many of our classical authors must be but "half intelligible;" and Professor Jowett, whom no one will regard as too rigid a conservative, "thinks that Greek and Latin are in such endless ways entwined in modern language and civilisation, that it is difficult to say that a person is a perfectly educated man who does not know something about them."¹ Yet the life and languages of the ancients, though thus "entwined" with our own, are widely dissimilar. And herein is their peculiar value. Modern nations are too much like ourselves; Oriental nations are altogether remote and apart: Greece and Rome alone present this strange combination—are unlike us, yet closely connected with us. The solution of the whole question must be a compromise. The humanists must improve their method, and widen the scope of their teaching. On the other hand, the realists would do well to abate not a little of their high claims. For if the battle has to be fought out to the bitter end, the humanists will come off victorious. Education, says Newman, is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge in proportion to that preparation. This leaves the question what that knowledge must be; and to that we would answer, a knowledge of man. To know the external world is a great thing; but to comprehend the capacities of the spirit of man is a nobler learning. To stimulate the observing faculties is well; to cultivate the taste and the feelings is yet better. The Schools Commissioners put this very strongly:—

" 'The human' subjects of instruction, of which the study of language is the beginning, appear to have a distinctly greater educational

¹ Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

power than the 'material.' As all civilisation really takes its rise in human intercourse, so the most efficient instrument of education appears to be the study which most bears on that intercourse, the study of human speech. Nothing appears to develop and discipline the whole man so much as the study which assists the learner to understand the thoughts, to enter into the feelings, to appreciate the moral judgments of others. There is nothing so opposed to true cultivation, nothing so unreasonable as excessive narrowness of mind; and nothing contributes to remove this narrowness so much as that clear understanding of language which lays open the thoughts of others to ready appreciation. Nor is equal clearness of thought to be obtained in any other way. Clearness of thought is bound up with clearness of language, and the one is impossible without the other. When the study of language can be followed by that of literature, not only breadth and clearness, but refinement becomes attainable. The study of history in the full sense belongs to a still later age: for till the learner is old enough to have some appreciation of politics, he is not capable of grasping the meaning of what he studies. But both literature and history do but carry on that which the study of language has begun, the cultivation of all those faculties by which man has contact with man."

Fair terms of compromise are, as we have above shown, suggested by Mr. Sidgwick; and the recommendations of the Schools Inquiry Commission, and of the *Public Schools Commission*, lead to a very similar result.

When we come to consider the question of a liberal education in connexion with our universities, we are relieved to a great extent from the task of determining what subjects that education should embrace. For the university can, with propriety, allow the student great freedom of choice. The school education, being compulsory, and (with a few peculiar exceptions) the same for all, must be determined upon with anxiety and care. But university teaching should have an elasticity which to school teaching could not be allowed. If the universities get boys well grounded in their school-training, they may permit them, in what remains of their education, to follow the bent of their own inclinations. The very name suggests this—a place for the diffusion and extension of all branches of knowledge. Therefore, when we turn to universities we find ourselves concerned more particularly with the rearrangement of subjects of study; and with the reorganization of the body with a view to its full efficiency.

In the case of our Scotch universities, the former of these is the more pressing point. Not that the constitutions, as fixed by the Act of 1858, are at all perfect; but we can hardly say that any change is imperatively required. With regard to our teaching the case is different. This Journal has before

expressed an opinion that the regulations of the Commissioners appointed under that Act, as to teaching and as to degrees, were not satisfactory.¹ The experience of the last few years has strongly confirmed that opinion. There is with us a want of that breadth and elasticity which we have just mentioned as a fitting feature in a university system. The paths of study by which our students are permitted to obtain degrees in Arts are few. They are debarred from history, from law, from the experimental sciences (practically), from philology, from anything like an intimate knowledge of the life and literature of antiquity. Besides this, from our pass-men we require too much. This indeed necessarily results from denying them freedom of choice. We impose a definite course of study, leaving no room for natural predilections to assert themselves, and then, in order to escape the charge of narrowness, we make that course too extensive. Our pass-men cannot graduate without attendance on lectures for four, or, when the school training has been unusually good, for three years. The consequence of this is that graduation is not general, except with students who propose to enter a profession in which a degree in Arts is either absolutely required or saves an examination. Graduation among men not destined for such professions is not more common than it was before the Act—nay, it is less so, for the disposition to enter upon active life at an early age is growing in society, and requires strong inducements to counteract it. Hence the separation between our universities and the bulk of our community is becoming greater; hence too we have constant proposals for adding various branches of study to the curriculum. But to make additions in this way would not meet the evil, it would rather increase it; the whole scheme must be recast. The true theory is to require a sound basis as essential—which we would hold to be Latin in the case of every one; Greek and Latin in the case of all who sought honours, that is, who aspired to a liberal education; and, thereafter, to make the choice of subjects as wide and as free as possible. Especially does the limited curriculum bear hardly upon honour-men, for in proportion as men are willing to study subjects thoroughly should the range of subjects be extended. And even in the subjects which are open men get small encouragement to effort. The honours awarded are a farce. Nobody hears of them, or cares for them; nobody ever will care for them until they are granted by the four universities acting together. Still more preposterous is the regulation that requires students who propose to go in for honours in any subject, first to go through a pass examination on that very subject.

¹ *North British Review*, No. 78.

The effect of this is, that before a man can become a candidate for honours at all he must pass an examination in seven different departments! Anything more entirely impotent for good than this, anything more certain to do mischief, it is impossible to conceive. Small wonder, indeed, that our Scotch honours are not in much request. The Commissioners never seem to have reached that very elementary academical truth—the difference between pass-men and honour-men. The former may be treated, perhaps, somewhat roughly; their studies may be prescribed to them with a certain degree of rigour. But the latter are the life-blood of the university; they should be fostered by every means in our power, especially by setting before them some worthy distinction, and by giving them the utmost freedom of choice in their studies. The great problem to be solved is how to turn pass-men into class-men. The Commissioners, on the contrary, would seem to have done all in their power for the discouragement of the latter. And the worst of it is, that the universities are prevented from making any alteration, even in such matters as the teaching they are to give, and the degrees they are to confer, without the sanction of the Privy Council.

The result of all this—of these varied studies, and of these repeated examinations on different subjects—is to increase what may be described as the hand-to-mouth system of Scotch universities—taking up one subject after another, the new one driving out the old. Examinations may be so arranged as merely to require the cramming up of a certain amount of forgetable matter. Very different is an examination at the close of a complete course of study—the supplement of the whole curriculum. That not only affords to the student the advantage of proving with what industry these studies have been pursued; it brings to him a real benefit; it is, in the words of Dr. Arnold, “the only means of making distinct to him his knowledge and his ignorance.” In our system we have rejected the good examinations and chosen the bad. Hence a want of thoroughness in anything becomes the rule. And classical studies suffer most, because they come first in the curriculum, and are therefore likely to be soonest forgotten. So far as they at least are concerned, the danger is not imaginary. The decay of classical learning in Scotland is a subject of general complaint. Greek, perhaps, at no time has crossed the Tweed in any great force; but the time is not far distant when Latin scholars in Scotland were neither few nor weak. Unfortunately there is a great change now. The want of classical learning, and the consequent want of culture generally, even in the learned professions, is very striking. It can be remarked in many ways—conspicuously in the style of writing now so common in Scotland. At no distant

date beauty of style was a characteristic of Scotch writers. But now we look in vain for anything resembling the "perfect composition, the nervous language" of Robertson, or the "careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival," which made Gibbon close the volume with "a mixed sensation of delight and despair!" The eloquence of our pulpit is turgid and tawdry. Even men whose training and habits might be supposed to have taught them some impatience of "tall talk,"—lawyers, professors, judges,—too often indulge in a tumultuous rhetoric suitable only for a debating society. And there are worse faults prevalent among us than rudeness or gaudiness of style. Real cultivation of mind not only brings with it a certain urbanity and propriety of speech, but it gives a tone to the mode of thought. It enriches the mind with an experience which makes us take up great subjects with a certain gravity and dignity. It causes us to handle ideas with a due appreciation of their true bearing—not stolidly rejecting them on the one hand, nor on the other treating them with an easy-going frivolity. It gives, in a word, a tone of reality to the mind. These qualities are not conspicuous in the angry and sterile discussions which are daily waged round about us.

How far our Scotch schools supply a sound basis for a liberal education it is hard to say. In certain branches, English for example, they are in advance of the English schools. Mr. Fearon, who has reported on them to the English Commissioners, has formed a high estimate of their excellence. But this gentleman does not seem to us to have supported by adequate facts the flattering estimate he expresses of the Scotch system. The enthusiastic language of his general Report is not borne out by the details of his special reports on particular schools. He once, indeed, says in a note that he can perceive some "important defects" in our burgh schools. But he gives us no idea what these defects are, and a sentence thus hidden in a note cannot do away with the mischief which will result from what we may almost call the confessedly erroneous tenor of his Report as a whole. Certainly his conclusions are very different from those which are arrived at in the thorough and elaborate Report by Messrs. Harvey and Sellar to the Scotch Commission. These gentlemen, judging from an infinitely wider induction, come to much less favourable conclusions, which, both in their general and their special reports, they have expressed in temperate language, but yet with a firmness becoming in the discharge of a public duty. They are at variance with Mr. Fearon as to many important points—the organization of our schools, the mode of promotion, the value of the subjects, and the excellence of the methods of instruction,—

especially, for example, as to the merits of the English teaching in our schools. Moreover, the general tone of Mr. Fearon's report is not calculated to inspire confidence. The style in which he has thought fit to compose an official document, and the flights of sociology into which he soars, are perhaps matters between him and the Commissioners. They may possibly approve as good style in a document of this sort, a contrast between "fat, easy pass-men" as teachers in England, and the ideal Scotch master (happily an ideal quite of Mr. Fearon's imagination) "gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye;" they may sympathize with his conviction that in the examination of a few school-girls we are to hail "one of the greatest social improvements of our day,"—even with his half-expressed opinion that women should be admitted to our universities; and they may share his aspirations after a time when "a generation shall be produced among whom poverty is no shame, and honest labour with moderate gain be thought a worthy mode of existence." Perhaps with these things we have no concern. But, in the name of the public, we have a right to complain of the language in which Mr. Fearon has thought fit to express his social views. Facts plainly germane to any educational question, must of course be stated, however unpleasant; but they should be stated with a certain gravity and reserve. We cannot think it right, in a document of this sort, to describe the middle classes of England as "not yet sufficiently *civilized* to make the necessary efforts or sacrifices" for education, still less to speak of them as "those barbarians, those very uncultivated rich or substantial people, whom one sees every summer lounging at the Welsh and North-country sea-side towns, or hurrying through the Continent." Mr. Fearon was required to report upon the teaching in nine Scotch schools, not to denounce his fellow-countrymen, like a Hebrew prophet of old or Mr. Matthew Arnold in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Moreover, we distrust Mr. Fearon's praise of Scotland, both socially and in an educational point of view, not only because of his very limited experience, but also because he always contrasts us with England. We don't like this comparative style of criticism; it irritates the one side and puffs up the other. At all events we cannot defer to it, as coming from a man who only spent six weeks in one of the contrasted countries, during the greater part of which time he must have been engaged in schoolrooms, or in looking over papers. We regret to speak thus of Mr. Fearon's Report, and only do so because it has attracted some attention, and we fear that his hastily formed, and too strongly expressed opinions,

may prove obstacles to essential reforms. Already we suspect that they have done harm by inducing the Scotch Commissioners in their Report to preserve an un instructive and colourless neutrality between his enthusiasm and the cooler judgments of their own Sub-Commissioners.

When we come to the English universities, we enter on more debatable ground. For such is the position of these great bodies, that changes cannot take place in their constitution, or even in the subjects of their teaching, without affecting in a greater or less degree the whole of English society. Some of the points, too, which yet remain to be determined with regard to the English universities, such as the application of endowments and the maintenance of tests, take us directly into the region of politics; we seem to change the pure air of the Academe for the more stimulating ether of political life.

Curiously enough, Cambridge, more liberal than Oxford in the matter of tests, is less advanced in some other respects highly important in an educational point of view.

The best Cambridge men, so far as we can observe, are agreed that verbal scholarship and pure mathematics occupy too exclusive a place among Cambridge studies. The extension of the range of study is a matter which may generally be left to the university itself. But in the present case this is mixed up with other changes, urged with great force by Professor Seeley, and as to which we are not sanguine of any voluntary action on the part of the university. These are, first, that the names in each class of every tripos should be arranged alphabetically instead of in the order of merit; second, that the fellowships should be thrown open to the whole university; and third, that instruction should be given by the university independently of the colleges. The first of these seems on all accounts desirable. Not even the most competent examiners can, with anything like certainty, arrange men in the order of merit, and far too much depends on what can but imperfectly be done. Besides, the system of so doing brings the idea of competition into a prominence unbecoming the dignity of learning, and thus, to use Professor Seeley's language, vulgarizes the studies of the place. Examinations are at best a necessary evil; in examinations conducted on this principle of men racing against each other, all the evil is intensified.

The abolition of the order of merit in the tripos would necessitate this further change, that fellowships would not be given as the result of the Senate-house examination, because the respective merits of individual men would no longer be ascertainable from the lists. Each college would, therefore, hold special examinations for fellowships, and that system once introduced, the absurdity of limit-

ing the field to in-college men could not long be maintained. The narrowness incidental to a close collegiate system would be modified by the introduction of men from other colleges; and the studies of the place might be more easily extended if the great rewards were no longer exclusively reserved for eminence in classics and mathematics, but could be conferred, at the discretion of each college, for attainments in any department of literature and science. With regard to both points the experience of Oxford gives strong testimony. The great mischief of the present system seems to be, that the examinations of the Senate-house have too much power. Cambridge, Professor Seeley happily says, "is like a country invaded by the Sphinx: to answer the monster's conundrums has become the one absorbing occupation." Thus the "vulgar competition" is fostered, and the teaching is narrowed so as to bear only on the mathematical and classical tripos. And the system tends powerfully to keep up this narrowness. When so much depends on an examination, examiners naturally prefer subjects which best enable them to arrive at a decided conclusion. Hence the preference given to these two subjects, and hence, in classics, the value set upon felicity in translation, so utterly disproportionate to the value set upon a knowledge of ancient literature or ancient history.¹ If these examinations were for honours alone, and had no other consequence, the range of subjects might be widened with comparative ease. Fellowship examinations differ, or ought to differ, from the university degree examinations in many important points—often in the age of the examined; always in the nature and objects of the examination. Professor Seeley has made out a stronger and a clearer case than has been made out by any of the essayists; and it is matter for regret that, so far as we can judge from the evidence given before Mr. Ewart's committee, the feeling in Cambridge is on the whole opposed to his views. So much the greater is the necessity for legislative interference. Trinity, however, has taken an important step. It has thrown open the scholarships; and Mr. Hammond seems to have no doubt that the fellowships will soon follow. And if Trinity finds the present system of restriction irksome, much more must the small colleges. Moreover, as will be seen afterwards, a change in this Cambridge custom (for it is only a custom) is quite essential to the proper working of the lodging-out system.

So far as having some division of labour among the fellows of the same college, and so far as opening lectures and out-college men, the best colleges in Oxford have done something even in the direction of Professor Seeley's third and most radical reform. That she has so advanced at all is plainly owing to

¹ This is well put by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, February 1868.

the superiority of her fellowship system over that of Cambridge. But this point really involves the whole position of the university towards the colleges, not only as regards instruction, but as regards the use of endowments; and that again really embraces every aspect of university reform. We can only touch on a few of the leading topics in this wide field, and we shall confine our observations mainly to Oxford. The reasons for this are obvious. Firstly, such questions are more keenly agitated at Oxford than at Cambridge; secondly, two recent works on university organization have special reference to Oxford; thirdly, Oxford has, as we have said, advanced further than Cambridge, and therefore has opened up more topics for discussion; and fourthly, whatever applies to the one university will, with but slight modification, apply to the other.

Fifty years ago Sydney Smith could write with truth—"A genuine Oxford tutor would shudder to hear his young men disputing upon moral and political truth, forming and pulling down theories, and indulging in all the boldness of youthful discussion. He would augur nothing from it but impiety to God, and treason to kings." In 1867, Mr. Mill, with equal truth, pronounces a very different judgment—"The old English universities, in the present generation, are doing better work than they have done within human memory, in teaching the ordinary studies of their curriculum; and one of the consequences has been, that whereas they formerly seemed to exist mainly for the repression of independent thought, and the chaining up of the individual intellect and conscience, they are now the great foci of free and manly inquiry to the higher and professional classes south of the Tweed."¹ This high praise is, in an especial degree, true of Oxford. Within the last ten or twelve years that university has so extended the range of examination as to include many subjects of study; and this to the advantage of the pass-men, and, what is of infinitely more importance, to the great increase of the honour-men. In schools, the "bifurcation" principle is, we think, objectionable; but the case is quite different with universities. Liberty of divergence is there practicable without breaking in upon any system of forms or classes; the teaching is ready at hand, and the men are presumed to have acquired the necessary foundation before they come up. This last condition can, of course, be easily tested by an examination. Oxford has endeavoured to carry out the idea of studying natural aptitudes, and so bringing out whatever taste for study may be in a man. After passing moderations, which may be after about a year's residence, an honour-man has his choice of four divergent

¹ Inaugural Address at St. Andrews.

schools: the school of Literæ Humaniores; of Mathematics; of History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy; and of Natural Science. On the whole, this latitude has worked well. "I believe," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "industry has unquestionably increased, and many students who would have been flung aside as hopeless by the old system have done well in the new schools."¹ Professor Jowett expresses himself even more decidedly:—"I believe that the present system, with two or three alterations, would do all that is required with regard to the study of other subjects."² One change, however, is obviously necessary. The examination called moderations should come sooner. Moderations are really school-work. Professor Jowett would not only put moderations earlier, but would extend the range of them, and would allow honours therein obtained to count as equivalent to a year's, or a year and a half's residence. This might in some cases be a valuable privilege; but we venture to think it a secondary matter compared with allowing moderations to be passed early. The length of residence *required* is not too great for honour-men. The present evil is that, owing to the lateness of moderations, men have not sufficient time, after they are freed from that examination, to give to the work of the final schools; and are thus compelled to put off their degree till the very latest term at which they can obtain honours. On the other hand, if they could devote themselves at an earlier period to their degree studies, the residence might in many cases be shortened, and going in for honours in two of the final schools become more frequent. With these alterations, we should feel disposed to leave the present Oxford system of examinations as it is—to be gradually modified, of course, by the wider experience which the next few years will give. We should deprecate any sudden subversion of the present order of things, with the view of substituting therefor a system, more complete perhaps and more symmetrical, but the introduction of which, in the present state of Oxford, might affect her whole future in a way no man can foresee, but which it would then be beyond our power to check.

It is with no small regret that we find ourselves here at variance with Mr. Pattison. His *Suggestions on Academical Organization* cannot be read without pleasure and admiration. They are, in some ways, the most valuable contribution made of late years to educational literature. Candour, thought, and extensive knowledge, are apparent on every page. Yet we venture, with all respect, to differ from his views on two points—the arrangement of the examinations, and the disposal

¹ *Oxford University Organization*, p. 27.

² Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

of the endowments of Oxford. Mr. Pattison's aim is to introduce a more scientific teaching than at present obtains in Oxford; and, from that point of view, he specially objects to the school of *Literæ Humaniores*. What that school is, he thus states himself:—

“The present practice is for the candidate to offer a list of six to eight books—viz., Aristotle—*Ethics*; Plato—*Republic*; Thucydides (the whole); Herodotus (the whole); Livy, 1-10; Tacitus (a portion). To these are sometimes added, Bacon—*Novum Organum*, i.; and Butler—*Sermons*. It is not usual to name any logical author; logic is examined in as a subject, which the candidate learns from books or from lectures, as suits him best.”

But this list of books gives a very imperfect conception of the examination. Close and correct translation of the text is indeed exacted. Accurate knowledge of the special matter of the books is also required. But there is much beyond this. The historical books afford occasion not only for questions on the details which these books record, but for questions which test historical reading of a varied extent and a philosophical character. And then there is the “history of philosophy,” and the logic papers, in which questions are set ranging over a very wide field of speculative philosophy. In short, the school may be roughly said to test exact translation, speculative power, and historical power. Mr. Mill's praise of the English universities, above quoted, has special, if not an exclusive, application to this school.

Mr. Pattison's objection is a want of scientific exactness. Yet he objects with hesitation and reluctance. That this school has done—nay, is doing—good service, he frankly admits; it “possesses a high educative power;” it “takes a powerful hold, and moulds the man towards a fine ideal.” These might be considered hasty sentences; but in two distinct passages Mr. Pattison records his deliberate judgment on this point:—

“I do not believe that there exists at this moment in Europe any public institution for education, where what are called ‘the results of modern thought,’ on all political and speculative subjects (the philosophy of religion, perhaps, alone excepted), are so entirely at home, as they are in our honour examinations in the school of ‘*Literæ Humaniores*’—the examination, be it observed, not as prescribed by statute, but as actually worked.”

“So far from underrating the Oxford training, I believe it to be the best to be had at this time in Europe. When it is attacked by scientific men without culture, or positive philosophy which ignores the world of imagination, it is right to point out how much more complete our scholastic curriculum is than anything which is proposed in its place.”

It is surely no light matter to overthrow a system on which such a judgment can be with truth pronounced. And we regret that Mr. Pattison should have proposed this at the present time. We regret he should have made it possible that the weight of his authority, justly great, can be cited in favour of cutting out philosophy from the final classical school. He has made this possible. His object, indeed, is only that philosophy may be more profoundly studied. But that is not the object of those who will now claim him as their auxiliary. The priestly party in Oxford are struggling hard to exclude philosophy from the classical school, in pursuance of a deliberate purpose to "cretinize" the whole education of the place. They wish to exclude moral philosophy ; or, if that is not possible, to make it, as they think, harmless by the rejection of the best text-books ;—in a word, to bring us back to "the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning," which sixty years ago moved the wit and wrath of Sydney Smith. They will not succeed without a struggle.

"Moral philosophy has hitherto been the most characteristic study, and the pride of Oxford ; and there can be little doubt that Oxford students have owed to it qualities, interests, and sympathies, which, in spite of some notable educational defects, have made a remarkable number of them in their generation leaders of men." ¹

The aim of the clerical party is, if they cannot get rid of this study altogether, at least to put it in a school by itself, to reduce the classical school to its old narrowness, and to make it the popular school, by securing to it the disproportionate share it now enjoys of the university endowments. Thus they hope freedom of thought may be discouraged, and finally banished. They wish to restore the days when Adam Smith was censured because he was found reading Hume's treatise on Human Nature. A writer in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* hardly attempts to conceal this. His great objection to the philosophy of the schools is, that it makes men read Mill and Lewes. Imagine a university which desires to reform its teaching by putting the works of Mr. Mill in an *index expurgatorius* !

It is hardly perhaps a conclusive argument against Mr. Pattison's scheme that it is capable of being tortured into the support of views widely different from his own. We must add, therefore, that we object to the scheme on its own merits. We think he begins the "specialization," as he calls it, of studies too soon. The result is that, according to his scheme, a man who chooses the faculty of Language and Literature is shut out from the study of history and of moral and social science—these latter falling

¹ Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter to the *Manchester Examiner*, May 2.
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under the faculty of Law. We humbly think this a great mistake. Exactness of knowledge will be dearly purchased by narrowness. We confess to a liking for the free, if somewhat vague, discursiveness of the present school. Nor do we quite appreciate the force of Mr. Pattison's objection, that men answer the questions "out of" Maine, or Austin. Why should they not? Can they, at that age, be much better employed than in reading such books, and in so mastering them as to be able to apply the speculation they find there readily and appropriately to cases set before them?

The question of age is important in this matter. Under a good system the B.A. degree should, as a rule, be taken at twenty-one. Scientific training must come after that. Those who devote themselves to a life of learning will acquire it without difficulty; others must find it as best they can in their professional pursuits; many will never get it at all. It is undoubtedly to be said with truth for English universities, as compared with the German universities, that they want Science. But we would supply this want after the Arts course had been concluded. This is the old theory of university teaching, and we believe the true one. And so we should retain the characteristic in which, according to Mr. Pattison himself, we are superior to the German universities and all others—our educating powers. The philosophy taught in this school is really as thorough and as exact as men at that age can well acquire. The notion which prevailed in old days of twisting Plato or Aristotle into a sort of accord with Butler has been long exploded. The *History of Philosophy* is now the leading idea in the schools, and that affords security against any such absurdity. Again, to divorce history from the classical school would be not less fatal than to banish philosophy. It seems to us beyond dispute, that for the cultivation of the historical faculty, setting altogether aside the merits of the writers, the study of ancient history is far excelling. Modern history is too extensive, too unsystematic, too much beset with the ideas of the day, to form a sound basis for academical training. After the historical sense has been educated it is all very well. And hence at Oxford, men who have taken honours in the school of Literæ Humaniores always show the most conspicuous excellence in the school of Modern History and Law. Ancient history is good as a means of instruction and of education for many reasons. As a rule, the vital crises in the destinies of nations only are studied; the materials are such as can be mastered by any one for himself; and, most important of all, in ancient history the great forces of society are seen working in their simplest form—not fettered or complicated by any system of

nations. On the whole, then, we are clear for leaving the school of *Literæ Humaniores* as it is:—

“Severe strictures have been recently passed on the School of Moral Philosophy as too showy, ambitious, and vaguely comprehensive. The authors of these strictures, however, seem to have in view some intensely scientific and coldly critical idea of education, the superiority of which, I venture to think, is not established; there is a life of the mind, which gives all imparted knowledge life, and which is not to be awakened by mere criticism, or even by mere science. Nor does it seem to me a decisive proof of the unsoundness of knowledge that it is derived partly from oral teachers, and not entirely from books; Physical Science itself being to a great extent orally taught. I can only say of the Philosophy School that it has produced many men able in the estimation not only of philosophers but of statesmen; and if a portion of the talent which it has trained has been taken up by the public journals, this is deplorable and discreditable to the University only on the theory that we are a community of intellectual monks, to whom it is degrading and contaminating to do anything for the world without.”¹

We would urge strongly the changes above mentioned with regard to moderations. We think also that a greater breadth and elasticity might be made to characterize the final examination. Especially, for example, a more prominent place might be given to Political Economy. And, with a view to that scientific teaching, the want of which is an undoubted blot on our system, the Faculties might in some measure be restored. Some scientific study of Law and Medicine might with advantage precede the practical lessons of London. Oxford has been so long and so closely connected with the English Church, that any development of the theological faculty seems to be given up as hopeless. This is, indeed, a necessary consequence of such connexion. Identification with a church is the certain degradation of theology. Yet it is hard to abandon the hope that Oxford may yet so come to the knowledge of her true greatness as by the encouragement of free and fearless theological study to seek for us some resting-place in a time of religious doubt, some sure footing in the face of an impending religious revolution.

With the more serious views of university duty which have of late years obtained, the position of the pass-men has come to be regarded as a pressing and a difficult question. The new schools have decreased the number of pass-men; but possibly the idleness of those who remain has been intensified; certainly it has attracted more general remark and franker condemnation. Mr. Pattison and Mr. Goldwin Smith concur in the opinion that the pass examinations ought to cease; thinking that men who are unable, after reasonable effort, to reach the lowest

¹ Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Re-organization of Oxford.

standard required for honours, are out of place in a university at all. Mr. Fowler of Lincoln seems to have very nearly reached the same conclusion; Mr. Roundell, when examiner, addressed a letter to the Vice-Chancellor complaining of the pass-men in the school of modern history of law; and, so far as the evidence is before us, every examiner in every school entertains a similar opinion.¹ Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks they derive no good from their residence at Oxford; but on the contrary much harm:—

“Elsewhere they may be useful and prosperous; but in a place of intellectual pursuits for which they are not fitted and have no taste, they are exposed to very dangerous influences, without, as it seems to me, any countervailing advantage. The society in which they live, being merely that of men like themselves, can hardly improve or refine them; while they are liable to contract habits of selfish luxury which may cling to them through life. Their reading, being carried on without interest in the subject, without ambition, because without hope of success, and generally under the rod of an impending examination, only serves to disgust them with books; the papers which it is necessary to set them at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two are a humiliation in themselves; and to this humiliation is added, in a large proportion of cases, the disgrace, at some period or other of their career, of a pluck.”²

And to this we would add, that their presence has no small influence for evil upon others. The great object is to make the university a place of study; that object is more or less defeated by the existence in the university of such a class as the present pass-men. It would seem, however, an odd beginning on University Reform to dismiss at one swoop about half our students. And it would be wrong to do so suddenly. The true way, as we have said before, of turning pass-men into class-men, is by extending the range of study. Oxford has done much in this way; perhaps she may do yet more. It might be that, if less were required of pass-men at one time, if they were free from Greek and Latin earlier in their career, and if more English subjects were given them, a greater proportion of them would take to work. All a university can do is thus to adapt education to various capacities, and so call out any natural aptitudes which may exist. A statute for altering the pass examination is, we believe, at present under consideration at Oxford. But reform in this point must be brought about by the schools. The university, however, can urge on the schools by instituting an entrance examination—not, as at present, an examination which each college can manage as it pleases; but an examination conducted by the university. The results will be, first, that men

¹ Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee, *passim*.

² Mr. Goldwin Smith on the Re-organization of Oxford.

really unfit will be excluded ; and, second, that the schools will be shamed into some effort to send up fewer unfit men than they do at present. In order to achieve this, their first endeavour must be to discourage the present mania for athleticism. It is some years since this plague entered into our literature ; we do not remember which was its earlier, we cannot decide which is its more offensive form ; whether when tempered with Christianity or when in its native brutality—as represented by Mr. Kingsley, or by the author of *Guy Livingstone*. Now it has spread over all society. At college it makes the whole summer term useless ; at eleven, says Mr. Pattison, the drag comes round, and work is at an end. But it is at school that the remedy must be applied. They have fostered this mischief ; and it is theirs now to check it. But the other day, all Harrow, past and present, was stirred up on the question of a new cricket-ground. Perhaps it was required ; but, without being very scientifically disposed, we should rather have seen a subscription got up for a laboratory. Parents are eminently absurd in this matter ; but they are infected by the tone of the schools. It lies with the head masters of our public schools to take the initiative in repressing this pernicious craze.

There is no aspect of University Reform more interesting to the community at large than the question how the endowments of Oxford and Cambridge should be administered. At Oxford, about 80 scholarships, amounting on the average to £65 per annum each, are open to competition every year ; and about 30 fellowships, which we may safely average at £250 per annum each ; and the revenues of many of the colleges are largely increasing. This is independent of unincorporated and school exhibitions in connexion with the colleges, which may be taken at about £40,000 a year. And Cambridge has, if not quite, yet very nearly as much to give. To what purposes can this wealth be best applied ?

Mr. Pattison has suggested an elaborate scheme, for the purposes of which he would divert these scholarships and fellowships from their present application. We will consider this scheme presently ; but Mr. Pattison urges two special objections against the scholarships which must be met first. He maintains, first, that in principle they are a mistake ; and, second, that in fact they have been a failure. To endow a professor he holds to be as necessary as to endow a minister of religion. But “to attract pupils round the professor by largesses of money is as little allowable as to pay people for going to church.” The illustration is ingenious, but unsound. Setting aside the fallacy so cleverly insinuated by the word *largess*, what real analogy is there here ? People don't require money to go to church. However poor a man may be, church-going

will make him no poorer—will in no way interfere with his labouring to become rich. But money is very much required to enable a man to reside at college from eighteen to twenty-one. Devoting himself to study for these three years must make him poorer—at least in this sense, that it will make it an impossibility for him to labour in order to become rich, or even in order to live. But Mr. Pattison has a further objection. These paid pupils, he says, hurt the teacher. *He* must be endowed. But all endowments tend to induce supineness; and if you provide the Professor with pupils by paying them to attend him, you increase this tendency. Mr. Pattison's plan, therefore, is first so to endow the professor as to expose him to this temptation, and then to stimulate his energies by giving him only rich pupils, or none at all. Again, surely this principle of Mr. Pattison's is inconsistent with his general scheme. For, as we shall presently see, he does not propose to endow teachers as such. He would devote the fellowships to the support of men engaged in study; he is never weary of repeating that men in Oxford are to be for ever, and above all things, learners. If this be so, how can he draw any distinction between learners at one age and learners at another? How can it be right to give a learned man of thirty £300 a year that he may become more learned, and wrong to give a clever boy of eighteen £65 a year in order that he may attain to learning? The history of universities justifies the one system not less than the other. If either is open to attack on practical grounds, it is that which Mr. Pattison upholds. Experience has amply proved that to bestow endowments on men merely *because* they are poor is mischievous in a high degree; but it has proved not less amply that to enable men who show a capacity for learning to acquire it, despite their poverty, is a thing good and profitable for themselves and the country.

But further, Mr. Pattison says the scholarships have been a failure. They have not done what was expected from them: they have not brought the university within the reach of poorer men than came to it before. This is too broadly stated. In our own small experience we have known several instances of men going up to Oxford of late years who could never have done so but for the open scholarships. And we believe that the number of such men is increasing. But, to a certain extent, Mr. Pattison is correct in this. The scholarships have not penetrated so deeply into society as the reformers of 1852 expected; nor is the reason hard to find. It is in the monopoly of the college system. Under that system, when a man gets a scholarship of say £80 a year, he requires at the very least as much again before he can avail himself of it. Now, such a boon is of course no gain to the poor man. Allow a man to live where

and how he pleases, and he will live easily on £80 a year : force him into a college where a certain rate and manner of living is kept up, and this becomes impossible. Therefore the present system can only attract to Oxford those who are able to supplement the scholarship by a considerable expenditure of their own. The remedy, as has been before urged in this Journal, is to allow students to live as and where they please.¹ In this matter, moved perhaps by the evidence laid before Mr. Ewart's Committee, more probably by fear of a Reformed Parliament, Oxford has recently taken a step which all Liberals regarded with surprise and pleasure. Last term a statute passed both the Council and Congregation, allowing students to "lodge out" in connexion with a college or not, as they please. There are certain provisions regarding superintendence which seem unnecessary, and may be vexatious ; but on the whole, the measure is a liberal and a fair one ; and imposes no tests of poverty or other offensive restrictions.

Doubtless this is a great advance ; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the statute will pass safely through Convocation. It is impossible to say that it will be immediately productive of any marked results. Certainly Dr. Pusey's fears of seeing Oxford crowded with troops of obstreperous young men, eager for immorality, will not be realized. Yet we cannot but hope that this wise concession will attract to Oxford students of a different type. It will offer to them many inducements. First, it will give them the power of living as economically as they can, without submitting to the irksome restraints of a "poor" college, or stooping to the ignominious position of a servitor in a rich one ; second, it will allow them freedom of choice as regards their instructors ; and third, it will enable such of them as are Dissenters to enjoy an Oxford education without being brought under the ecclesiastical influences of the place in their fullest force. But to give this scheme fair play, there must be a change introduced with regard to the endowments, and especially the scholarships. It will be of little avail to invite poor men to come up and live in Oxford lodgings, if they are to be debarred from all scholarships and exhibitions. Therefore the rule that requires a scholar to belong to a college in the sense of living in the college, and being liable for its expenses, must be relaxed. In principle, as Mr. Jowett says, the right course would be to make all the scholarships university, and not college, scholarships ; but if this be thought too violent a change, then at least the colleges must be coerced into allowing any one who may gain a scholarship to continue out of college if he should think fit. In this way, it might be hoped that the universities would be enabled to draw their students

¹ *North British Review*, No. 91.

from a larger area than at present,—from the whole community, in a word, in place of from a small section of it. At present the universities command what may be roughly called the upper hundred thousand at most. The object is to bring them into connexion with all classes of society. It would be a great thing if it could be said with truth that any boy of unusual ability, however lowly his position, would find no difficulty in winning for himself a university education. By a proper system of our national schools and grammar schools, and by bringing our scholarships freely to bear on these schools, this seeming dream might be realized. And here, as the Schools Inquiry Commissioners have pointed out, we find a strong argument for retaining Latin, even in schools of the lowest grade. If we abandon Latin in the elementary schools, we make a clear breach between those schools and the universities. No boy going to such a school, however great his ability, could have any chance of rising to the highest education the country can give. To make this possible, there must be a chain connecting the highest with the lowest grade of education. To maintain such a connexion is matter of the highest moment; and it is necessary to its maintenance that Latin should be retained as the basis of education generally.

But here we encounter Mr. Pattison's ideal university, the existence of which would be quite destructive of these pleasant fancies. "We must do nothing less," he says, "than ask that the college endowments be restored to their original purpose—that of the promotion of science and learning." They must be devoted "to the maintenance of a professional class of learned and scientific men;" "trading teaching" of any kind is to be abolished altogether.

It may be our own fault, but we fail to gather from Mr. Pattison's book any precise statement of what he conceives to be the true position of a university with reference to education. It seems, however, pretty clear that he thinks education a very minor duty. His great aim is the creation of a body of men who may, if they so choose, "recline at ease, careless of mankind," but who are expected to be actively devoted to learning and science. Teaching at best is to be an accident. And, in order to realize this Utopia, he "cantons out" the various colleges for the encouragement of special studies—giving up Oriel to Moral Science, Queen's to History, All-Souls to Law, Corpus and Merton to the Physical Sciences.

It is never satisfactory to oppose any elaborate plan of reform on the ground that it is impracticable. Mr. Pattison's plan seems to us hopelessly impracticable; but there are weighty considerations which seem to show that it is also undesirable. As Mr. Goldwin Smith has pointed out, thus to fix the endow-

ments which are to encourage different studies without, is to pre-suppose a knowledge of the future requirements to learning and science which we do not possess. The true method is, for those in whose gift the endowments are, to apportion them from time among those studies which, in the state of learning throughout the country, may appear deserving of a foremost place. Thus a varied range of study is secured; and that range may be so modified as to suit the changing requirements of the time. Another practical difficulty is—who are to elect to these professor fellowships, or whatever they may be called? Election by examination is of course out of the question; and the nature of the office is such that there can be no definite standard of excellence to guide selection. To elect men who are to discharge fixed duties—the duty of teaching for example—is not easy; but to elect, on any satisfactory principle, a large body of cultivated sinecurists, would be simply impossible. To what electoral board could we with safety intrust such a power over the studies, the speculations, the fortunes of the intellect of the nation? A third practical objection is, that these sinecures will produce no good result. It is thought, of course, that men who enjoy them will devote themselves zealously to the advancement of learning, will live laborious hours, shunning delights, or, what is much harder, overcoming laziness, without stimulus, without hope of reward. But whence do we get this sanguine expectation? Does human nature suggest it? Does experience justify it? Dr. Johnson frankly declared that no man would work except from necessity, and we suspect he was right. Certainly men cannot be trusted to work laboriously and continuously from love of truth alone. They are rarely so single-minded. It may be too much to say that human nature is, on the whole, moved by low motives; but assuredly the motives which have most power over it are very various, and not always the highest. And experience confirms this less sanguine view. The history of our chapters, of the headships of houses, even of our professorships, gives us little encouragement to hope that by establishing another great body of sinecurists we shall improve education, advance learning, or even secure that result, so longed for by some, the perpetual publication of learned books.

Lastly, we venture to doubt whether this idea of providing literary leisure for eminent men is the true idea of a university. History does not sanction it. Even in the earliest times, when the universities were rather places of study than places of education, the endowments were given for the support of students during a long course of study, beginning at an early age, and protracted till the doctor's degree. Such an application of them is no precedent in favour of Mr. Pattison's theory. Nor did the universities ever willingly neglect the duty of education. Did

not they assume it whenever opportunity offered? Were not their proudest days when they numbered their students by thousands? Above all, Mr. Pattison's plan is singularly ill-adapted for our time. There is no necessity now-a-days that learned men should be withdrawn from a turbulent society, and secured in quiet and leisure within the precincts of a university. Men in active life are not necessarily divorced from the pursuits of literature or science. There is no incompatibility between that life and such pursuits; and if in some quarters there is a belief in such incompatibility, the oftener that prejudice is refuted the better. It is in training able men for the world, in enabling them to dignify and liberalize their daily avocations by the influence of true culture, that the universities will discharge their highest duty to the present generation. To relinquish or limit the educational functions of the universities is to break off all connexion between them and the world. Nothing could be more unfortunate. Even in the mediæval times secluded study was never the whole being of the universities. For the clergy were then a great intellectual caste; in their hands was all education and every profession, save that of arms; and so through them the universities had no slight connexion with, and no small influence upon, the conduct of affairs. Mr. Pattison's own description of the university men of those days is that they were "keen-minded men, who were daily passing out into the world to take the most responsible business of political life or ecclesiastical government." Now this monopoly has passed from the clergy. Lawyers, physicians, statesmen, even the "philosophers" of the press, whom our Premier so tastefully sneers at, have come into the place of the mediæval priesthood; and should our universities be asked to let go their hold over these classes of society? They have a hold now, not only by devoting themselves to education, but also by the substantial rewards which they can bestow on ability. Through their scholarships and fellowships the universities exert an influence over the whole country.

These views were some time ago urged in this Journal in a passage which Mr. Pattison quotes with disapproval.¹ It was there suggested that, allowing for the changes of time, the Universities might in part be to the present day what the Church was to the middle ages, and what the Church, in some measure, then made the Universities—an avenue into life. In spite of Mr. Pattison's argument we retain that idea. We cannot think that to devote some portion of their endowments to the furtherance of this end is misappropriation of them. Not every man will do most for learning and science if shut up in a cloister at Oxford. Many will give more and better work while busied in

¹ *Nor'h British Review*, No. 91.

active life ; and by enabling such men to enter on their various careers the university will be found to consult truly for the advancement of these pursuits. We are speaking now of the direct effect of the two courses ; the indirect benefits arising to cultivation in general from the universities thus supplying able men to the professions need not be enlarged upon.

On all these grounds, therefore, we dissent from Mr. Pattison's scheme. We cannot think it either sound in principle, justified by experience, or likely to be beneficial in its results. But while we retain our opinion that a portion of the university endowments may be with propriety applied in furthering the early studies of professional life, we are far from thinking the present way of working the fellowships satisfactory. Before the Commission of 1854, it was matter of reproach to Oxford, that, with all her wealth, she offered no position worthy of an able man who desired to devote himself to teaching, especially if he should also desire to marry. The Commissioners failed to remove that reproach. They instituted one or two good professorships, and that was all. The time has now come when the whole fellowship system must be re-arranged, and the principle on which that arrangement should proceed is not doubtful. It has been stated by more than one of the leading witnesses before Mr. Ewart's Committee. The fellowships must be divided into two classes—one Prize fellowships, the other Teacher fellowships. The former would be elected to as at present, would be smaller in amount, say £200 a year, and should (we think) be terminable. The Teacher-Fellows should be appointed at any age, and not by examination, at least not necessarily. They should have larger incomes, and should hold their fellowships as long as they are engaged in tuition. There are minor differences between some of the witnesses, but such an outline as the above is concurred in generally. All agree that, under this system, requirements of celibacy or of taking orders should disappear. To this we would add an increase in the endowment of the principal professorships, and then the teaching of the university would be adequately provided for. But to give this system fair scope, the college monopoly must be abolished. The Teacher-Fellow should be allowed to take pupils from any college. Already, as we have said, this system of interchanging has made a beginning in Oxford. Balliol and New College have, we understand, established it. The importance of this change it seems difficult to over-estimate. When it comes to prevail in the University generally, the teaching of the place will be animated by a new life. The ridiculous idea that each college must be sufficient in itself, and consequently that some twenty-four complete systems of instruction can all go on at once, leads surely to bad learning and bad teaching.

The pupil, forced to pay for lectures he does not want, and, worse, forced to attend them, does so with reluctance, and without profit; the teacher, secure from rivalry, deprived of interest, is urged by no more powerful motive than a sense of duty. On the other hand, undergraduates will readily attend and zealously work for lecturers whom they have chosen for themselves; a salutary stimulus will be applied to the teachers; and men with powers of communicating knowledge will no longer feel themselves condemned to a dreary treadmill, but will have before them a field of labour in which distinction may be honourably won. To accomplish these and other necessary changes, the Legislature must give us an Executive Commission, wielding powers as least as extensive as the Commission of 1854,—a measure which would be heartily welcomed by all the intelligence of Oxford.

It is impossible to conclude this article leaving untouched the subject of Tests. Mr. Coleridge's Bill will probably pass any future House of Commons—will certainly encounter bitter opposition elsewhere. The purpose of the Bill may be stated in a sentence. It opens all the degrees, except those in divinity, without requiring any signature to the Thirty-nine Articles, or to any other formula of faith; and it deals in the same way with professorships and fellowships. As things are at present, there are certain minor differences between Oxford and Cambridge, into which we cannot enter; but the practical result is the same in both, *i.e.*, that those who will not sign the articles, or declare their conformity to the liturgy of the Church of England are shut out from all power and all share in the endowments. This is the state of matters which Mr. Coleridge's Bill proposes to remedy, and which the English clergy are banded together to defend.

These tests are upheld mainly on two grounds: first, that they protect the Christian religion; and, second, that they protect the English Church. Of these, the first is a good end; but is not accomplished; the second is a very bad end, and is accomplished only too well. The first ground is always stated vaguely, and, as stated, is fallacious. For these tests cannot protect the Christian religion in any true sense; they can only protect certain forms of belief—the Christian religion according to the Church of England. But whether we take the expression in its wider or its narrower sense no tests will accomplish this end. There is nothing so difficult as to bring to book these excited defenders of the faith. They seem incapable of definite statement. Two deputations, one from Oxford and one from Cambridge, as a rule consisting of men occupying, indeed, imposing positions, but taking little part in academical work, and utterly without academical knowledge, have appealed to the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury on this, as they call it, "vital religious question." But they assume such to be the nature of the question, without any attempt to prove that it is so. We seek in vain to learn from their fervid denunciations how the abolition of these tests can affect true religion in any way whatsoever.

In what way do they protect religion? In the case of the teachers of Latin, or Greek, or science, no protection is needed. They have no right to touch upon religion; and, in point of fact, they never do so, whether they are bound by tests or not. Under the present system, no such teacher would be tolerated, were he to inculcate religious opinions of any kind; and why should it be assumed that, under a more liberal system, such teachers will eagerly proceed to attack religious opinions of all kinds? Certainly the very last men to do so would be those who are now excluded. The man indifferent to all forms of religion will probably sign the test with a smile or a sigh according to his temperament; the man strongly attached to some one form of religion will not, as a mere point of honour, give in his adhesion to another. Neither, we believe, would abuse his trust by enforcing his peculiar views; but certainly the latter would not be the more likely to do so. Our Scotch experience has proved the truth of this beyond doubt. But by these tests the man who has no strong convictions is made welcome, the conscientious man is kept out. And this is exactly what the clerical party desire. They prefer, and always have preferred, indifference or dishonesty to heterodoxy, or what they consider such.

But then we have the cry about the religious teaching of our universities. It is difficult to believe that any one who knows anything of our universities can use this argument, or rather re-echo this cry, honestly. For the plain truth is that, excepting theological lectures for men going into the Church, there is no religious teaching in our universities. At Cambridge, men are required to construe the Gospels, and to answer questions in Paley's *Evidences*. At Oxford, they must construe the Gospels, have some vague knowledge of Old Testament history, and be able to stumble through the text of the Articles. But this may be avoided by any one who chooses to declare himself not a member of the Church of England. At Cambridge, we believe, the colleges give no religious instruction at all; at Oxford, they afford what may be requisite to prepare men for the arduous examination above described. How can any one seriously call this religious instruction? Still more, how can any one seriously maintain that, whatever it may be called, it will be in the least affected by the admission of Dissenters to fellowships and the M.A. degree?

But the real argument yet remains, that these tests protect

the Church of England. Doubtless they do so, after a fashion, and for a time ; but the fashion is degrading, and the time will be short. Apart, however, from these considerations, the answer to this argument is short and plain—the Church of England has no right to protection from such a source. Historically, the universities are not hers, but the Church of Rome's. Legally, they are lay corporations, subject to the control, and at the disposal of the Legislature. In reason and justice they are modern places of learning and education, where all men, without distinction of belief or nation, should be welcome. When they belonged to the Church of Rome they were, if not regarded as national property, yet in truth devoted to national purposes. When the great overthrow came, the ecclesiastical policy of the Tudors, perfected by that of the Stewarts, took the universities from the ancient Church, and forgetting to what ends that Church had used them, delivered them over to a section of the people. To quote the powerful words of Mr. Goldwin Smith—

“ These tests are the vestiges, the last lingering vestiges, of an age of religious tyranny and oppression of conscience,—an age when the best of Christians and of citizens, guilty of no offence but that of loving the truth, and desiring to impart it to their brethren, were treated as felons, harassed, fined, thrust into noisome dungeons, and kept there till they died, at the instigation of ecclesiastics who dishonoured the Christian name, and by the hands of politicians, who equally dishonoured it, and who in many cases had no convictions whatever of their own ; when the Eucharist itself, the bond of Christian love, was prostituted to the purposes of political hatred with the approbation of a so-called Christian clergy, though with a profanity worse, because deeper in its nature, and polluting holier things, than the impieties of the ignorant heathen ; when in Scotland, many a peasant, merely for worshipping God in the way he thought the best, was shot down by a godless soldiery hounded on by bishops styling themselves the successors of the Apostles ; when Ireland was oppressed by a penal code which bribed the child to apostasy by enabling him, as a reward, to strip his father of his property, and not only of his inherited property, but of that which he might himself acquire ; when immorality and infidelity went hand in hand with spiritual slavery ; and, while Baxter and Calamy lay in prison for their convictions, obscene plays were being acted in the harem of a Defender of the Faith, who lived a careless infidel, mocking at morality and God, and who died a craven infidel, calling in his panic for the viaticum of superstition. Is not that age, with all that belonged to it, numbered with the past ? Are not its practices disclaimed even by those who have not yet eradicated its sentiments from their hearts ? ” ¹

But here is the whole matter : such practices are indeed disclaimed by the lips, yet these sentiments still rule in the heart.

¹ *A Plea for the Abolition of Tests.*

The clergy of our day can no longer torture or shoot the Dissenter; but they can still keep him in a position, if not of degradation, at least of inferiority; can still exclude him from educational privileges and academical prizes. See to what the contest is now narrowed. It is no longer a question of religious teaching. That was disposed of when Catholics and Dissenters were admitted as students. It is a struggle to prop up the Church by the influence and the wealth of great national institutions. The spirit in which the contest is carried on may be learned from a recent occurrence. At Merton College one half of the fellowships are clerical. This has been found most injurious; and that society, by an almost unanimous vote, applied to their visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, for his concurrence in a proposal to limit the clerical fellowships to one-third. The Archbishop refused his sanction—"in the interests of the Church." We read without surprise that the society felt itself aggrieved by that decision, thinking that "the duty of the visitor, as the guardian of the educational interests of the College, had been made subordinate to the supposed interests of his ecclesiastical capacity;"¹ but we are surprised that the society should have expected any different response. Of what avail is it to reason with these men of the interests of the universities, or of justice to the nation—to remind them that Trinity has lately seen two Senior Wranglers in succession leave her walls, to show what a mockery are schemes of university extension, so long as you exclude Dissenters from the great prizes of the place, and give them but an inferior degree? Against all such reasonings the clergy stand up valiantly *pro aris et focis*—for their loaves and fishes.

It is an edifying spectacle. At no time, we think, had the Church of England so slight a hold over the educated laity as at present. The mob of titled fanatics who the other day hooted down Dean Stanley can give her no real support. But they may hurry her to destruction. The alliance of Mr. Disraeli's "heated imagination" is a thing for laughter. But it is matter of sad and serious earnest that there is at this present time a desperate rally on the part of the old Tory section of the English Church. They see their ascendancy passing away, and they are banding themselves together for a fierce struggle to regain it. They have chosen their time unwisely. The most marked characteristic of our age is an indifference not only to the Church of England, but, in a measure, to all recognised forms of belief. But while we are thus breaking with tradition and authority, we are keenly alive to truth and justice, we rest our hopes for the future on intellectual progress. And it is at such a time that this Church of yesterday would

¹ Evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee.

arrogate to itself the majesty of the Vatican, will spare no effort to maintain in Ireland the greatest ecclesiastical iniquity in Europe, and to banish from our universities all freedom of thought and breadth of culture! Men are beginning to ask how it is that the bulk of the Established clergy are always opposed to peace and freedom and right; and the question is full of danger.

If the Church would only learn in this her day! But her destiny is not our present concern. Our care now is that the universities be kept free from the stains of this ignoble strife,—that the marks of old struggles which yet cling to them be taken away. Mr. Goldwin Smith fears lest he should seem to dream, were he to tell what the career of our universities might be. It is a foolish and false thing to say that the Dissenters are hostile to them. Dignified in their wealth, venerable in their antiquity, appealing to every feeling of romance, every sentiment of beauty, they cast a spell over the imagination even of those who are shut out from them, and rule in their hearts with a charmed sway. The Dissenter longs to share their spirit, to breathe their atmosphere; he looks on them with admiration, even with pride; and if here and there some expressions of indignant envy may be heard, who can wonder? The more profound this admiration, the keener the sense of the wrong which has been inflicted. Striving, then, to fulfil their high destiny, the universities will meet no slow response from all classes of the community. What that destiny may yet be, accomplishing itself not in England alone, but in all the great communities which speak the English tongue, and not by teaching only, but by directing and controlling the teaching of others, we can hardly venture to imagine. Such fancies may seem fond. Yet we will not part with the hope that they may be one day realized. But if the splendour of that day is ever to dawn, “the pestilential coils of party in which the university has lain for three disastrous centuries choked, paralysed, isolated from the nation, must be untwined; the party ostracism which decimates her administration must be brought to an end; academical aims must prevail over political and ecclesiastical aims in her councils, and those councils must be freely opened to all who can serve her well, and who will serve her for herself.”

ART. II.—1. *Mirèio, Pouemo Prouvençau de Frederi Mistral*.
Avignon, Marseille, Nice, Paris. 3^{me} Edition, 1864.

2. *An English Version of Mirèio*. By C. H. GRANT. Marseille, Avignon, etc., 1867.

ABOUT twenty years ago the son of a poor gardener of St. Remy, in Provence, proud of some schoolboy verses in correct school-French, dedicated them to his mother, and when he proceeded to read them to her, was shocked to find that the old Provençal woman did not understand them. The *patois* of southern France, in truth, is much nearer to Spanish and Italian, or to their common mother, Latin, than it is to the French of Paris. How Joseph Roumanille, the native of St. Remy, should only then and thus have discovered this, is not of much consequence. But the fact is, that along all the French sea-board of the Mediterranean, across all the fair provinces of Guienne and Gascony, Languedoc, Dauphiné, and Provence, all the way from the Pyrenees to the Alps, the spoken language is that *patois* to which its modern cultivators give the time-honoured name of Provençal; and few of the natives of the degree of farmers, labourers, tradesmen, understand any other. All through that country a traveller is met with "We don't speak French," as in our West Highlands the natives have "no Saxon." Joseph Roumanille, loving his old mother at St. Remy, was also full of love for the country of his youth and the language in which he had lisped his first prayers; and he dedicated his talents to the same task that inspired Burns to wish—

"That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Roumanille was no dreamer. He had energy and perseverance to make a fair beginning of the revival of Provençal literature. He caught the tone of his countrymen. Mistral describes him as one

"who mingles
In his harmonies the people's tears,
The laugh of maidens, and the flowers of spring."

He has spoken sweet, innocent words, sung chaste and holy songs, to his own people, in their native language, that despised tongue—*nosto lengo mespresado*—which had hitherto been the vehicle of no literature higher than a coarse ribaldry. He has rescued his mother-tongue from that degradation, has spread innocent delight through the farms and villages of Provence,

and he has had his reward in seeing his patriotic undertaking carried forward with enthusiasm by a worthy school of followers and rivals.

Avignon, the old city of the Popes, a place full of historical associations,¹ is the centre of the Provençal movement, and from the press and the book-stalls of Avignon have already gone forth some remarkable literary efforts in the revived *patois*. These authors and their works were noticed in a late number of the *North British Review*, and the attention of the reading public was called in particular to the *Mirèio* of M. F. Mistral, to which we propose to dedicate this paper. Mistral is the greatest of the new Troubadours, and *Mirèio*, his own favourite,² is the most successful and popular of his works. The poem is now in its third edition.

¹ There is a little Museum of Antiquities at Avignon, full of tombs of the old colonists of Massilia, with Greek inscriptions and sculpture as fresh as if carved yesterday. The contents are sepulchral urns, lachrymatories, and many vessels of many-coloured glass and unknown use. The sculptures are chiefly of the crowd of guests assembled at the funeral feast. These tombs are found round Avignon, and all down the Rhone valley. To all collectors of ancient coins and *bric-à-brac* Avignon is an attractive resort. The magnificent remains of the palace of the Popes, the church—which some will have to be of ancient Roman masonry,—the city walls, more picturesque from their decay, would detain more travellers, if all the world were not rushing by the great rail to Marseilles, *en route* to Algeria, to India, “on business.”

To such “measurers of sea and land” it would be useless to suggest the interests of Vaucluse, of the Pont-du-Gard, of Nîmes, Arles, Orange, bringing Rome and its magnificence face to face with you. Still less would it avail to whisper that a walk on the *Rocher des Doms* on a spring evening, with the noble rivers joining at your feet, while the setting sun lights up the old towers and the Banksia roses clinging to their walls, and the *Arbres de Judée* dazzle the eyes with the blaze of their blossom—such a walk, always with a good companion, and *amid the music of innumerable frogs*, is a thing never to be forgotten.

We don't take up the cudgels against *Murray* and the Guide-books, who rail at the wind there, and rake up some old scandalous doggrel of—

“*Avenio ventosa,
Sine vento venenosa,
Cum vento fastidiosa!*”

We can afford to laugh at such libels, and offer a translation *ad libitum* :—

Old Avignon's the place for wind !
And ague there you'll often find ;
But blow the wind, or shake the fever,
We'll sing—Old Avignon for ever !

The northern man, tired of his long winter, dreading the severer punishment of his northern spring, may do worse than make his tryst to meet the sun and the swallows on the Rock of Avignon.

² In his dedication to Lamartine he says

“*Es moun cor e moun amo,
Es la flour de mis an.*”

'Tis my heart and my soul,
It is the flower of my years.

It would seem that the pastoral or idyl thrives best in *patois*. Without going back to the Doric of the Greek shepherds, and eschewing the vile affectation of rusticity in some of our English pastorals, we have the best example among ourselves. Burns was far greater when singing the simple language of the Kyle ploughman, in his shepherd plaid, by the banks of the Doon, than when living the conventional life, and using the book-language of his patrons and patronesses in Edinburgh. He felt himself more a man, more a true poet, when, like his own immortal "Tam-o'-Shanter," buffeting the rough weather, and—

"Now crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Now haudin' fast his gude blue bonnet."

It is true that Burns had an advantage over those Provençal poets, and indeed over other writers in a provincial dialect. Burns's song, in the broadest Scots, was something else than vulgar then. In his day, not a high-born dame of Scotland but had heard that language in her nursery, and learnt to love the sweet sentiment as well as the melody of our old ballads from her nurse, long before she was called to weep over the tender verses of—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

The educated classes had not to look back to Barbour, or even to Dunbar and Lindsay, for the Ayrshire ploughman's dialect. The rhythm was familiar. Was it not the ring of the Border ballad of love and war, as it was still sung by the blythe milk-maid and the crone at her wheel! Even the broad musical Saxon tongue was still the common language of the nursery, and of the never-forgotten companions of nursery days. Feeling that our own partiality should put us out of court, we call in the authority of Longfellow, who, speaking of his own version of Jasmin's pretty pastoral, the "Blind Girl," says—

"Only the tongue of Lowland Scotland might,
Rehearse this little tragedy aright."

We accept the testimony of the pure English poet, though it may have an unconscious bias from associating the language with the genius of Burns.

Now, something of Burns's advantages the knot of Provençal enthusiasts claim to have. They pretend to resuscitate an ancient poetical language—the *langue d'oc*,—the speech, a thousand years ago, of the Princes and Counts of the court of Toulouse, where the constitution was not merely, as was said later of France, "a despotism tempered by songs," but where songs were paramount to politics and the constitution. It is not a

mere romance. For several centuries, in all that country, kings and queens, knights and soldiers thought it their highest honour to make verses, and to sing them. Love and song were the business of life; and lords and ladies held debates about the tender passion, the philosophy of love, with as much gravity as serious people now throw into a dispute about church decoration, or the more kindred question of church music. But that language, cultivated by the old Troubadours, and fixed by them, was gone; either quite forgotten, or preserved only in the mouth of the uneducated peasant, who has handled it roughly and degraded it to vile uses. It was gone as thoroughly as the Latin of the Roman *Provincia*, as the Greek in which St. Cesaire preached to the people of Marseilles in the sixth century.

Has the character of the people as much changed? It is hard to say. The people are still peculiar; very different from the Gauls of midland France. Tradition, or belief of ancestry, does not go for much in national character. But the shepherd of the Gardon, who has never heard of the Greek colonists who settled Massilia, for whom Theocritus may have invoked the Sicilian Muse two thousand years ago, does not look without emotion on the marvellous aqueduct that spans his native valley, on the remains of Roman art scattered round Arles and Nîmes, telling the tale of imperial power and colonial civilisation. He does believe that his forefathers had something to do with those stupendous monuments. Tradition is something real when vouched by such evidence.

Actual "race" and blood descent will have more influence than the traditionary belief and pride of ancestry. Why should we doubt that it will affect the character as it is known to affect the physical constitution of animals and mankind! We Britons are ready enough to fancy the stout Anglo-Saxon strain cropping out in the uttermost parts of the earth. Those Greeks, be they Dorian or Ionian, capable of such early civilisation, of so poetical a temperament,—those middle-age Troubadours, living in an atmosphere of church and chivalry and song, may perhaps have influenced the character of the present people who inhabit their seats—a people addicted to music, of a very poetical temperament, religious to extreme superstition,—sober, gentle, slow, almost dull—yet so easily excited to dangerous excesses.

It is possible, then, that the peculiar character of the people, like their language, may be traced to their historical ancestry. That may be one element. Another is more certain. About their climate there can be no mistake. It is still the sunny land of love and of song, where the blood bounds with a wilder throb of passion, where the rudest music has the effect of the

tarantula, and the common air breathes sweet and wooingly through the mulberry leaf and the almond blossom.

The French critic, like the French policeman, is all for centralization and submission to "the authority" in all things. He sees no advantage in reviving a language dead or doomed to die. He has not much sympathy with the wish to speak to that fine impulsive people in the only tongue they understand, to save them from the polluted ribaldry of their familiar songs, and to give them the use and the delight of a homely literature of pure thoughts, not unmixed with humour and gaiety. If the people are capable of appreciating something above their coarse *virelays*, let them learn French! If their authors feel the power of the true artist, let them write to intelligent men in French! We poor insulars may be pardoned for cherishing a different opinion. Without fighting the battle of suppressed nationalities, we submit that the Avignon revivalists have done well in writing pastorals and tales and songs in the language of their countrymen, simple *patois* though it may be. We are prepared to maintain that there are good reasons for writing popular poetry in the language of the people, and there are special reasons against writing it in French.

Of modern languages, perhaps French is the least suited for pastoral or idyllic composition. Its very perfections, which none but a Parisian can hope to master, are against such a use. Its sharp precision, the unyielding accuracy of its grammar, its intolerance of colloquial "vulgarisms," of incomplete sentences, of childish prattle, all join to make the polished language unfit for the talk of ideal shepherds and ploughmen. May we say further, there is a want of frank, natural, kindly, old-world expressions in its vocabulary, and of full rich tones in its speech. French is best adapted for the life of cities. It is the special language of science. It is admirable in the witness-box, more excellent and admirable in comedy, and in familiar letters—especially ladies' letters—and indeed generally in the conversation and intercourse of educated people. But it is not a poetical language, as compared with English or German, nor a musical speech, when compared with Italian or Spanish or Lowland Scotch.

But this is not a question of comparison of languages. The simplicity which unfits the Provençal *patois* for expressing the loftier or more subtle thoughts of educated men, recommends it to the ear of the peasantry of southern France; and any language is worth cultivating that is spoken by millions—any language that is the sole speech of a people. It is hardly possible to confer a greater boon on a people situated like these *patois*-speakers of the South, destitute of anything worthy of the

name of literature, than by opening to them, in their own tongue, a wholesome literature, full of innocent, generous, tender charities, sympathizing with their rude but well-realized feelings of religion, and brought home to their common occupations and daily use.

Perhaps it would have been better if the adventurous champions of the new or restored language had banished French readers entirely from their thoughts, and French translation from their pages. When Burns, under the full *afflatus* of the Muse, sang to his peasant-love, his bonnie Jean, or told a tale to his neighbours that was destined to immortality, he despised for the nonce Edinburgh critics, and took no thought of Homer and Virgil. What would have been his answer, had Creech proposed to print "Tam-o'-Shanter" with an English version *en regard*! Undoubtedly those Provençal enthusiasts at first meant their songs for the shepherds and peasants of the Rhone valley; but, bolder grown, they strike for the honour of Provence and its literature as worthy to rank with French. In other words, the poet who prints at Avignon, though he loves his beautiful province and its people, has an *arrière pensée*—"what will they think of me at Paris?" Perhaps no Frenchman can overcome that feeling. Moreover, M. Mistral is a scholar and a classic. In the first lines of his pastoral he professes himself "*umble escoulan dou grand Oumero*;" and he shows in some places too plainly that he is imitating his great master. His pastoral poem would have been more successful if he had written for the Provençals rather than the Parisians, and banished Homer quite from his thoughts for the time.

But the convenience of the Paris public demands a translation; and it is only part of the evil that M. Mistral encumbers his racy Provençal poem with a literal French prose version, like a school Horace with "Smart" *vis-à-vis*, if, as the French critics tell us, the work bears marks of the original Provençal being cut and carved to suit the French translation.

But now we have done of our critical growl. In truth the faults we have found are not so much the author's, as arising out of the circumstances which he has to contend with; and we shall now endeavour to make our English readers in some degree acquainted with his very singular and very charming poem. In one particular, M. Mistral has had rare good fortune. He has found among his own countrymen, even in the great trading city of Marseille, a gentleman well versed in Provençal, perhaps to the manner born, in every respect worthy to render into English this remarkable poem. Mr. Grant evidently appreciates the beauties of the original, yet with infinite taste forbears from any embellishment of his own. His natural

unaffected English, following the order of the original where possible, becomes really musical, and contrasts, to our mind, favourably with the French prose which M. Mistral has joined to his Provençal poetry. For the most part we propose to use Mr. Grant's translation in the specimens we shall require for making the poem known to our readers. We say, for the most part, but having said so, we shall not consider ourselves bound to follow Mr. Grant in every instance, nor to break our narrative by stating when we leave his translation for one we prefer.

The scene of M. Mistral's pastoral is not in the most beautiful spot of the Provençal Arcadia. At the mouth of the Rhone, on the left bank, is a district some twenty or thirty miles broad, of wild rugged land, that seems in some remote prehistoric age to have been overspread with the *débris* brought down by the two great rivers from their Alpine valleys. The natives called it the *Crau*, and M. Mistral, willing to keep up the connexion with the Greek colonists, derives the name from the Greek *κραῦπος*—*arid*. The books tell us that it is part of the old *campi lapidei*. It is pastured by wild shaggy cattle and sheep, and only in a few spots is capable of tillage. One of these oases is cultivated from the *Mas de Falabrego*, that is, the farm-stead-
ing of the lotus or nettle-tree. You can tell it at a good distance by the fine old olives, and hedges and alleys of almonds and vines. It is one of the best properties in the Crau. Master Ramon, its possessor, has six ploughs at work, and the plough marks but a small part of the produce of a farm in that land of the silk-worm, of the olive and almond, not to speak of the grape, and all manner of fruits. The farmer is as proud of the land he has reclaimed with the sweat of his brow as Tennyson's northern farmer was of stubbing Thornaby Waäste. His daughter, Mirèio, is the heroine of the tale. The author translates her name into French, Mireille, and we beg leave for the present to call her Muriel. She is the prettiest girl, and promises to have the best dower in the Crau.

For such a girl there is no lack of suitors. ●

“ Vengue lou tems que li vioulet
Dins li pradello frescoulet
Espelisson a flo—”

Come the season when the violets in the meadows so fresh blow in bunches; when the sea calms down her angry bosom, and her billows gently heave! in that sweet season come three suitors for fair Muriel's hand. First is Alári:—

“ Vengué proumié lou pastre Alári
Dison qu'avié milo bestiári. . .”

They say he had a thousand sheep that grazed the rich sea pas-

tures all the winter through. In summer he went with his flocks to the Alps, but when the snow came on the hills, you should have seen the rich flock passing down from the glens of Dauphiné to pasture on the broad plain of the Crau !

“ You should have seen this multitude
 Defile into the stony road ;
 The early lambkins heading the whole band,
 Come on in merry throngs,
 The lamb-herd guiding them : then come
 The asses with their bells, in pairs, their foals beside,
 Or in disorder trotting after them.

.
 Captains of the Brigade
 With horns turned back ;
 Next come on abreast, jingling their bells,
 And with looks askance,
 Five proud buck-goats with threatening heads.
 Behind come the mothers
 With their little mad-cap kids.”

After march the rams, the sires and leaders of the flock, with muzzles in the air. You know them by their great horns thrice twisted round their ears. At the head of the flock goes the head-shepherd, his plaid about his shoulders ; and then in a cloud of dust, hurrying and hustling, come the ewes, answering with their bleating to their bleating lambs ; the woolly wedders slowly follow.

From break to break the shepherd boys are heard to their dogs shouting—*a la vouto !—(far yaud !)* Then comes the flock immense, all pitch-marked on the sides. Apart the yearling ewes, the two-year-olds, and ewes from whom they have taken their lambs, and the twin-breeders that wearily their heavy burdens bear along.

And all these sheep and goats are Alári's—all young and old and fair and foul. And when before him they defile, and march past in hundreds, his eyes sparkle, and as a sceptre he grasps his maple cudgel. When to pasture going, followed by his large white sheep-dogs, his knees in leather leggins buttoned, with looks so calm and brow so wise, you would take him for the beautiful King David, as at even to the wells of his fathers he went in his youth to water his flocks.

Alári, with his flock and his noble presence, is too Homeric a figure to suffer any degradation. He should not imitate Virgil's shepherd boys, and offer Muriel a boxwood bowl of his own carving, all cut with his own shepherd knife ! He should not

occupy his leisure in carving castanets and sheep-bells and collars. It savours too much of the drawing-room shepherds of Watteau. The bowl might be a masterpiece worthy of Alcimedon, but that was not the way for the noble shepherd Alári to woo his love. Perhaps Muriel thought so. She examined the bowl and admired the figures carved upon it—three nymphs wakening a sleeping shepherd by putting a bunch of grapes on his mouth,—and then she tells Alári to take back his bowl, and she goes off with a bound, crying, “Shepherd, your offering is very pretty, but my lover has one more beautiful.”

“Moun bon-ami n’a ’no plus bello !
Soun amour, pastre ! E quand me bélo,
O fau que baisse li parpello,
O dins iéu sènte courre un bonur que me poun. . . .”

“My lover hath one more beautiful !
It is his love, shepherd ! And when on me he looks
Needs must I close my eyelids,
Or else a bliss runs through me that destroys me.”

“Then like a sprite the maiden vanished.
Alári the shepherd wrapped up
His goblet carefully again, and slowly, in the twilight,
Departed from the farm, disturbed to think
A maid so fair so much in love should be
With any one but him.”

The next of Muriel’s suitors is Veran, from Sambuc, in the great salt marshes, where he has a hundred mares, all white, cropping the reeds of the marsh—a hundred white mares, with manes uncut and wildly floating. Doubtless they are the horses of the sea, broke away from the car of Neptune:—

“For when the sea moans and scowls,
When ships part their cables,
The stallions of Camargue neigh for joy,
And smack like whipcord
Their long hanging tails,
And paw the ground,
And feel within their flesh
The trident of the terrible god
Who raises the tempest and the flood,
And stirs from top to bottom the depths of the sea.”

This Veran, the master of the fiery steeds, comes proudly, with long white frock, of the fashion of Arles, thrown over his shoulder, with belt chequered like a lizard’s back, and hat of wax-cloth, shining in the sun. Of old his grandsire had lent his wild teams to tread out the corn on the threshing-floor of the

Falabrego Mas, and now he approaches, not the maid herself, but Muriel's father, Master Ramon, and claims acquaintance. He tells of his great stud and ever-increasing store, and offers himself as the old man's son-in-law. Master Ramon hears, well pleased. He soon tells Muriel. The poor girl hears him, pale, and trembling with emotion, prays her father not to think so young to send her from him. She reminds him how he has told her, that before one marries one should know and be known. Her mother comes to her aid, and the lord of the wild horses retires, with a smile,—“For I tell you,” says Veran, “a Camargan stud-master knows the bite of a mosquito!”

In the course of the same summer comes a third suitor, Ourrias, “*lou toucadou*,” “the brander”—the cattle-brander of the *Souveau*, the desert beyond the river. Black and fierce are the famous cattle of the Souveau; and there, in midst of his herd, born there, brought up with his oxen, Ourrias was like them in shape, in the savage eye, and in blackness. Between his eyes he has a scar, got in a famous bull-fight, a single combat, hand to horn, with a savage bull, at a great branding, still remembered in Camargue.

The mighty “brander” finds Muriel at the well alone, with sleeves and skirt tucked up, washing her cheese-forms. Saints of Heaven! how beautiful she was! (*Sainto de Diéu! coume era bello!*) her little feet in the clear water dabbling!

“Good day, fair maid,” said Ourrias, “if you don't forbid me, I will give my white beast a drink at this clear well.” “Oh!” said the girl, “the water never fails here. You may let her drink as much as you please at the dam-head.” Then follows a dialogue of sharp repartee, which ends with Muriel sending the black brander about his business. And now—

“The shadows of the white poplars are lengthening,
The Ventourese breeze is freshening;
Still has the sun two hours of height;
The weary ploughmen are turning their eyes
To him from time to time, and wishing
That eve would come, that they might meet their wives
On the threshold.”

That was the time that Ourrias the brander left the spring, revolving in his mind the insult he had received from Muriel. His head was in a whirl, and from time to time the rush of gathered rage sent the blood of shame to his brow. Across the fields he gallops, furious, muttering his wrath. He could have fought with the pebbles of the fields. He could have charged the sun with his spear!

In this mood “the brander” meets with a foe to vent his

rage upon ; but for this new and chief person of our simple drama we must turn back some leaves.

The hero of our tale, Muriel's love, is no lord of mighty flocks and herds, no prince in disguise ; M. Mistral is incapable of that vulgarity. Vincent is the son of a poor cottager of Valabrego, on the left bank of the Rhone, and he and his father earn their bread by making baskets,—the large crates used in the husbandry of olives and almonds, of mulberry-picking and vintaging. We introduce them in a musical stanza :—

“ De long dóu Rose, entre li pibo
 E la sausetò de la ribo
 En un paure oustaloun pèr l'aigo rousiga
 Un panieraire demouravo
 Qu'emé soun drole piéi passavo
 De mas en mas e pedassavo
 Li canestello e li panié trauca.”

“ Among the willows by the river side,
 The Rhone with poplars bordered,
 In a poor damp mouldy hut,
 A basket-weaver dwelt,
 Who, with his son,
 At times went round from *mas* to *mas*,
 And patched old cribs and baskets full of holes.”

One evening—it is the opening of our pastoral—the basket-makers, father and son, seek shelter at the Mas of Falabrego, where wanderers are not rejected. They have their supper with the household, servants and family, all at one stone table. Muriel, active and graceful, seasoned a dish of beans with olive oil, and, running, brought it to them.

Muriel is not quite fifteen—a true Provençal ! Her brown cheek shows the ripening of the sun, and her bright, honest face and sparkling black eyes would banish sorrow. About her head her glossy black tresses fall in wavy curls. Twin peaches not fully ripe her rounded bosom seems. Somewhat shy she is, yet merry, laughter-loving.

Much pressed by all, chiefly by Muriel, and cheered by a goblet of Crau wine, the old basket-maker sings a song of the sea. Old Master Ambroi had sailed and fought with Suffren, and he fights his battles and beats the English o'er again, in song, like a true tar. Then the labourers, delighted with the old sailor's song, from table rose, and went to lead their six yoke to the stream ; and while their mules are drinking, they beneath the branches pendent from the trellis still keep humming the old Valabregan's song. Meanwhile Muriel sits and talks with Vincent, the young basket-maker.

Vincent is sixteen, with cheeks as swarthy as you please,—but darkish land is known to yield the finest wheat, and black grapes make the wine that sets all dancing :

“ Certo, acó 'ro un beu drole e di miéu estampa.”

“ He was, I assure you, a handsome boy in face and figure.”

Muriel and he talk of their lives and daily labours. She envies him for travelling about and seeing so much. “ Oh! what ancient castles and wild places you must see! What places of pilgrimage and holy saints! While we, we never leave our dovecot!” So encouraged, he tells of his wanderings—of the path through the olives all draped with flowers, when the whitened orchards load the air with their perfume—of hunting the *cantharis*—of picking the gall-nuts from the oak—of getting leeches in the good old way, by wading till the wader's leg is covered with the blood-suckers—and other gipsy-boy trades. But above all, he tells her of the wonders of *i Santo*, the shrine of the “Three Maries” of Camargue, where there is such divine music, where all the people bring their sick to be cured, where the blind receive their sight. “ Ah! young lady, should ever misfortune overtake you,

‘ *Courrés, courrés i Santo! aures leu de soulas,*’

Run, run to *i Santo*. There you will have solace!” Then he changed the strain, and described with vivid words and gesture a foot-race at Nîmes, in which he had himself run and been defeated. Muriel and Vincent sat close together. She was never tired of listening. “ Oh, mother! sleep is for winter! Now the nights are light, too light to sleep: let's listen, listen to him! I could pass my evenings and my life in hearing him!”

Another day of spring, when the mulberry was in leaf, and all the girls of Provence were picking its leaves in baskets and sacks for their silk-worms, Muriel, as she climbed a mulberry-tree, saw Vincent passing, and called him. He asks leave to help her in stripping the branches, and the pair of children are soon busy picking leaves, taking a bird's-nest, and making love in simple, innocent, charming prattle. In the midst of their talk the branch on which they were sitting broke, and both fell to the ground in each other's arms. Vincent eagerly asks if Muriel was hurt. No, the fall had not hurt her; but something was the matter, something tormented her—took away sight and hearing, and sent her blood bounding through her body. Poor Vincent makes guesses at the cause of her disturbance. Was it fear of her mother chiding for idleness? Was it a stroke of the sun?

“No, no! it is none of these that ails me. My breast can hold it no longer. Vincent! Vincent! must you know it?—I love you, Vincent”—“*De tu sien amouroso.*” Vincent is at first incredulous—that the princess of the Mas should love the poor basket-maker! But the Provençal girl scorns the difference of fortune. “What matters it to me whether my lover be a baron or a basket-maker!” and her lover answers to her passion in a fine rhapsody. There is nothing he would not do for her—nothing she could desire that he would not get for her. If she wished the bright star above them, he would rush through seas, woods, torrents, nor fire nor sword should stop him; to the tops of the peaks touching the heaven he would go, to seize it, and, on Sunday, he would hang it on her neck. The passionate girl heard him, nothing loath, and no doubt the eloquence came bettered from his lips—for he was a beautiful young fellow, full of life and vigour and confidence in himself, though estimating his love so far above him. It is the passion of the South, with the innocence of childhood and of simple manners. In the whole scene there is nothing to raise a blush, nothing to require even the thin veil of the uncouth *patois* to gain admittance to modest ears. The youth had ventured once to clasp the maiden to his breast—had ventured one kiss,—when a shrill voice, the voice of an old woman, is heard in the alley,—“Muriel, the silk-worms will have nothing to eat at mid-day!” Like a covey of sparrows when a stone is thrown among them, the pair of lovers separate—she to the *Mas*, without a word, with her gathering of leaves on her head; he stands immovable, and watches her from a distance, as she ran swiftly across the fallow.

Such was the person whom the savage Ourrias encountered as he rode from the well at the Mas, galloped over the fields, raging, ready to fight with man, or bull, or devil, with the stones on the fallow, or the moon in the sky. He had no reason to suspect that Vincent was his favoured rival, but he was going in the direction of the Mas, he was at least acquainted with its inhabitants. At any rate, he was a victim to vent his rage upon. “I suppose it is you, you ragged barefoot,” he cried, “who have bewitched that foolish girl of the Mas?” and then he spoke insultingly of Muriel, and sent contemptuous messages to her. Vincent was roused to madness, and both men were ready for battle, but they spent some time in the preliminary war of words, after the fashion of the old world, when men about to fight loved to whet the appetite for the feast of battle with threats and boasts, which we moderns—perhaps more correctly, we English—have banished even from the most plebeian encounters. Ourrias screams and howls with rage, and

our hero is not silent. The war of words over, they rush together like two bulls. The ground shakes, the pebbles fly from under them. Vincent is light and quick, and plants the first effective blow, but when he was following it up, Ourrias catches him with his huge fist, and fells Vincent to the earth. Then more boasting. Then Vincent is up, and they rush together and grapple—like Scotsmen—like Lancashire men,—it is a fierce wrestle more than a boxing-match. In their fury they scratch and bite:—

“Diéu ! quanti cop Vincen i'ajounglo !
Diéu ! quanti bacelas mando lou bouvatiè !”

“Heavens ! how Vincent peppers him with blows ! Heavens ! what awful hits the herdsman deals ! His club-like fists crushing, smashing !”

It is the battle of two of Homer's heroes. And again it is the fight of Dares and Entellus.

Tired of storming round and round him, Vincent puts down his head and makes a rush full at his stomach. Then as he bent—

“The puissant herdsman seized him by the small, and in Provençal fashion tossed him o'er his shoulder like a shovelful of wheat, into a field a far way off.”

But the youth rises, claims a third round, and—

“At the risk of perishing, on the Camargan savage rushes, and a blow delivers him, a straight-out-from-the-shoulder blow, fair in the stomach. The Camargan staggers, feels for something to support him, to his misty optics all seemed turning. Icy cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Then upon the stony plain, and with a falling tower's crash, great Ourrias falls ! Into deep silence all La Crau was hushed.”

Vincent places his foot on his breast, but, after a time, dismisses him with a jeer, vanquished. The savage brander skulks away and mounts his horse, which he had tied to a tree, and then—

“Chafing, storming, cursing all around ! What is he seeking ? Aie ! Aie ! he stoops. Now he has found it ! Now he brandishes his trident savagely, and rushes right upon Vincent.”

“Say your prayers,” thundered the traitor. Vincent fell under his huge spear as he looked a last look at the white dwelling of his love. The brander gallops off, scattering the pebbles as he flies. “To-night,” he says, “the Crau wolves will have a feast !”

Yet, not without compunctious visitings the traitor rides away from the scene of his murder, and coming to the river bank, hails a boat to take him over. Three fishers in the boat

take him on board, and his mare swims at the stern. "Ho! master pilot, have a care! your boat is shaky!" "I have noticed it just now."

"Pourtan un marrit pes, vous dise,
Responde lou pilot, et piéi digué plus ren."

" 'We have a wicked freight, I tell you,' the pilot said, and no word then said more."

But when the boat pitched and staggered, and took in water till she was like to sink, said the pilot again—

"As tua quaucun miserable!"

"Villain, you've murdered some one!"

At last the pilot gets communicative. The Rhone is full of phantoms to-night, and ghosts and spiritual appearances; for it is St. Medard's night, when the souls of the drowned revisit the earth, taper in hand, searching, searching, seeking for any good deed of their past life, any act of faith that may open the gate of Paradise to them. There are ghosts of fishers—

"Fishers who caught the lamprey and the perch, and now have food become for perch and lamprey. Now behold another troop defiling. All disconsolate on the shingle, they are maidens fair and loving, who, abandoned by their lovers, in despair besought the Rhone for hospitality, and in the river drowned their grief immense."

"Desesperado

An demanda la retirado

Au Rose, pér nega soun immenso doulour."

"There is a band of atheists, traitors, murderers. These also seek some saving deed, but in the gravel of the river find but heavy sins and crimes, in shape of stones, 'gainst which they stumble with their naked feet. . . . Beneath the roaring wave, Heaven's pardon these shall seek in vain, for ever."

Here Ourrias clutched the pilot's shoulder. "The boat is filling!"

"The bucket's there," replies the pilot quietly. And Ourrias sets to bale with all his might. And he toils bravely: *but that night the spirits of the river danced on Trincataio bridge.*

Courage! bale, Ourrias, bale! The mare tries to break her halter. "What is it, Blanco? Art afraid of the dead?" said her master, his own face white as chalk, and his hair on end. And silently the water rises, rises to the gunwale, plashes over!

"Captain, I cannot swim! Can you save her?—save the boat!"

"No! In the twinkle of an eye she'll sink; but, from the river's bank a cable will be heaved us by the dead—that pro-

cession of ghosts that frighten you so." And as he spoke down went the boat in the Rhone.

In the dark distance, the pale lamps trembling in the hands of the drowned send a long ray as bright as lightning from bank to bank, and, as you have observed a spider spinning her thread in the sun, and then gliding along it, those fishers, who were spirits, caught the brilliant beam and slid along it. From the middle of the gurgling water, Ourrias, too, stretched his hands to seize that cable; *but the spirits of the river that night danced on Trincataio bridge*,—and down went the assassin to the bottom!

A passage like this suffers from the condensation necessary here. But even in our bald rendering, relieved here and there by Mr. Grant's version, the whole episode of Ourrias seems to us highly vigorous and picturesque. In the closing scene, the supernatural is not employed till the mind of the assassin, equally with the mind of the reader, is worked up to the pitch necessary for receiving such impressions. None of Scott's ghostly scenes are so fine or so natural. The *diablerie* of "Tam-o'-Shanter," though perfect in its kind, is pitched on a lower key.

But, after all, Vincent is not killed outright. He is found in a miserable state by some swineherds returning from the fair of St. Chamas the Rich, and borne by them to the nearest dwelling,—the Mas of Falabrego. The bliss of the wounded knight, tended by his lady-love, the ecstasy of recovering health in her company, are not for him, however, or they must be supplied by the reader's imagination. M. Mistral prefers an unmeaning visit of the lovers to a witch's cavern,—a very foil to the scene we have just described. Vincent recovers and returns to his father's hut, from whence the presumptuous youth sends his father on an embassy to the Mas of Falabrego.

The old basket-maker arrived on St. John's Eve, along with a gang of reapers, who were to begin cutting next day; but first they had their feast at Master Ramon's board, and then they went, as befitted, to heap and trim the balefires proper on that night. Ramon the farmer, and Master Ambroi, are left together at table. The ambassador tells his tale cunningly in the third person, and asks advice. Ramon has plenty, and all for stern coercion. "If a father is a father, he should make himself obeyed. When we were young, had any son opposed his father's will, it's more than like his father would have killed him."

" Mais afebrido e blavinello
L'enamourado pichounello

Ven alor a soun paire. Adonc me tuarés
 O paire ! Es iéu que Vencén amo
 E, davans Diéu et Nostro Damo,
 Res autre qu'eu n'aura mon amo !
 Un silenci mourtau li prengué touti tres."

Fevered and pale, the impassioned girl interrupts her father, "You will kill me then, my father. It is me that Vincent loves, and, before God and Our Lady, none but he shall have my heart !" A dead silence held all three.

Her mother first gives Muriel a good scold. "You have refused Alári with his thousand sheep, and Veran the great stud master, and Ourrias so rich in cattle ! Well—be off ! Tramp with your beggar-love from door to door. Go ! join the gipsy troop, and boil your porridge-pot upon three stones under a bridge."

But her father was even more furious. She should not go, though he should chain her, or put a hook in her nose like a wild animal ! "Though I should see your cheeks grow pale and wear away with sorrow—fade like snow upon the hill-sides under the hot sun, yet you shall stay. You shall never see your beggar more !" And he struck the table a blow with his fist that made it tremble. As a vine its over-ripe grapes sheds to the wind, pearl by pearl Muriel sheds her tears.

The old farmer then turned upon Master Ambroi. "And who knows, you old traitor, but you and your young beggar have woven this plot together in your hut ?"

But now Ambroi is roused.

"Malan de Diéu ! cridé tout d'uno
 Se l'avén basso la fourtouno,
 Vuei aprenes que pourtan lou cor aut !"

"God's mischief !" cried he all at once ; "if our fortune is low, you shall know this day that we carry our hearts high. I am yet to learn that poverty is vice or stain. Forty years I have served my country. Scarce could I a boat-hook handle when I went as a ship-boy in a man-of-war. I have seen the empire of Melinda, and heard the cannon roar with Suffren in the Indian war. As a soldier too I have traversed the globe, done my duty in the mighty wars of the great Captain who rose from the South and scattered destruction from his hand over Spain and to the steppes of Russia, till the world, at the sound of his drum, shook like a tree of wild pears ; and in the horrors of boarding, in the agony of shipwreck, the rich have never done what I have. But I, child of poverty—I, who had not in my native land a corner to put a plough in—for my native

land I have bled and suffered for forty years, but nò one remembers it!"

"What would the old grumbler have?" said Master Ramon; "I too have heard the bombs rattle, filling with thunder the valley of the Toulon folk. I have seen the bridge of Arcola fall, and the sands of Egypt soaked in blood! What then! When we returned from those wars we set ourselves to work like men, to dig and scarify the ground. We were at it tooth and nail. Our day began before the sun was up, and the moon has caught us hanging over the hoe. They say the earth is generous, but it is like the walnut-tree,¹ it must be well beaten first! Ah! if one could count the knocks and drops of sweat each morsel of this ground has cost me to reclaim! By Saint Anne of Apt! and am I to hold my peace? or, like a satyr, toil and moil always; eat my siftings, that the homestead might grow rich—that I might with honour stand before the world! and then I am to give my daughter to a beggar haunting the hay-lofts! Go, in the name of thunder!—keep your dog; I will keep my swan!" Such was the rough talk of the farmer. The other old man, rising from table, took his cloak and his stick, and said but two words:—"Adieu! may you never have cause to rue this day!"

And as he left the Mas, his path was lighted by the fires of St. John's Eve, round which the reapers were dancing the farandole, and shouting, "St. John! St. John! St. John!"

And what of Muriel? In her sombre little room, dimly lighted by the stars, she on her bed is lying weeping, with her brow between her hands: "Oh! tell me, our Lady of Love, tell me what to do!" (*Nostro Damo d'Amour, digas me que farai!*) Oh! cruel fate! Oh! father hard who treads me under foot! If you saw my heart-break and trouble, you would have pity on your child—me whom you called your darling!"

While thus upon her bed the lovely child laments, her heart consumed with love, with fever throbbing, while she recalls the spring-time of her love—bright moments, happy hours,—she remembers too Vincent's counsel: if mischief or misfortune come, run, run to "the Saints" for solace! Now has misfortune come. "Let me go! I shall return content." Then from her little white crib sliding she descends the wooden staircase stealthily, carrying her shoes in her hand, removes the heavy door-bar, recommends herself to the good Saints, and rushes out into the dark night. She makes her way through servants and shep-

¹ In the original, *avelano*, the hazel. It seems to stand in the Provençal adage like our English slander against the spaniel, the woman, and the walnut-tree.

herds unperceived; the dogs know her, and are quiet. She had to travel right across the rugged plain of Crau; to cross the Rhone, and through Camargue to the chapel and shrine of her patrons (*i Santi*), the Three Maries.

"Ni d' aubré, ni d'oumbro, ni d'amo!"

"No tree, no shade, no living soul."

"Under a sun of June Muriel flies."

(*Lampo, e lampo, e lampo*) runs, and runs, and runs."

As the sun rose high the heat was dreadful. Sinking with thirst she called on good St. Gént:

"Lou bon Sant Gént, de l'empirèio
Entemdegne prega Miréio."

The good Saint Gént, from the empyrean, heard her prayer, and suddenly she beheld a well, an old well with a stone cover, shrouded in ivy. And then there is a charming episode of a little boy sitting and playing by the well, and singing to the basket of snails which he had gathered; but we have not room for this pure and graceful idyl. The child is good to Muriel, and takes her to his father's hut, a fisherman on the Rhone, and tells her, by the way, of the marvels and grandeur of Arles, and of the sea, which the maid of the Crau had never seen. At length, said the boy, "see, yonder! there is the canvas of our hut moving in the wind. Look! on the white poplar which shades it my little brother is climbing. He is hunting grasshoppers, or maybe looking out for me. Ah! now he has seen us. My little sister, Zeto, who lent her shoulder to help him up, turns; and you see her running to my mother, to tell her to prepare the *bouillabaise*;"—and then the hearty playful welcome of the honest fisher! It is a bit of pure Arcadian, unspoilt by affectation.

But Muriel has half her journey still before her. Next morning the little boy rows her across the broad Rhone, and saw her jump ashore. Then, handling his sculls, "he backed with one, and with the other pulled his boat's head round." Over the desert of Camargue, through the treeless, burning desert, through the marshes crusted with salt, through the rank fen herbs, the home of gnats, through the delusion of the mirage, under a fiery cloudless sky, poor Muriel flies, with Vincent in her thoughts. At length the relentless sun pierces her brow as with arrows, and she falls death-stricken on the sands. A friendly swarm of gnats find her prostrate, and sting her poor hot hands, and all her neck and brow, till she is forced to crawl forward, and arrives at the chapel of the Saints of the Sea.

There she casts herself down on the pavement, and has strength to pray: "Oh! Holy Maries, who can into smiles change bitterest tears, I am a maiden young, and love a youth. Handsome Vincent!—him, dear Saints, I love! I love with all my heart! I love him! I love him as the brook loves to run! as the bird loves to fly! And they would have me extinguish this cherished fire, which will not die; and they would have me tear up the almond-tree! Oh! Holy Maries, who can change our tears into flowers, quick incline your ear to my grief!"

The poor child, gasping on the flags, her head bent backward, her eyes wide open, seems to see heaven open, and three women, divinely lovely, in white shining robes, descending down a path strewn with stars. "Poor Muriel!" they say, "take comfort. We are the three Judæan Maries. We are the patron saints of Baux. Your complaint ascended to us ardently as flames of fire. Your faith is great, but your prayer distresses us. You would drink at the fountains of pure love foolishly before death! Where have you seen happiness in this world below? . . . This is the great saying that man forgets—Death is life! (*La mort es la vido.*)

"The meek, the simple, and the good are blessed. With favouring gales they wing their way to heaven quietly, and, white as lilies, leave a world where the saints are stoned.

"Oh Muriel! could you but see how full of suffering is your nether world, how poor and foolish your passion after matter and your fears of the grave, unhappy lamb! you would bleat for death and forgiveness. But the seed-corn must decay before it shoots. It is the law (*Es la lei*). We too, before we had our beams of glory, had drunk of the bitter cup."

And then the three Saints of the Sea tell their earthly history, of their leaving Jerusalem after the ascension of our Lord; while the people of Judea were still lamenting—

"Ah lou plagnien dins la Judéo
L'ou beu fustié de Galileio
Lou fustie de peu blound!"

"Ah, they mourned in Judea the handsome carpenter of Galilee, the carpenter of the fair hair!"

They tell of their miraculous voyage—a crowd of men and women, without sail or oar. Martial and Saturnin, and Trophimus and Maximin; Lazarus and his sister Martha, and the Magdalen; Eutropius and Sidoneus, and Joseph of Arimathea, and Marcellus and Cleon; and of their being cast ashore in the marshes at the mouth of the Rhone. At Arles they were struck with

horror at the Pagan rites in honour of Venus. The people singing—

“Canten Venus la segnouresso,
La maire de la terro e dou pople Arlaten.”

“Venus they sing, the lady, mother of the earth and of the people of Arles.”

Then Trophimus, with the mere name of Christ, tumbles the statue of the goddess from her pedestal. The enraged crowd is appeased by the serene face of Trophimus, as if already encircled with a glory; and by the beauty of the Magdalen, more lovely than their Venus. The Provençal poet, writing to his countrymen, speaks to their senses. It is the beautiful Jesus with the fair locks!—the Magdalen more lovely than the Pagan Venus!—Magdalen, whom angels peeped through the chink of her cot to look at, and when she let fall a tear, gathered it and placed it in a golden chalice. But we do not care to criticise such painting with Protesting coldness. When all Provence and Languedoc had been brought to the true faith by that shipful of Saints, the three Maries found their rest on the wild shore of Camargue. Their tomb was long forgotten, till they revealed its situation to the last king of gay Provence. King René handed down the reverence of the Saints of the Sea to France.

The Saints bid adieu to Muriel, and ascend to prepare, against her death, the roses of the snow-white robe for the virgin, the martyr of love (*vièrginenco e martiro d'amour*). Their words fade in the distance—

“As when at eve, harmonious, the sounds of bleating goats, of shepherd's pipe, of songs of love, along the serpentining Argen's banks, over the hills and fields, along the lanes, grow faint and die among the mountains brown, and night and melancholy come (*e vén l'oumbro emé la languissoun*), so their words fainter grew and fainter, from cloud to cloud of gold—seemed the last note of some church hymn, or like a far-off strain of music floating o'er the ancient church, swept by the breeze—and Muriel seemed to sleep.”

There her parents find her. The hard old father is quite broken.

“Mirèio ma bello mignoto
Es iéu que sarre ta manoto
Jéu toun paire.”

“Muriel, my pretty darling! it is I that press your hand, it is I, your father. . . . Oh Saints, let her live, she is so pretty, so innocent, such an infant! Take my life instead. Send my old bones to dung the mallows!”

They move her to the upper chapel to catch the sea-breeze, and there her quick sense tells her her lover is come. He too

had hurried madly over the fatal plain, so fatal to his love, and finds her dying. He raves wildly. "What have I done to be so punished? Have I cut the throat of her who suckled me? Has any one seen me light my pipe at a lamp in a church, or drag the cross through thistles like the Jews? It wasn't enough to refuse her to me, but they must make a martyr of her!" Then he embraced his love. "*E'mbrassé soun amigo.*"

The Saints breathed over the dying girl a little strength, and her face flushed with a sweet joy, for the sight of Vincent was to her pleasure unspeakable. "*Car de véire Vincèn i agradé que nounsai.*"

"Tell me, love," said she, "do you remember that time when we were sitting together talking under the trellis, you said to me, if any misfortune come, run quick to the Sainted Maries, and soon will you have solace. Oh, dear Vincent, that you could see into my heart as in a glass. Of solace! of solace my heart is running over!" (*De soulas, de soulas, n'en regounflo moun cor!*)

"My heart is a spring running over of delights of all sorts—graces, pleasures—of all I have abundance. I see, I see the choirs of God's angels!" Then again she is rapt in ecstatic vision, and passes into a sweet delirium. "Would," said Vincent, "I had seen the Saints who cheered her. Oh! I would have said, Queens of heaven, our only help remaining, take my eyes from my head, my teeth from my mouth, the fingers from my hands. But her, my little fairy! oh, give her back to me in health!"

"Mai elo, ma bello fadeto,
Oh! rendés-me-la gaiardeto!"

It is evening; they give her the last rites of the dying. All is still. In the chapel nothing is heard but the *Oremus* of the priest.

"Against the wall the setting sun his horizontal last beams casts, and slowly come the sea's long waves, and dully break upon the beach—her parents and her lover knelt sobbing around her."

Muriel speaks again—"The time of parting is at hand—quick! shake hands! Lo, the glory waxes on the Maries' brows. Already, along the Rhone the rosy-hued flamingoes are assembling, and the tamarisks in bloom beginning to adore. Oh blessed souls! they beckon me to go with them. They whisper I have nought to fear, their bark to Paradise will take me straight, and they the constellations know." Then the old father broke out in a piteous wail,—“What boots it to have grubbed up all that wild wood, my darling! What use is it if you leave the house? All my courage came from you. The

heat struck down, the fire of the turfs parched me, but the sight of you carried off both heat and thirst."

She said to him, "Good father, when you see a moth fluttering round your lamp, that will be me. The Saints are on the prow waiting me. Yes, dear Saints! wait but a single instant. I cannot go fast, I am so ill."

Then breaks out the mother:—"It is too much! you shall not die! Stay with me! you must! Then, when you're well again, my Muriel, we will go together and carry a basket of pomegranates to your aunt Aurane. It isn't far!"

"No, it isn't far, good mother, but you will go alone. My mother, give me my white dress! See you the white and splendid mantles the Maries wear! the snow on the mountains is not so bright."

Then it was the swarthy basket-weaver that spoke:—"My all! my beautiful! thou who hadst opened for me your fresh palaces of love; thy love! my flowering almond. Thou, thou, by whom my poor clay brightened as a mirror,—thou, the pearl of Provence,—thou, the sun of my young life!—shall it be said I lived to see the death-drops on your brow? Shall it be said that you, great Saints! have seen her in her agony, and embracing your sacred lintels in vain!"

The maid replied, all softly (*plan-planeto*):—"O my poor Vincent! what is it you see? Death,—that deceitful word! what is it? A cloud which vanishes with the knell of the bell! a dream that wakes us at the end of night. No! I do not die! with ready step on the bark I mount! Adieu! adieu! Now we are at sea. The sea—the beautiful rippling plain is the avenue to Paradise. The blue sky meets the sea all round. Aie! how the water rocks us! Among so many stars hung up there, I shall soon find one where two loving hearts can love at freedom. Saints! Is that an organ playing in the distance?" And the dying girl sighed and turned her brow as if to sleep.

A smile was on her face as while she spoke; but she was dead.

We know nothing more. Vincent proposes to die, and be buried with his love. He asked to have one grave for both in the soft sand, where, beneath the trembling water, she at his ear may still speak to him of her Maries:—

"Aqui ma bello a moun auriho
Tant-e-piéi mai de ti Mario
Me parlar."

Whether his wishes were fulfilled our author saith not.

Such is the simple story of rustic love, round which M.

Mistral has thrown the graces of genuine poetry. Like a true artist, he has dashed in some pictures of the rural life and occupations of his dear countrymen, not less poetical that they are absolutely true—the labours of the field, relieved with the pleasure which in that happy climate the mere cessation of labour gives; the song, the dance, the rustic feast, are there not ideal—not like the deluding festivities of English cottagers, admitted one day of the year to the Squire's park in holiday suits to make their obeisance. Some of our extracts show with what taste M. Mistral has discarded the scenic dresses and adornments that disfigure our English and some Scotch pastorals. He has painted his countrymen as they are—in the simplicity of nature—an uncultivated but impressible and poetic nature, not readily passing into vulgarity or falling into childishness. His shepherd of the Alps is a real shepherd; his Veran, the master of the wild white horses, dressed up to the dandy standard of Arles in blouse and glazed hat, is not thereby spoilt for the purposes of Art. How true to nature is the sweet heroine herself, with her airs of spoilt daughter, rural beauty, heiress, village queen! Her impertinences to her suitors, even her burst of rebellion against her parents, we forgive them all for such sweetness of charity, such a fulness of passionate love, such a present sense and feeling of religion, as are to be found nowhere else in literature except in some of Shakespeare's characters, where, as here, we find the truth of real passion—the passion of the South—sudden, absorbing, consuming, freed by its very intensity from any taint of coarseness.

Before parting with this little volume we wish to give a fair representation of Mr. Grant's rendering of Mistral. We have already spoken hurriedly of the heroine's flight across the Crau. Taking it in the middle, here is Mr. Grant's translation:—

. . . All alone
In the vast scorching wilderness
With neither spring nor pool

To slake her thirst—she slightly shuddered.
"Great St. Gent!" she cried, "O hermit
Of the Bausset mountain! handsome
Youthful labourer, who to thy plough
Didst harness the fierce mountain-wolf.
Divine recluse, who the hard rock didst
open
For two jets, of water one, and one of wine,

To flow and quench thy dying mother's
thirst!
Like me thou, while they slept,
Thy family desertedst, and thy mother

Found thee all alone with God
Among the Bausset gorges. As she was
I am. So open for me, good St. Gent,
A spring of limpid water; for my feet

Are blistered by the hot and stony
ground,
And I am dying of thirst!"
In the empyrean good St. Gent
Mirèio heard. Accordingly she soon
Perceived a well with a stone-cover
Shining in the distance. Like a martin
Through a shower of rain, she through

The flaming sunbeams flew to it.
It was an ancient well with ivy overgrown,
At which the flocks were watered.

By it, in the scanty shade
One of its sides afforded, sat
A little boy at play. Beside him
Was a basket full of small white snails.

The child was one by one withdrawing
With his little brown hand from the basket
The poor little harvest-snails and singing
to them—

"Snaily, snaily, little nun!
Quickly come out from your cell,
Quickly show your little horns
Or I'll break your convent-walls."

The lovely Crau maid who had dipped
Both lips and face into the bucket, looked
up,
With her rosy visage flushed with running
Now, and said,— "Why, little one!
What are you doing here?"—A slight
pause.—

"Picking snailies off the stones and
grass!"—
"Thou'st rightly guessed," the child said.

"See how many I have!
I have harvest-snails, nuns, and *platello*."
—"And you eat them?"—"I? not I!
On Fridays mother carries them to Arles
To sell, and brings us back delicious soft
bread.
Hast thou ever been to Arles?"
—"No, never."—"What! hast never been
to Arles!"

"I speaking to thee have!
Ah! poor young lady! If thou knewest
What a large town Arles is!
How Arles spreads and covers
All the wide Rhône's seven mouths!
Arles has sea-cattle grazing on the islands
Of her lakes! Arles has sea-horses!"

In one summer Arles yields corn enough
To keep her seven years. She's fishermen
Who bring her loads of fish from every
sea

And river. She has mariners who go
And brave the storms of distant seas!"
Thus marvellously glorying in
His sunny mother-land, the pretty boy

Told of the blue sea varying rough and
smooth,
Of Mount-Majour that feeds the mills
With hampersful of olives soft,
And of the bitterns booming in the
marshes.

But, O charming nut-brown city!
He'd forgot to tell of your supreme
Phenomenon. The child forgot to say

Your sky, O fertile land of Arles!
Dispenses to your daughters beauty pure,
As it does wings to birds, aroma
To the hills, and grapes to autumn.
Meanwhile pensive, inattentive,
Stood the country-maid. She said at last,
—"Bright boy, before the frog is heard
to croak

Upon the willows, I must be across
The Rhône, and left there to the care of
God."—

"*Pecaire!* thou hast fallen on thy feet,"
The little fellow answered;—"we are
fishers,
And to-night, dressed as thou art,
Thou'lt sleep with us beneath the tent,
Pitched at the foot of the white poplars;

And, at dawn to-morrow, father
Over in our boat will put thee."—"No!
I'm strong enough to wander on to-night."
—"Forbear! dost thou then care to see
the band
Escaping plaintive from the *I / i / i /*¹
Trau de la Capo! If they meet thee,
down
Into the gulf they'll drag thee after them."

—" *Trau de la Capo!* what is that?"—
"While walking o'er the stones,
Young lady, I will tell thee." He began.
"There was a treading-floor that groaned
Beneath its weight of sheaves. Thou'lt
see
The spot to-morrow by the river side.
For a whole month or more the piled-up
sheaves

A round of Camargue horses trod
Unceasingly. Not e'en a moment's rest
Had they. Their hoofs were aye at work.
And on the dusty floor were heaped
Mountains of sheaves still to be trod.
They say
The sun was so intensely hot
The treading-floor glowed like a furnace.

Wooden pitchforks pitched in unremit-
tingly
More sheaves. The bearded ears
Were shot like cross-bow arrows
At the horses' muzzles.
On St. Charles' as on St. Peter's day
The Arles bells rang and might ring.
Neither holiday was there nor Sunday

For the harassed steeds. But aye
The weary tramping, aye the pricking
goad,
And aye the husky shouting of the keeper

¹ Mr. Grant, in translating for the English reader, not unnaturally writes to the English eye. The exclamation in the original is *Al! Al! Al! Al!* The forefathers of the little fisher of the Rhone two thousand years ago, if they troubled their heads with spelling, would have written it *ai! ai! ai! ai!*

In the fiery gyrating turmoil.
Miserly as hard, the master
Of the white corn-treaders actually
Muzzled them. Our Lady's day in August
came.

Upon the heaped-up sheaves the beasts,
As usual coupled, were still treading,
Bathed in foam, their livers sticking
To their ribs, and muzzles slobbering ;
When lo ! a blast of cold wind blows in,
I ! a blast of the *mistral*, and sweeps
The floor ! The greedy eyes of the
despisers

Of God's day into their sockets sink.
The treading-floor quakes horribly and
opens
Like a huge black caldron. Whirls the
piled heap
Furiously. Pitchforkers, keepers,
Keepers' aids, unable are to save it.
Owner, treading-floor and van, van-goats
And mill-stones, drivers, horses, all

Are in the fathomless abyss engulfed !"
—" You make me shudder," says Mirèio.
—Ah ! but that's not all, and may be
For a little fool thou takest me.
But by the place thou'lt see to-morrow,
In the water playing, carp and tench,
And hear marsh-blackbirds singing on
the reeds.

But when our Lady's day comes,
And the fire-crowned sun to the meridian
Climbs, then lie down softly and with
ear to ground
And eye upon the water, thou shalt see
The gulf from limpid darken with the
shadow
Of the sin ; and gradually thou'lt hear
A humming sound as of a fly's wing

Rise up from the troubled deep.
Then 'twill be like the tinkle of small
bells ;
And then thou'lt hear among the weeds
A tumult horrible, like voices
In an amphora. 'Twill next be like
A sound of weary trotting on a hard
Dry sonorous surface ; horses trotting.

Very lean, and that a swearing shouting
Keeper brutally insults.
But as the holy sun declines
The blasphemous sounds arising from the
gulf
Grow gradually faint,
The limping stud are heard to cough,
The tinkle ceases of the little bells

Among the weeds,
And on the tops of the tall reeds
The blackbirds sing again."—
Thus chatting, walked the little man,
Basket in hand before Mirèio.
With the sky the mountain was now
blending
Its blue ramparts and its yellow crests ;

And as the sun receded with his glory,
He the peace of God left to the marshes,
To the Grand Clar, to the olives
Of Vaulongo, to the Rhône extending
Away yonder, to the reapers who unbend
At length and drink the sea-breeze.
—" Now," the little fellow cries, " Young
lady !

Look ! there's our pavilion's canvas
fluttering
In the wind. The poplar-tree that shel-
ters it,
See ! brother Not is climbing. He's
cigalas
After, or may be, he's looking out for me.
Ah ! he has seen us. Sister Zeto, who
Was lending him her shoulder, has
turned round ;
Away she runs off to advise our mother

She may set the *bouiabaisso*¹ on at once.
So now there's mother stooping for the
fresh fish
At the bottom of the boat."—Then as the
two
With equal haste were nearing the pavi-
lion,
Cries the fisher,— " Wife, our Androun
soon
Will be the pink of fishers, for already,
See, he's bringing us the Queen of eels !"

¹ The cosmopolitanism of cookery is wonderful ! This name for water-zoutchee, from the *bouts de Rhone*, turns up again at the very extremity of the *langue d'oil*, in *Bouillabaisse*.—See *Life in Normandy*, by Mr. Campbell.

ART. III.—*Histoire de Saint Louis.* Par FÉLIX FAURE. Paris, 1867.

VOLTAIRE said of Louis IX., "*Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de pousser plus loin la vertu,*" and Voltaire can hardly be expected to be prejudiced in favour of a king considered by the Church of Rome as a fit subject for canonization. The only rival, from a moral point of view, perhaps in all history, who can be found for Saint Louis, is Marcus Aurelius. Both were perfect representatives, the one of a religion, the other of a philosophy, which enjoined the practice of self-abnegation to an almost superhuman extent. But history, as a rule, may be said, like children, not to evince any extravagant attachment to those held up as paragons of exemplary conduct. She is more fond of associating herself with the *grands scélérats* of all ages—the Borgias, the Catherines de Medici, the Richards III., and Philips II.; and to say the truth, unless the paragon happens to be born in an age of revolution and trouble, his life is not likely to have much to do with those tragic vicissitudes and episodes of terror which rouse the wilder emotions into activity. And the reign of Saint Louis especially, so far as France is concerned, could, without his Crusades, hardly be made very attractive reading by any expenditure of human art. Happy, it has been said, are the people who have no history; and France, from the date of the battle of Taillebourg in 1242, down to the end of the reign of Saint Louis in 1270, was in the enjoyment of profound peace. The only history of the country consists in a record of the yearly journeys of the King from town to town, vigilantly looking after the interests of his people,—of his administrative and legislative reforms, and in long accounts of the immense expenditure of his inexhaustible charities,—none of which subjects offer very attractive material for readers fond of stimulants, and not given to special habits of study. One portion of the achievements of his reign would indeed be of the highest interest to the student of art, if its history could be fairly exhibited—the progress of ecclesiastical and civil architecture,—since the pointed-arch style reached its perfection in this reign. Saint Louis was the Augustus or the Pericles of the so-called Gothic style; the marvellous cathedrals of Amiens, Bourges, the choir of Beauvais, and many other masterpieces of ecclesiastical structure; such choice *bijoux* as the Sainte-Chapelle, built as a reliquary for the crown of thorns, procured from the Emperor of Constantinople; a countless number of abbeys, convents, hospitals, and fine specimens also of pointed-arch civil architecture;—were either com-

pleted or commenced in the reign of Saint Louis. To use the picturesque language of the Sire de Joinville—"As the transcriber illuminates the book which he is writing with gold and azure, so the said king illuminated his kingdom with the fine abbeys which he built there, with Maisons-Dieu and the monasteries of the Preachers (the Dominicans), and the Chartreux (the Franciscans), and other religious orders."

But it is as the last of the Crusaders that Louis stands in the most romantic light before posterity, and that history finds a tragic and sentimental interest in his life. The Crusades, which began with Godfrey de Bouillon, ended with Saint Louis—both men of the grandest types of humanity, and the difference of which well illustrates the progress of ethics and religion during the two centuries and a half which intervened between them.

If it were not for the precious record which has escaped oblivion—the life-like and charming narrative of the Sire de Joinville,—we should have a very imperfect acquaintance with the real character of Saint Louis; and as it is, notwithstanding their close intimacy, and the delightful example of how a king and a hero can be familiar with a subject and yet retain his veneration, it is clear that Joinville was not capable of entirely comprehending the elevation and nobility of the King's mind, and that Saint Louis exercised a good deal of reserve towards him in the innermost convictions and highest aspirations of his soul. The piety of Saint Louis, like all true piety, was in the highest degree modest and sensitive; and he forbore to make any display of it, except so far as he thought it for their own and the public good. He showed, in the unforeseen way in which he proclaimed both his Crusades, that he knew how to keep his own counsel up to the very last moment in matters in which his whole soul was engaged; not that he was in any degree morose, or naturally reserved—on the contrary, his disposition was constantly cheerful; what pleased him especially in Joinville was his gay and frank nature; and he laughed at his blunt repartees, even when they did not coincide with his own sentiments, in the greatest good-humour. But on one occasion he said to him—"Je n'ose vous parler, à cause de l'esprit subtil dont vous êtes doué, de chose qui touche à Dieu." Joinville was a pious man, but this speech characterizes the difference which existed between him and the King. The light smart nature of the good-hearted Champenois feudal chief was not uncongenial to Louis, but it was not one to which he would be likely wholly to unburthen himself of his inmost deliberations.

One anecdote portrays well the friendly familiarity which existed between the King and the Seneschal. When they were

both at Acre, in Palestine, a number of Armenian pilgrims came to De Joinville and asked him to show them "le saint roi." De Joinville went and found the King sitting on the bare sand in his tent, leaning his back against the tent-pole, and said to him, "Sire, there are some people here from Armenia in pilgrimage, to Jerusalem, and they want to see 'le saint roi;' but as for me, I do not desire yet to kiss your bones"—"*Et le roi rit moult clairement et me dit de les aller quérir.*"

Saint Louis, indeed, could be familiar with all, even with mendicants, without losing his dignity; and as for a "*prud-homme*," meaning in the language of the time a "valiant and true man," he always rose from his seat to welcome him when he entered his presence. To his most familiar friends he signed himself in writing Louis de Poissy, having been born at Poissy, on the 25th of April 1215. He set indeed small value on his kingship compared with his membership by baptism in the Christian community. "Bel ami," he said finely to one of his nobles whom he admitted to his intimacy, "je ne me considère que comme un roi de la fevè dont la royauté ne dure qu'au soir."

Saint Louis, both by birth and education, owed most of his fine qualities to his heroic-minded and pious mother, Blanche of Castille, who became a widow by the death of the feeble-minded Louis VIII., in consequence of the fatigues of the siege of Avignon, when Saint Louis was of the age of six. Blanche was granddaughter of Henry II. of England, and of Alphonse VIII. of Castille. Thus Richard Cœur de Lion was his great-uncle. And since Philip Augustus, his grandfather, married Isabella of Hainault, descended from the last of the Carlovingian princes, Saint Louis had not only Hugues Capet, but Charlemagne, Alfred, and William the Conqueror, among his ancestors.

Blanche of Castille told her son one day that she would rather see him dead before her than know he had committed one mortal sin, and the education she gave him was in accordance with this precept. As a boy, Saint Louis was remarkable for his fine features, his fair and delicate complexion, and his abundant blonde hair; but later in life his delicate constitution, his daily austere religious practices, and the fatigue and sufferings of the first Crusade, made his cheek thin and pale, and his form spare, and gave him an air of premature age. The expression of his face was one of habitual sweetness, so that after death, when stretched on the sands of Carthage, he seemed to smile on his beholders. His infancy and youth were spotlessly pure, and his religious habits were early formed, at a time when the daily life of princes partook of all the severity of the cloister. A prince of regular life—was not only present every day at mass, but followed all the canonical rites from matins to vespers;

read daily not only his breviary, but the works of St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Anselm, and other doctors of the Church. The education, then, of Saint Louis was of a cloistral kind. He got little of what we now call secular and scientific training; he thought, up to his latest hour, that Cairo was the ancient Babylon; and his biographer mentions that he was never given to singing profane songs, but preferred the chanting of Latin hymns, of which *Ave Maria Stella* was his favourite.

He learnt, in common with the noble-born youths of his time, all the exercises of chivalry, and the chase with hound and falcon, but never conceived any great passion for the latter, and remarked in later days, when he heard that observations were made of the time he devoted to his religious duties, that if he spent daily twice the time with dice or in the forest, no one would have thought it extraordinary.

In those turbulent times, when the feudal chieftains were still fierce and impatient of any power superior to their own, the accession of a young king of six, with a widowed mother, a stranger in the kingdom, seemed a splendid opportunity for making all possible aggressions on the royal power, and the coronation of the young boy-king offered few circumstances of good augury. Scarcely any of the great barons attended, to avoid paying homage to the child, whom they intended to despoil to the utmost of their power. And shortly after the coronation ceremony at Rheims, when Blanche was at the royal castle of Montlhery, some of the great feudal chiefs made a plot for seizing the Queen-mother and her son. But the prestige of feudalism had received a deadly blow at the great battle of Bovines, a year before the birth of Louis. The burgesses of the towns, who received their privileges from the crown, and hated the social oppressions of the great barons, were warmly attached to the royal cause; and when Blanche sent word to Paris that she was afraid to come there, because the great barons threatened the road, the whole of the citizens turned out in arms and lined the way from Montlhery. The memory of this devotion of the people to the royal cause in his boyhood sank deep into the heart of Louis; he spoke of it with affection to his latest day, and he never ceased to love his people as his children. "Beau fils," he said to his eldest son in 1259, "je te prie que tu te fasses aimer du peuple de ton royaume, car vraiment j'aimerais mieux qu'un Ecossais vînt d'Ecosse et gouvernât le peuple du royaume bien et loyalement que si tu le gouvernasses mal appertement."

It might indeed have fared ill with the boy had he not possessed such a mother as Blanche of Castille; and the two are inseparably connected in history. She was beautiful, high-

mined, able in government, and of spotless reputation. Not seeing any one in whom she could trust to direct the affairs of her son, she assumed the Regency herself; she managed the affairs of the royalty so dexterously, that she again and again dissolved or broke up by force factious leagues of the rebellious feudal lords; even after Louis became of age, his reverence for his mother was such that he disturbed her position as little as possible; and up to her death, which happened when her son was in Palestine, she continued to be the Regent of the kingdom in fact, if not in name.

She married Louis at twenty to Marguerite, the daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence. Marguerite was seven years younger than her husband, was beautiful, high-spirited, and generous; and the marriage was an admirable one, though the jealousy of Blanche, who was fearful of her influence over the son she had watched over and adored, was a great trial to both Marguerite and her husband. And when Blanche of Castille died, and Louis shut himself up at Acre in private sorrow for two days, Marguerite also showed signs of great sorrow; but on being asked what cause *she* had to grieve, confessed she mourned not on her own account, but out of sympathy for her husband.

The events of the reign of Saint Louis may be divided under five heads:—

I. His repression of the rebellious spirit of the great feudatories, in pursuance of the policy tending to the consolidation of the French monarchy, commenced by Louis le Gros, carried on by Philip Augustus, himself, and Philip the Fair, and completed by Louis XI.

II. His relations with England, in connexion with the English possessions in France.

III. His position as neutral in the great quarrel between the Popes and the house of Hohenstauffen.

IV. His legislative and other reforms in the internal government of France, and his character as Sovereign.

V. His conduct as chief of the two last great Crusades proclaimed in Europe for the defence of Palestine.

As for the great feudatories, after raising endless troubles in the kingdom during the whole of the minority of Louis, they made a final great effort to override the royal power in a league headed by the Comte de la Marche and the Comte de Toulouse, and backed by our Henry III. and thirty hogsheads *d'esterlings*. But the league was utterly broken up at the great combat of Taillebourg and the battle of Saintes, conducted by the King in person, then twenty-seven years of age. The young Sovereign

displayed great personal valour, and made good on that occasion the words which he spoke at fourteen, when advised to retire from an impending conflict, "*Jamais ne combatterait-on ses hommes, que son corps ne fût avec.*"

The difficulties between England and France were relative to the confiscation of the French possessions of John by Philip Augustus. Henry III., after waging a long desultory warfare, and assisting the rebellious outbreak of the great French barons, accepted terms of peace offered by Louis, and renounced all claim to Normandy, Anjou, Maine, Touraine, and Poitiers, and to the homage of other provinces, but was confirmed in possession of Limousin, Quercy, and Périgord, on condition of doing homage to the French King, which he rendered at Paris in the orchard before the royal palace near the Pont Neuf, on the 6th of December 1259, bareheaded, without cloak, sword, or spear, and on his knees, with his hands between those of his *suzerain*.

In the great quarrel between the inflexible Innocent IV. and the elegant sceptic Frederic II., who wrote Provençal poetry, kept Mohammedan *Bayadères*, and wondered that God should have preferred the barren rocks of Judea to the neighbourhood of Naples, the mild, conciliatory, and Christian spirit of Louis was unable to effect any arrangement. He endeavoured in vain to mitigate the unforgiving obduracy of Innocent IV. towards the enemy whom he had twice excommunicated, and even deposed, in the Council of Lyons, so far as an ecclesiastical deposition could go. But Louis was the true representative of the Christian on earth, in contrast to the obdurate and angry priest, when, in his interview with him at Cluny, he suggested that Scripture bids us forgive not only once, but seventy times seven, and Innocent threw back his head in scorn. The Pope had been anxious to engage Louis on his side, and even to obtain the King's permission to hold in France the council subsequently held at Lyons, then a free city. He got up a great scene at Citeaux, at the famous monastery, where five hundred monks fell at once on their knees before Louis to implore his hospitality for the Pope. But Louis, religious as he was, always was able to withstand priestly influence, and escaped the trap by saying he was willing *si tel était l'avis de ses barons*; and the barons were by no means willing to have the Pope and his devouring host on their territories.

The improvements introduced by Saint Louis into the internal administration, law-courts, and judicial procedure, were of immense importance, founded on principles in maturity or in germ which necessarily resulted in an entire change of feudal society, with immediate abolition of its worst abuses. He extinguished the right of private war as far as his authority

extended, he suppressed the most barbarous custom of feudalism—the judicial duel, and he improved the administration of justice to such an extent, that the people said commonly, so fine a state of things had not been known since Charlemagne. But the most important of all the measures which he introduced was the formation and management of a trained body of lay lawyers, versed in the study of that body of “written reason,” the Roman law, in spite of the vehement opposition of both ecclesiastic and feudal dignitaries, who foresaw the total destruction of their own jurisdiction in the ominous introduction into public life of a body of non-noble functionaries, looking to the Crown for advancement, as subtle as the clerical canonists themselves in dispute, and endowed with a learning and a facility in the arts of reasoning and distinguishing which drove the ignorant barons in disgust from their own Courts, to leave them under the control of men whom they despised. The decrees and ordinances of Saint Louis were collected later in that famous body of mediæval law known as the *Établissements* of Saint Louis, and which occupies so important a chapter in the history of French jurisprudence.

But Saint Louis was not content with mere law reforms which judges might administer, he himself formed a last court of appeal for his subjects; he was always on horseback, travelling from one part of his dominions to another, and wherever he went all had free admission to his person, and one of the most gracious pictures in all history is that of Saint Louis, sitting day by day after mass, in patriarchal fashion, with his back against an oak, at Vincennes, and his council around him, giving orders that all, rich and poor, who had any grievance to complain of, should come and state their case in person before him, and redressing the errors of justice as well as the wrongs of those prevented from appealing to it.

But even his love of justice was exceeded by his charity, which was inexhaustible, and it is difficult to understand how he was able to exercise it in such boundless fashion and yet have his treasury always full. Wherever he went he visited the poor as friends; he entered leper-houses and hospitals, made inquiries after impoverished gentlemen, pensioned poor widows, gave dowries to poor girls, and fed hundreds daily from his table.

He shrunk from no form of contagion and no object of disgust; he fed the leper and the blind with his own hand, washed the feet of the mendicant, and embraced the sick, the diseased, and the homeless, on the hand and the cheek, in reverence for the sanctity of affliction. One of the most exemplary instances of the incredible delicacy and fortitude with which he practised

this virtue, was under the walls of Sidon, where he assisted with his own hands to bury the bodies of the workmen who had been slain by an invasion of Saracens while engaged in repairing the fortifications. The bodies were in the last stage of decay when he arrived at the town, and he alone walked among the putrefying corpses, and lifted them in his hands with a serene countenance, and without a sign of disgust or inconvenience. In fact, he saw in the poor and afflicted of every form the image of Christ, and the words "What ye shall do unto the least of them" never were put in practice with such devotion and self-sacrifice. Many of the maxims by which he regulated his life have been recorded from his lips by Joinville, and give an admirable notion of the delicacy of his conscience: "Voulez-vous," said he, "être honoré dans ce siècle et avoir paradis pour mort? Gardez-vous de faire ou de dire rien que, si tout le monde le savait, vous ne puissiez avouer: J'ai fait celà; j'ai dit celà."

The ascetic side of his character is the one which we have now the most difficulty in sympathizing with. It appears he was at one time willing to withdraw into a monastery, if he could obtain the consent of his wife; but she extracted from him a promise never to speak of such a project any more. He got up at midnight to say matins in his chapel, and yet rose before daybreak in winter to join the chants to the Virgin; after the service was done he often remained in the cold chapel, prostrate, with his head on the pavement, absorbed in long prayers. Every morning he heard two masses,—one for the dead and one for the day,—besides other religious exercises in the course of the day and in the evening.

His fasts were frequent and severe, he wore haircloth, and he went often barefoot, but generally with shoes with the soles removed, not to attract attention, and he always carried about with him a small scourge, with five knotted cords, in an ivory box, which it was the duty of his confessor to administer to him; and he made presents of similar boxes to his children and his friends. His bed was made of a few planks, with a thin mattress of cotton, with a piece of common stuff for covering; and after his return from Palestine he never wore any gold ornament, nor anything gilt, not even his spurs, and his dress from that time was so plain that he thought it his duty to indemnify the poor of his household, who considered his worn-out raiment as their perquisites.

He used every known device to stimulate his piety, and it seemed the grace of God was removed from him if he was unable to shed tears at the contemplation of Christ crucified, and cried, "O sire Dieu! je ne requiers fontaine de larmes pas,

mais me suffiraient petites gouttes de larmes pour arroser la sécheresse de mon cœur."

It was not possible for a king endowed with this intensity of faith not to join in all the enthusiasm of the time for the Crusades, and to feel more deeply than any for the calamities which then fell upon the Christian colonies in the East. He had long contemplated a Crusading expedition, when a severe illness came upon him, and his deliberations on the subject took the form of a public vow.

His health, which was always weak, had never completely recovered from the fatigues of the campaign of 1242, and, during one of his last journeys about his kingdom, two years later, he fell dangerously ill of dysentery at Pontoise. As soon as it was known his life was in danger, the public consternation was universal. The people were struck with terror at the thought of losing their young Sovereign, whose reign promised to be a new epoch of peace and justice upon earth, and bishops, abbots, and barons, and all who had access to the Court, rushed to Pontoise. In all churches the reliquaries were uncovered and the bones of saints exposed to public adoration, and the altars were crowded with suppliants. The malady of Louis grew more virulent, and he was prepared to die. He called his chief officers of state and his barons about him, thanked them for their good services, and besought them to serve God with the same zeal as they had served himself. He then fell into a lethargy and was thought to be dead, and the Queen-mother and the Queen were entreated to leave the apartment. Two ladies were left with him; the one was for preparing him for burial, but the other contested the fact that he was dead. While they were in dispute he sighed, stretched himself, and uttered, in a ghostly voice, "*Visitavit me per gratiam Dei. Oriens ex alto et in mortuis servavit me.*" He sent immediately for the Bishop of Paris, Guillaume d'Auvergne, who came to his bedside, accompanied by the Bishop of Meaux, and demanded to receive the cross, and took the vow of a Crusader. "Quand la bonne dame, sa mère," says Joinville, "sut qu'il avait recouvert la parole, elle eut une telle joie que plus grande n'était possible; mais quand elle la vit avec la croix sur la poitrine elle fut ainsi transie, que si elle l'avait vu mort." Every effort was made to dissuade Louis from his intention, even Guillaume d'Auvergne, one of the most learned of the University doctors, learned by the side of Thomas Aquinas, he who had given the King the cross, endeavoured to persuade him that his duty to his crown released him from a vow taken in the extremity of sickness, when his mind was not in a sound state. "You say," said he, "that the weak state of my mind was the

reason of my cross. Well, then, in that case I do as you wish, and give it back willingly into your hands." The joy of all those present was immense, until the King gravely said, "My friends, of a verity I am now neither deprived of my sense or my reason. I am no longer sick. I am perfectly self-possessed. And I demand now to have my cross back again; for He above, who knows all things, is witness that nothing which can be eaten shall pass my lips until I have the cross again on my shoulder." The bystanders cried, "It is the finger of God!" and no one afterwards ventured to dissuade him from his design.

The *Recouvrance des Saints Lieux, La Guerre du Seigneur, Le Saint Voyage d'Outre Mer*, had, indeed, long occupied the secret thoughts of the young King. Writers of the last century, and others of those who follow in the track of thought of their predecessors, have condemned the Crusades of Saint Louis as forming the most blameworthy episodes of his career. A deeper philosophy, however, will take a different view, and the chief of the Positivist school, M. Littré, one of the most learned and accomplished writers in Europe, passes another judgment on the Crusading side of Louis's character and on the political merits of the Crusades themselves.

Leaving aside what in the present time may be called the sentimental view of the question, as to whether it is honourable for Christianity to permit a country, hallowed above all others by sacred associations, to remain permanently in the occupation of the champions of a hostile creed, it may be argued that the Crusades preserved Europe from the fate of Greece and of Spain; that they checked the flood of Mussulman invasion to the East, and prevented it from overrunning Europe. At the time of the first Crusade, the whole of Asia was in a terrible state of commotion and disorder. The Mohammedan power was shared between two races—that of Mongolian origin, and that of the Arabs. The fury of conquest inspired by the religion of Mohammed had abated in the latter after their great defeat on the banks of the Loire by Charles Martel, and they had settled down in the countries they had overrun, and reached a high degree of civilisation and refinement. But these were, in their turn, assaulted by the later converts to Mohammedanism—the barbarous Seljukian Turks and Tartars, who came pressing up from the depths of Asia in interminable hordes of ravagers, carrying destruction and massacre wherever they went. The Grecian Empire was overrun in Asia Minor, and Asia Minor was lost. The Greeks themselves felt imperilled in Constantinople, and cried piteously to all Europe for assistance; and unless what might have well seemed an impossible coalition of force could

be brought to stem the tide of barbarian ravage, the Greek Empire would have fallen four centuries at least before it did, and the road to Europe would have been laid open. Europe was on the eve of an immense invasion, far worse than that of the Arabs, and what hope could reason discover of uniting the nations of Europe to oppose an effectual resistance? Europe was at that time a sort of Christian anarchical republic, plunged in the deepest ignorance, divided into an infinity of interests, and perpetually distracted with the thousand wars which its thousand feudal chiefs were carrying on against each other. The greatest political genius of all time might have appealed in vain to the incongruous multitude of feudal despots and vassals and serfs, to unite together for political purposes. But that which a Charlemagne or a Cæsar would have been unable to perform, was done by Peter the Hermit. He appealed to the one principle which was capable of uniting them, the Faith common to all,—and Europe and Christian civilisation were saved.

That these expeditions were for the most part miserably conducted, that there was a stupendous loss of life for two centuries and a half, that the great part of those engaged there were mere blind instruments in the hands of Providence, proves nothing. The object aimed at was not impossible, for it was achieved—the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and if the prize of the valour of the first Crusaders was subsequently lost, it was more owing to the follies, intestine divisions, and decay of faith of its Christian defenders, than to the strength of the Mohammedans, and their superior skill in warfare.

The religious fervour of Saint Louis must not be measured by the tepid devotional regularity of our own time; with him *La gloire de Notre Seigneur* predominated above all earthly considerations, and to that he was prepared to sacrifice at any moment his repose, his life, and his crown; and it was by a singular dispensation of Providence that at the time when mediæval faith was waning throughout Europe, he should appear before history as its last and most perfect representative.

At the time when the French King took the cross, his religious sympathies and his imagination had long been excited to tragic intensity by the deplorable news brought to Europe of the condition of the Christians in the East. The Latin empire of Constantinople was verging to its fall; and its last Latin Emperor had been parading his sorrows through all the courts of Europe. And the terrible invasion of the Tartars under Djinghiz-Khan and his successors seemed to menace not only the destruction of Germany, but even that of Paris and London.

This mediæval Attila burst forth from the steppes of Central Asia with his Mongol hosts. He overran China, he devastated all the great cities of Central Asia so horribly that each was a mere necropolis, in which corpses lay by hundreds of thousands. In the words of Gibbon, they "ruined the whole tract from the Caspian to the Indus, adorned with the habitations and labours of mankind, in such a way that six centuries have not been sufficient to repair the ravages of four years." This flood of destruction came rolling onwards. Moscow and Kiew were laid in ashes. The sons of Djinghiz carried on the work of their father. The right wing of this enormous host were bringing massacre and ruin on the Slave nations and all Eastern Europe, while their left wing was menacing Bagdad and Syria. Poland and Hungary were invaded in 1258; and the entry of the savage host into Bohemia and Moravia seemed to lay open the heart of Europe. This monstrous crowd of ravagers advanced with a savage hilarity to the conquest of the world, giving out with barbarian gaiety divers reasons for their march. Now they said they were going to Cologne, to take back the bodies of the Three Kings to Asia; now they were going to finish their military education in France, or to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. The princes of Germany, with the Elector of Saxony, with the Emperor Frederic II. at their head, cried clamorously for help.

In all Europe the fear of the Tartars weighed heavily on all hearts; the weaver in France ceased to ply his loom in the face of impending destruction. Matthew Paris tells us that in England the price of herrings fell, because the sailors of Norway and Holland were afraid to leave their homes unprotected, and there was consequently less demand for the usual supply. In most of the countries of Europe there was a prayer added to the litany, "*A furore Tartarorum libera nos, O Domine*," and of the state of things in France, an idea may be formed by an anecdote, related also by Matthew Paris. "*What shall we do?*" said the Queen-mother in anguish to her son; "the march of the Tartars announces our ruin and that of the Church." "My mother," replied Louis, "if they come here, either we will send them back to Tartarus, or they will send us to heaven." This was called a "*belle et louable parole*" in those simple days, and comforted men's hearts on all sides. A victory of the Germans, however, on the banks of the Danube, and internal dissensions among their chiefs in Asia, arrested the march of the Tartars in Europe; nevertheless, the fury which was then arrested westwards was let loose upon Palestine, and the remaining establishments of the Franks in Syria.

Jerusalem, as is well known, was virtually lost to the Chris-

tians by the conquest of Saladin in 1187. Nevertheless, Frederic II. during his Crusade, by astute diplomacy, and by taking advantage of the dissensions and jealousies of the Mussulman potentates in the East, had recovered possession of the Holy City in 1229. But the situation of the Christians in the East in the midst of the interminable warfare with which the Sultans of Cairo, Damascus, Aleppo, Emessa, and other towns, disputed for the fragments of the empire of Saladin, was still most precarious, and the invasion of the Tartars made matters still worse. A Crusade had been organized ten years after that of Frederic II. for the support of the Christian dominion in Syria under Thibaut, the celebrated Troubadour king of Navarre, and Count of Champagne, in co-operation with Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. and nephew of Richard Cœur de Lion. The military results of the expedition were not very successful, and the treaty which was then concluded was fatal to the Christian establishments in Palestine. The Franks still held possession of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and the route to Jaffa, of Cæsarea, Acre, Tyre, and other places on the coast, and their alliance was sought for equally by the Sultan of Egypt and by the league of the Princes of Aleppo, Damascus, Emessa, and Hamath, with which the former was at war. The Grand-Masters of the military orders of the Temple and the Knights of St. John, and the barons of Palestine, concluded an alliance with the Princes of Syria, as best suited to their interests, in 1244. The Sultan of Egypt, alarmed at this formidable coalition, called to his aid the Kharismian Turks, a nation who had been driven from Persia by the hordes of Djinghiz-Khan, and were now in a nomad state on the borders of Syria, waiting, like hungry beasts driven from their usual haunts by a deluge, for something to devour. The Sultan of Egypt proposed to this horde of barbarians to unite together in a common effort to crush the Mussulman and Christian sovereigns of Syria.

The Kharismians seized at the offer with avidity; they set themselves at once in motion to effect a junction with the Sultan of Egypt, who advanced from Gaza. They invaded the kingdom of Jerusalem by the side of Tiberias—burning, destroying, and massacring everything in their route, after the usual fashion. The majority of the Christian population of Jerusalem resolved to fly before the coming storm, and wait for better times; but on their march to Jaffa they were decoyed back by a stratagem, overtaken in a second flight, and seven thousand Christians were slain in the mountain passes between Jerusalem and Jaffa. Jerusalem itself was ravaged with fire and sword. The Kharismians burst into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and murdered the Christians before the altars, and in the Holy Sepulchre

itself, ripping up and disembowelling men, women, and children. They destroyed the tombs as well as the altars, and the bones and bodies of Godfrey de Bouillon, with his companions and successors, were torn from their graves, and, together with all the relics of the saints, either burnt or cast out on the heaps of refuse at the gates of the city. Such was the manner of the final loss of Jerusalem to Christianity. And not long after, the Christians suffered another terrible disaster in the loss of the great battle of Gaza, which was fought in company with Malek Mansour, the Sultan of Damascus, against the Sultan of Egypt, and in which an entire army was annihilated. The Sultan of Egypt having got all the use he could out of his Kharismian allies, quarrelled with them about the division of the spoil, allowed them, in their turn, to be annihilated by Malek Mansour, who collected a fresh army and gave battle under the walls of Emessa ; and the Kharismians now disappear in history.

Such was the state of Syria when Louis IX. undertook his Crusade. His earnest and pious soul had long felt the most genuine desolation at the miserable condition of the kingdom of Jerusalem, founded and maintained at the cost of such an extravagant expenditure of Christian blood, the object of all the most ardent devotion of the time, and he foresaw that its absolute extinction could only be averted by another great sacrifice on the part of Christendom.

But he has been censured not only for undertaking the Crusade at all, but for having directed it towards Egypt. Such, however, was not the opinion of Leibnitz, who addressed a most remarkable memoir to Louis XIV. on the advantage which would ensue to France and to Europe from the conquest of Egypt, and proposed anew a sort of Egyptian Crusade in the seventeenth century ; nor of Napoleon, who acted on the conviction that the occupation of Egypt was the most effectual way to the establishment of a permanent Eastern dominion.

The Sultan of Egypt at that time was Malek-Saleh-Negour-Ed-din, an Ayoubite prince, grandson of the celebrated Malek Adhel, the brother of Saladin, and son of the Sultan Malek Kamel, who defeated Jean de Brienne at Mansourah ; and he was the most powerful Oriental potentate of his time. It was the Egyptian power which had conquered Jerusalem from the Franks ; and to strike at the heart of that was the surest way to effect the liberation of Palestine.

The preparations for the Crusade were made by the King with great care and foresight. Louis did all in his power to leave his kingdom in a state of well-ordered security, and he was the less solicitous about the prejudice which might be caused by

his absence, on account of his confidence in the vigour of character and political capacity of the Queen-mother. His chief anxiety was the pacification of Christendom, and he did his utmost, but in vain, to reconcile the Pope with Frederic II., for open war was now being carried on between the two, and the Pope had even excommunicated and deposed the German Emperor, and preached a crusade against him contemporaneously with that forming under Saint Louis.

The French King appointed Cyprus for the general rendezvous of the armament. He hired a Genoese fleet to convey him to Limisso, a southern port in the island, and he gave directions for collecting in its neighbourhood enormous stores of provision, of wine and corn and barley, purchased in all the most fertile countries of Europe, which were so faithfully executed by Thibaud, Count of Bar, and Hubert de Beaujeu, Connétable de France, that when the Crusaders arrived off the coasts of Cyprus they found mountains of grain piled up on the sea-shore; and his foresight even went so far that he had prepared not only the necessary materials for the construction of siege-towers, catapults, and military engines of all kinds, but every sort of agricultural implement for the permanent occupation of Egypt.

All the most illustrious nobles of France naturally took the cross likewise; he was accompanied by his wife Marguerite, and his brothers Robert Comte d'Artois, Alphonse Comte de Poitiers, Charles Comte d'Anjou and Provence, whose wives also shared the perils of the expedition "*d'outre-mer*" with their husbands. His parting with his mother, who had protected his childhood, and with whom he had lived on terms of unalloyed affection, heightened by veneration for her piety, and by the admiration and gratitude which he owed her for the prudent administration of his affairs during his minority and afterwards, was necessarily an immense trial on both sides. Blanche felt a presentiment that she should see her son no more; she fainted twice at the final interview. "*Beau très doux fils,*" she said to him, "*beau tendre fils, jamais je ne vous verrai plus! Le cœur me le dit bien.*"

After passing the winter at Cyprus the French armament put to sea from Limisso, and arrived in sight of Damietta, which was announced by the pilot of the first vessel crying, "*Que Dieu nous aide, que Dieu nous aide, nous voici devant Damiette!*" and the King gave orders to make preparations for landing.

The Egyptian troops were drawn up on the shore expecting them, under the command of Fakreddin. He was an able general of the Sultan, who himself was very ill, and on the point of death.

“ When the good King Louis,” says Joinville, “ saw that the *enseigne Saint Denis* (the Oriflamme) was on shore, he no longer waited for his boat to approach nearer the land, but he threw himself into the sea, and the water reached up to his shoulders ; then he went straight towards the ‘ *paiens*,’ with his shield on his neck, helmet on head, and lance in hand.” As soon as the French knights leapt on shore they knelt and formed in a line, with the points of their triangular shields fixed in the sand, with the butt-ends of their lances on the ground, and the points turned towards the enemy. The Arab and Turk cavalry—the Mamelukes tried to break their line, with several charges, but failed, then became disheartened and retreated.

The French army gained at the outset an unhopèd easy advantage in the capture of Damietta, which had thirty years ago withstood for fifteen months such a terrible siege by the Crusaders under Jean de Brienne. The town was evacuated by the cowardice of its defenders, and the campaign opened under the most brilliant auspices. The Moslem troops were cowed and disorganized, and had Saint Louis been a great general, and known the value of time, he might have been in Cairo in three weeks ; but this first success was the only one of the campaign ; the chiefs of the army were afraid of advancing through the low flat regions at the mouth of the Nile, where the army of Jean de Brienne had been surprised by an inundation ; the river itself they regarded with superstitious dread, believing it flowed from Paradise ; and the King and his barons remained waiting for reinforcements at Damietta, watching with apprehension every rise in the level of the stream, and consuming their provisions. They did not begin to move from Damietta till after the arrival of his brother Alphonse de Poitiers with the *arrière garde* of the Crusade. Queen Marguerite and the rest of the ladies were left at Damietta, while Louis with his army marched to Mansourah.

The French host were fatally slow in advancing, and took thirty-one days to reach Mansourah, at a distance of about sixty miles from Damietta. To relieve Louis, however, somewhat from the responsibility of the bad conduct of the expedition, it must be remembered that a feudal host was one of the most unmanageable kind of armies ever invented ; there was no subordination, no regular organization, no general system of discipline on the unwieldy mass ; the feudal chieftains held themselves, if they pleased, entirely independent of general orders, and even their *chevaliers* might, if displeased, threaten to abandon them at any moment.

At Mansourah it was necessary to cross a branch of the Nile called the Thanis, and there the calamities of the Crusaders

commenced. They had provided no means of making a bridge, and they began, under the superintendence of the King, to construct a causeway for the purpose of passage. The Saracens on the other side of the river were drawn up, and used every device of missile-weapon and Greek fire to impede the construction of the *chaussée*. Moreover, they worked on their side so as to cut away the bank in precisely the same measure as the causeway advanced on the opposite side, and make the distance of water to cross over remain undiminished. The Franks consumed a month and a half over these operations,—the two armies face to face on the opposite banks. At last a Bedouin offered, for a reward of five hundred *bezants d'or* to guide the Franks to a ford. His offer was accepted; the King verified the fact that a ford, distant four miles from his camp, and lower down, was passable. Assisted by a council of war, Louis made the wisest possible regulations for passing the host safely over at daybreak on the 8th of February. His brother, the Comte d'Artois, solicited the honour of being allowed to cross the first. This was the favourite brother of the King, who, however, was well aware of his reckless and impetuous spirit, so he demanded a formal oath from the young man that he would observe all his instructions and not advance without orders. This the Count took, swearing by the Holy Gospels that he would obey the King's word in everything, and, as a last precaution, Louis ordered that a body of the Knights-Templars should, on the other side, precede his brother's own troop.

The Comte d'Artois had no sooner received permission than he dashed into the ford, followed by his knights and men-at-arms, the Knights-Templars and Hospitallers, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and his English followers, and all the *avant garde*. The ford was found to be more difficult than they expected; they had to swim their horses, and the obscurity of the hour before daybreak increased their danger. The Saracen general, Fakreddin, was aware of the existence of the ford, and placed there a guard of three hundred horsemen. Nevertheless, the Comte d'Artois and the vanguard passed over with small loss, and the Saracen cavalry, taken by surprise on the opposite bank, fled without resistance. Flushed with the excitement of his successful manœuvre, and wild, we may suppose, with sudden excitement after being cooped up so long in camp in inaction, the hot-blooded young Count, instead of observing the oath he had sworn, wheeled sharp round to the left, mounted the right bank of the river, and led the vanguard on his own sudden impulse and authority in full charge against the Saracen camp, opposite to which they had so long remained in check on the side of the river. The attack in early dawn took

the Saracens entirely by surprise, and the Franks were complete masters of the camp, and cut to pieces the Saracens, with their general, who was aroused in astonishment from his slumbers. So far, the disobedience of the young Prince had a happy result, and had he stopped there, and awaited the King, or assisted from his position, now in front of the Christian camp, the remainder of the army to pass over, the campaign might have had another issue. But maddened with his morning's work, Robert was raging for something fresh to do; the demon spirit of war was working in his hot blood, and it was impossible to hold him; he insisted on pushing straight on for Mansourah. In vain did the Grand-Master of the Temple, Guillaume de Sonnac, try to check his wild courage, saying that he had already departed from the King's orders, though, to soothe him, he said he had done one of the finest deeds of chivalry that ever was performed—"dans la terre d'outre mer;" he warned him that if he advanced further, the enemy, the main body of whom were at Mansourah, would recognise the smallness of his troop. Robert replied, his language—"sentait le poil de loup"—alluding thereby to the scandalous rumours that the Knights-Templars had too often underhand dealings with the wolves, the Saracens. In vain did William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, put in a word of remonstrance. Robert replied to him in insulting terms, in which he made use of a favourite mediæval scoff against the English, that they were "men with tails"—"*hommes à queue*." "Count Robert," replied William Longsword, "I can face death without fear, and we will both be presently where ye shall not dare to come near the tail of my horse." In vain, moreover, did the knight despatched by the King for that purpose enjoin Robert to wait where he was. He replied he had already put the Saracens to flight and he would wait for nobody; and, setting spurs to his horse, he galloped straight towards Mansourah, followed by the vanguard, all of whom were taunted into following the young madcap to the death. The troop, barely fifteen hundred in number, galloped into Mansourah. The Saracens were so terrified that they thought the whole Christian army was with them, and they fled on all sides from their path, and Count Robert rode with his troop right through the town to the far side, to the banks of the Nile. But their number had been counted by Bibars Bondocdar, the chief of the Baharite Mamelukes, a commander of great skill and courage, who became ultimately Sultan of the Mameluke soldiers in Egypt. He rallied together a body of his soldiers, and cut off the retreat of Robert and his followers. The whole French vanguard was shut up in the town, exposed to a population who took heart on becoming aware of the small

number of the assailants. The Crusaders were assailed on all sides with projectiles hurled from the housetops, with missiles of every kind. Crowds of fresh soldiers pressed upon them in the narrow streets, where they found it impossible to manœuvre their tired horses, and after a bootless struggle the whole vanguard was massacred nearly to a man. A crowd of the best nobles of France were cut to pieces. Two hundred and eighty Knights-Templars perished. William Longsword, with three hundred English knights, fell there likewise; the standard-bearer wrapping himself in the English banner as he fell by the side of the young French Prince, whose surcoat of blue velvet, strewn with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, made the Saracens think they had killed the King himself.

This senseless temerity of the Comte d'Artois ruined all the plans of the King. He had crossed the ford with his cavalry alone, with the Duke of Burgundy and the infantry still on the other side, occupying the Frank camp, when, advancing to the support of the vanguard, of whose danger he had been informed, he found himself attacked by the whole Saracen army, and a battle of a most tumultuous character ensued. After a day's incessant fighting, after the King himself displayed prodigies of valour, and after the Duke of Burgundy had succeeded, by using up all the materials and engines in the camp, in completing the causeway, and passing some of the infantry over, the Saracens were put to flight, the Franks remained masters of the field, and the King slept in the Saracen camp; but it was one of those victories which are as bad as a defeat. All agreed, however, that the coolness and intrepidity of the King saved the army; and the instinct and rapidity of view of a commander never deserted him during the whole day. As soon as he found a general action was inevitable, he mounted on a slight eminence to take the survey of the field, and see what resources the ground offered. His intrepid mien and coolness struck all with admiration. "Jamais," writes Joinville of that day, "je ne vis si bel homme armé, il paraissait au dessus de ses gens depuis les épaules jusqu'en haut, un heaume doré sur sa tête, une épée d'Allemagne en sa main." After the battle, the prior of the Hospitallers, wishing to know if the King was aware of the death of his brother, came and kissed his hand, still gauntleted, and asked him if he had news of the Comte d'Artois. The King replied "he had news; his brother was in Paradise." The prior then, to turn the King's thoughts in another direction, spoke of the battle he had won—"Et le roi repondait que Dieu fut adoré de ce qu'il lui donnait et lui tombaient les larmes des yeux fort grosses." 8th February 1250—Louis now established himself *à cheval* on the canal

of the Thanis, some of his infantry still remaining on the French camp on one side, under the Duke of Burgundy, while he himself occupied what had lately been the Saracen camp on the other, with the rest of the infantry and his cavalry. He caused his chief officer of engineers, Josselin de Cornaut, to complete the bridge, and fortify it with a barbican, and to surround the camp with palisades made of the materials of the Saracen engines found in the camp. But the French army was virtually in a state of siege, subject to incessant attacks of the Saracen army, to whom the arrival of their young Sultan, Malek Moadam, from Mesopotamia, to take possession of the sovereignty (since Negour Eddin was now dead), gave a fresh audacity and spirit. Tremendous conflicts took place almost daily on all sides of the camp; but the chivalry of France were not accustomed to remain on the defensive, and were ill calculated to sustain patiently that kind of warfare; and, moreover, they had lost the greater number of their horses in the terrible *mêlée* of Mansourah, and were obliged to fight on foot, contrary to their habits and education. The disaster of the Comte d'Artois affected all with gloomy presentiments of worse dangers to come; and their besieged position became before long intolerable. They were pent up in camp beneath the burning sun of Egypt, by the side of a canal whose water became in a short time a dead mass of putrefaction from the quantity of dead bodies, the slain of Mansourah, which the Saracens threw into it, and which accumulated in floating putrescence against the causeway and the bridge, until they stretched right across the river for the length of a stone's-throw. Louis set a hundred of his camp-followers to free the river of this horrible mass of corruption—to bury the Christian bodies, and set the Saracen corpses floating down the stream; but before the wish could be accomplished, scurvy and pestilence and frightful disease raged through the host. To make the sanitary condition of the army still more deplorable, Lent came on. The whole army observed the rules of fasting as strictly as if they were not in campaign, and took to eating freely of the fish of the Nile, which they called *barbotes*, which were attracted to the foul water in inexhaustible quantities, and voraciously fed on the putrid flesh of the floating corpses. The privation from proper nourishment, their foul diet, the pestilential air heated by a burning sun, added dysentery and fever to the former maladies; and the whole camp became a hospital of sick and dying men. Those who remained unaffected by disease were not sufficient in number to inter the dead and attend to the sick. Hardly a tent but showed signs that a corpse was within, and preparations for burial. From twenty

to thirty funeral processions were to be seen at once leading the corpses to the camp-chapels, or taking them to the place reserved for burial ; and soon the lack of knights and men-at-arms was so great, that scullions, varlets, and camp-followers had to take the weapons of their masters, and supply their place in the field and on guard. The King bore up so well against this accumulation of evils, though attacked with dysentery himself,—his cheerfulness and suavity were so great,—that sick men about to expire asked, as a last hope and resource, to be able to see the countenance of the King. The Saracens were perfectly aware of the state of things inside the French camp, and desisted from their attacks, trusting to plague and pestilence to accomplish the destruction of their enemies ; while they contrived to enlist another minister of destruction in their service—Famine ; for they managed now to transfer a fleet of ships, by means of levers, from one branch of the Nile to that in which the Frank fleet, up to the present time, had accompanied the Frank army, and kept open communication with Damietta. They attacked the Christian fleet as it was carrying large supplies of provisions to the camp, and captured eighty galleys ; and after this the Franks were almost completely invested by land and water. By the 27th of March, six weeks after the battle of Mansourah, famine in all its horror was felt in the army. The most unclean things were used as food ; and those who could afford it had to pay for food nearly its weight in gold. Joinville says that an ox would sell for 80 livres, which in present value of English money would amount to about £280. Beneath this intolerable series of calamities, the Frank army dwindled away to six thousand men, the sole relics of the thirty thousand who had left Damietta.

At length it seemed that the only chance of saving the remnant was by retreat. Malek Moadam, convinced that he had his enemies wholly in his power, refused all offers of treaty, and Louis evacuated his camp on the 5th of April, at night,—leaving his tents still standing to deceive the enemy ; but the Saracens got wind of his intentions, and by a miserable fatality, Josselin de Cornaut, his brothers, and others, who were the engineers of the army, omitted to carry out the King's instructions, and destroy the bridge of boats uniting the two banks of the canal, so that road was left open to their enemies. The rearguard of the retreating Turks were harassed during the first night of their retreat by frequent assaults. The King himself was one of the last to leave ; he might have escaped by the river, if he had so chosen, and he was besought to do so ; but he determined to partake of the fate of his army,

and although in a state of pitiable debility, he continued to command the retreat up to the time of his being made prisoner. When day appeared there was a general attack of the Saracens in pursuit, on the rearguard, and the King was several times in danger, and was only preserved by the great bravery of two of his chevaliers, Geoffrey de Sargines and Gaucher de Châtillon. "*Sargines*," said the King afterwards to Joinville, "*me défendait des Sarrasins tout ainsi que le bon serviteur défend des mouches le hanap (cup) de son seigneur.*" This little troop of the rearguard, with the King in their midst, fighting at every step, reached at last Minie-Abou-Abdallah, an Arab village seated on a small eminence. The King could no longer sit on horseback, and it was determined to make a short stand here, to give him time to recover. The King was carried, in a miserable state, into a house in the main street, while the wife of a citizen of Paris took his head upon her knees. Gaucher de Châtillon undertook the charge of defending one end of the street alone, against the pursuing Saracens, for his own knights were fighting elsewhere. The Saracens shot arrows at him so thickly after each furious charge, that, as Joinville says, he had to pick out the arrows from time to time, "*il se défléchait*," after which he would raise himself up in his stirrups, extending his arms and sword, shouting for his men, "*à Châtillon, Chevaliers ! ou sont mes prudhommes.*" He was killed at last, but the Saracens preserved his sword as that of the bravest of the Christian chevaliers.

Such acts of desperate valour failed, however, to prevent the King from being obliged to surrender at discretion at the village of Minie-Abou-Abdallah. The eunuch Gemal-eddin took possession of his person,—his brothers, the Counts of Anjou and Poitiers, and the whole of the rest of the Crusaders, including the sick and the wounded, who had been embarked in boats on the river, were also taken prisoners, and the whole of them were conveyed back to Mansourah, where the King was lodged in the house of a scribe, Fakr-Eddin-Ben-Lokman, loaded with chains, and placed under the surveillance of the eunuch Sahib. The saintly courage and patience of the French King passed during his captivity through terrible trials, but it arose superior to them all. He was still so weak that the only servitor, Isambert, whom he had with him, was obliged to serve him like a child ; yet his Moslem conquerors loaded him at first with chains. Isambert afterwards deposed, however, that no indignities extorted from him the slightest symptoms of vexation or impatience, and the Sultan, on reflection, concluding that he had everything to gain in the way of

ransom, and nothing to lose by the preservation of his captive, changed his system, released him of his chains, gave him clothes, and allowed him the company of his confessor.

The captivity of Louis lasted a month, but it was a month every hour of which was full of pathetic and tragic incident. The Sultan, Malek Moadam, was naturally anxious to make the most out of the glorious spoil which the fortune of war had given into his power, and proceeded at first to treat his illustrious captive with all the arrogance of an Eastern despot. But he was little aware of the strength of soul which animated the weak body of his illustrious captive. His first demand was for all the expenses to which the Crusade had put him; the surrender of Damietta and of all the Christian fortresses in Palestine, in return for the ransom of the French King and his army. These were peremptorily rejected. The Sultan was furious at an opposition which seemed unintelligible; he commenced, however, with fresh negotiations, for his own circumstances made him eager to get the Franks out of the country. Meeting again with opposition, he threatened to lay Louis in the *barnicles*, a horrible kind of torture, something like the boot applied to the whole body. Louis replied to the Sultan's envoys who announced the menace, "Qu'il était leur prisonnier, qu'ils pourraient faire de lui à leur volonté." The emirs were confounded at his serenity, and replied, "You are our prisoner and our slave, and yet you behave exactly as if you had us in irons."

The Sultan at length offered terms which Louis accepted. They were these:--The surrender of Damietta was to be made, and a million of golden bezants to be given for the ransom of Louis and the remainder of his army, and for the ransom also of all the Christian slaves then in Egypt, amounting to about thirty thousand. Without this latter concession the French King would enter into no arrangement. It would be some consolation to his reverses to know he had not left a Christian in bondage in Egypt.

When the Sultan made the offer of these terms Louis said, "Je payerai volontiers les cinq cent mille livres pour la délivrance de mes gens, et je donnerai Damiette pour la délivrance de mon corps: car je ne suis pas tel que je me doive racheter à prix d'argent." Malek Moadam was so struck with admiration at this reply that his Oriental pride would not allow him to remain without some response and generosity. He exclaimed, "Par ma foi, large est le Franc, quand il ne marchande pas sur une si grande somme de deniers: or, allez lui dire que je lui donne cent mille livres pour payer la rançon." The ransom thus paid in money was four hundred thousand livres, five hundred

thousand livres being equal to one million of golden bezants, which is about two millions of English pounds sterling.

But Malek Moadam had been vehemently anxious on his side to complete some arrangement with Louis, and get the French out of the country, for special reasons of his own. He was meditating a *coup d'état*, and was eager to get possession of Damietta, and be free of all foreign trouble, to effect his purpose. He was however only hastening his own destruction. This young man, elated with his recent accession, of luxurious habits, fresh from Mesopotamia with a band of young Syrian favourites, chafed under the pressure which the Mamelukes and the ministers of his father put upon him, and he was madly impatient to suppress the turbulent soldiery and dispose of dignitaries who beset the throne, and while the French difficulty was still to be dealt with this was impossible. The Mamelukes, on their side, with Bibars Bondocdar at their head, were perfectly aware of his intentions, and, kept informed of all his transactions with the French King, only waited for a favourable opportunity to assassinate him. Such an opportunity occurred while Malek Moadam was on his road to Damietta with his royal captive, to fulfil the terms of the treaty. Bibars Bondocdar and his ferocious associates murdered the Sultan and took possession of supreme power, and thus founded the Mameluke dynasty of Egypt, whose tombs on the margin of the desert near Cairo form such a graceful series of objects when viewed from the Citadel. Thus the Crusade of Saint Louis was intimately connected with the extinction of the Saladin dynasty in Egypt, and the French King had full experience of the tragic vicissitudes of Oriental power, for not less than three Sultans and one Sultana, during his stay in Egypt, held supreme power in the capital.

The blood-stained assassins of the Sultan did not fail immediately to exercise their power on their captive, but he showed so sublime an aspect before their ferocious menaces that it was said they deliberated among themselves whether they should not offer him the sovereignty; at all events such a scheme was talked of. "Il me demanda," says Joinville, speaking of subsequent years, "si je croyais qu'il eût pris le royaume de Babylonie (Cairo) s'ils le lui eussent présenté, et je lui dis qu'il aurait fait une grande folie, vu qu'ils avaient tué leur seigneur. Et il me dit que vraiment il n'eût pas refusé." This reply reveals the innermost soul of Saint Louis more than anything else on record, except his dying speech at Carthage. He would have led a life of exile, and sacrificed his crown and all the world holds dear; he would have trusted himself to the mercies of these ferocious assassins, in the hope of Christianizing Egypt.

According to Oriental notions, the death of the Sultan made void all previous negotiations ; but after some difficulties the same stipulations for a treaty for peace were agreed to on both sides, and the emirs, who now held the government, still proceeded to Damietta with their captive.

Scenes however of great violence took place in the arrangement. It was stipulated that the parties to the treaty should take reciprocal oaths, and the emirs wanted the French King to swear, that if he violated his oath he would be "as shameful as the Christian who denied Christ and spat upon the cross." "Jamais," said Louis, "pareilles choses ne sortiront de ma bouche." The emirs suspected bad faith in this objection, and were furious. They threatened to make the head of the patriarch of Jerusalem, who was present, fly off upon his knees, to put the King to torture, with all his barons ; but Louis never blenched, and they allowed him to take his oath as he pleased. "C'est le plus fier Chrétien," they said, "qu'on eut jamais vu en Orient."

But the trials and suspense of captivity reached a climax at the very last moment. How was it possible to guard against the bad faith of these Mameluke assassins ? They might get Damietta, get the ransoms, and yet retain all the prisoners. To prevent this, the King stipulated, *firstly*, that immediately after the surrender of Damietta all the prisoners should be set at liberty, with the exception of his brother the Comte de Poitiers ; *secondly*, that 200,000 livres of the ransom should then be paid, and the Comte de Poitiers set at liberty ; *thirdly*, that the remaining 200,000 livres should be paid after his departure, on condition that the sick of Damietta, and the Christian stores and property there, should be faithfully respected, and that all Christian slaves in Egypt be given up.

The King was lodged in a tent at the gate of Damietta, and Damietta was surrendered early in the morning, when the emirs immediately began to discuss whether all the prisoners should not be put to death. The debate lasted the whole day, and the only circumstance which saved the French prisoners was the foresight of the King in having the money removed to a ship in the harbour.

In the early morning the Moslem standards were seen floating from the towers of the city, and hour after hour of the day advanced and not a captive was released. The Queen, indeed, and her suite were embarked. But the King was waiting alone in his tent at the gate, and the captives were watching from the galleys, till the broad sun of Egypt was sinking down into the waters of the Nile, without having been supplied with food the

whole day, and the anxiety of all was of course unspeakable. Indeed, at one time the galleys began to remount the river to Cairo. The death of the King and of all had been resolved upon by the emirs in council.

The chief advocate for the violation of the convention was Heman-Eddin, one of the most influential of the emirs, who had been so struck with the mien and resolution of the King, with the proof of his invincible devotion to the Christian faith, that it seemed to him madness and folly to release so redoubtable an enemy of the Mohammedan religion, and he endeavoured to convince his colleagues of the expediency of putting to death the French King, and the flower of the chivalry of France, now in their power, and abandoning the ransom. A long and violent discussion occupied nearly the whole day, and if the 200,000 livres had not been in the ship riding at anchor in sight, Saint Louis would then have ended his career. But at last the cupidity of the majority, and especially of Egg-Eddin-Aylek, who had been chosen regent, and would have the largest share of the ransom, prevailed, and it was determined to fulfil the convention.

The respect of the Saracen multitudes for the King, however, was displayed on his departure. 20,000 armed with their scimitars formed an escort of honour to the sea-side when he embarked on board a Genoese galley. But there was yet again a terrible moment of suspense, for the King, faithful to his promise, and contrary to the advice of his barons, paid the whole of the ransom-money before his brother the Comte de Poitiers was released. So jealous was he of his good faith, that when he was told the last 10,000 livres were delivered, and Monseigneur Philippe added in a jocular way, "I think we have cheated them of a scaleful!" he turned on him a very severe and angry face, and only relented when he was told that the whole sum was really and fairly delivered to the emirs. Then his galley left and transferred him to the larger ship which was to take him; but both on the way to the vessel and on board he watched anxiously for some sign of his brother. All shared the King's anxiety, till a small boat was seen in the dark leaving the shore, and as it came nearer the form of the Comte de Poitiers was distinguishable. "*Allume, allume,*" cried the King to the sailors, giving the word for lighting the signal for departure, on board his vessel. The little fleet, bearing the mournful remnant of the mighty armament which a year ago had so proudly approached Damietta, spread its sails for the coast of Palestine.

The first intention of the King had been to return to France, but the violation of the terms of the treaty by the Egyptians

at Damietta, who had burnt the stores and murdered the sick, and burnt their corpses, piled up with the salt pork of the French provisions, determined him to go to Acre, to watch over the execution of the unfulfilled part of the convention, one of whose provisions was that no military operations should take place in Palestine for ten years.

The passage from Damietta to Acre occupied six days, and first Louis arrived there on the 14th of May 1250. After the first feelings of relief at finding himself again at liberty, his reflections were inexpressibly mournful. Exactly one short year had elapsed since, with a splendid army of sixty thousand men, in magnificent array, he had set sail from Cyprus. And as he sat on the poop of his vessel, and saw his knights around him in a half-clothed condition, and his foremost barons in squalid and tattered raiment, and thought of the thousands of true hearts now mixed with the soil of Egypt, it was impossible not to feel the anguish of the contrast. Above all, he mourned for the loss of his affectionate and impetuous brother Robert, the chief cause of his disaster, and contrasted his warm and impetuous nature with that of the cold-blooded and scheming Charles d'Anjou, the disciple of Simon de Montfort, for whose ambition France was to pay the bloody penalty of the Sicilian Vespers, and who sailed now in the same ship with his brother, leaving him to his solitary reflections, and playing at games of chance with Nemours. This passion for play at such a time seemed so indecent to the King, that at last, as Anjou one day was playing at "*tables*," backgammon, with his fellow-passengers, he seized the board and the dice and threw them into the sea, and this—the only instance of impatience on record of him—bespeaks the inward conflict of his emotion. It was, however, during this voyage that he contracted his friendship for the Sire de Joinville, who sat at his feet discussing the events of the Crusade, clothed in one wretched garment, the only one now remaining out of all his equipment.

Saint Louis remained yet four years in Palestine, in spite of urgent entreaties to return to France. He considered it was not for his honour to leave Palestine in a worse state than he found it, and he had also especially at heart the release of the thirty thousand prisoners of Egypt. Month by month whole shiploads of released captives landed on the quays of Acre, who blessed the French King for their liberty; and he set actively to work to restore the fortifications of the Christian towns on the sea-coast, often assisting with his own hands in the operations. He showed considerable diplomatic ability in dealing with the great Mussulman Powers; and the emirs of Egypt having violated their engagements, he made a treaty with the

Sultan of Damascus, by which he might, if he had been supported by any fresh levies of European troops, have been put in possession of Jerusalem; but he lacked entirely support, either from the Pope, still pursuing his plans of aggrandizement at the expense of the race of Hohenstauffen, or from the other Powers of Europe. He was enabled to make a pilgrimage to Nazareth, and might also have made one to Jerusalem, but he was dissuaded from doing so, on the ground that it would be a bad precedent for one of the chief kings of Europe to visit it in the hands of the Infidels. The death of his mother, Blanche of Castille,—called by a chronicler *la dame des dames de ce monde*,—in 1252, affected him necessarily very deeply, and two years later, since he was urgently pressed again to return on account of the state of affairs in France, he appointed the valiant Geoffrey de Sargines as his lieutenant in Syria, and set sail from Acre on 25th April 1254, which happened to be his thirty-ninth birthday. His voyage was protracted by contrary winds to the length of eleven weeks. In the first week he gave an example of a fine act of humanity, in refusing to leave his vessel, which was in danger of sinking, rather than endanger the lives of the rest of the passengers. He landed at Hyères on the 8th of July, but did not reach Vincennes till the 5th of September; such was the rate of mediæval travel. After rendering thanks at the shrine of St. Denis, the patron saint of the kingdom, on the following day, he entered Paris with his Queen, and the three children born during the Crusade, on the 9th. Wherever he had to pass he was received with signs of devotion and attachment; but the signs of fatigue and suffering were too visible on his countenance for the manifestations of joy to be exuberant, and one circumstance especially people saw with grave apprehension,—the cross still attached to his shoulder, denoting his intention of undertaking another Crusade.

The interest of the second Crusade of Saint Louis is inferior to that of the first, and the vivid narrative of an eye-witness such as Joinville is wanting to us, for Joinville refused to follow his master on another Crusade. His experience of the last was quite sufficient for him, and on this occasion he took a sager view of his duties to his people. He found, he says, his people had suffered by his absence during the former expedition, and concluded that he should provoke the anger of God,—“*qui donna son corps pour sauver son peuple*,” if he imperilled his life anew, “*au mal et au dommage de sa gent*.”

The same motives, however, actuated Saint Louis in the second as in the first Crusade. The footing of the Christians in the East was more precarious, and their condition more intoler-

able than ever; and it was evident that unless a mighty effort were made, the last Christian colonies on the coast must be abandoned, and Palestine abandoned for ever to the followers of Islam.

In the fifteen years which intervened between the two Crusades, while Saint Louis was governing his kingdom in peace, and giving it such a degree of order, prosperity, and tranquillity as it had never known before, a series of horrors, invasions, and massacres had again desolated unhappy Palestine. The Tartars had again swept westwards under their Khan Hologou, and destroyed utterly the remains of the Saladin dynasty at Damascus and Aleppo, and overrun all Syria. But such Mongol hordes were never more than mere emissaries of destruction. After ravaging the earth, these Tartars disappear from history, as the Kharismians had disappeared; and the chief result of their invasion was to increase the power of Bibars Bondocdar, now Sultan, by the removal of every Mussulman rival.

After a series of assassinations and revolutions, Bibars Bondocdar, the Mameluke chief, who had murdered Malek Moadam during the captivity of Louis, became the supreme lord of the East. The methods by which Bibars Bondocdar became minister of supreme power in Egypt necessarily bespeak his character. He was the most active, able, perfidious, and ferocious enemy with whom the Christians had yet had to contend. In 1265 he surprised Cæsarea, and took it in six days. Fortress after fortress of the Franks fell into his power. The valiant lieutenant of Louis, Geoffrey de Sargines, sent him back three separate times from the walls of Acre; but Saphet, the chief fortress of the Templars, fell into his hands. He ravaged the environs of Tripoli and Tyre; he laid waste the Christian kingdom of Armenia; he took Jaffa; and finally, carried by storm, in three days, the great city of Antioch—the proudest conquest of the first Crusaders, which had ever since remained a Christian principality; the city was delivered to the flames; seventeen thousand of its defenders were slain by the sword, one hundred thousand prisoners reduced into slavery, and the mighty capital, formerly styled the Queen of the East, was turned into a wilderness and a solitude.

The news of this terrible calamity convulsed all Europe; and it was not possible but that Saint Louis, who was the veritable incarnation of all the best aspirations of chivalry and mediæval Faith, should feel his inmost soul stirred at the intelligence, and resolve once more to court the crown of martyrdom rather than resign tamely the last relics of the sacred possessions of Christendom to the murderous grasp of the Mameluke chief of Egypt.

The armament, which was intended still to proceed ultimately to Palestine, was allowed by Louis to be diverted to Tunis, by representations from two widely different and even hostile sources, in both of which he was deceived. Charles of Anjou was now monarch of Sicily, to the crown of which Tunis had been tributary; and he was endeavouring to restore his supremacy. The Sultan of Tunis, Mohammed Mostanser, on the other hand, to prevent the possible intervention of the powerful brother of Charles, and to gain his favour, had sent ambassadors to his court, and declared, among other things, that so far from being hostile to Christianity, there was nothing he wished so much as to embrace the religion, were he not prevented by fear of his powerful neighbour in Egypt. This clumsy device of the Tunisian Sultan had just the contrary effect to what he intended, for it determined Louis to follow the persuasions of his brother of Anjou, and to go to Tunis. The notion of converting the Tunisian sovereign and his people to Christianity, and re-establishing the Christian Church triumphantly on the shores of Carthage, where it had such a glorious existence in the days of St. Augustine and St. Cyprian, was likely, above all, to inflame his pious imagination. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "si je pouvais être le parrain d'un tel filleul." The simplicity and ardour of the faith of Saint Louis were especially remarkable in its indestructible ready belief in the possibility of extending the pale of Christianity, not by the sword alone, but by conversion. He believed in the expansive vitality of his religion as firmly as a saint of the first ages of Christianity. While in Palestine, he sent a mission to convert the Tartars; he made many attempts at conversion among the Moslem when in Palestine, and was in some cases successful. He regarded his converts with especial affection—brought them to France with him, and provided for their maintenance both during his lifetime and by will. If he made the speech which Joinville reports, and which Gibbon chuckles over in a note, that the only method of argument with an Infidel was *mettre l'épée dedans le ventre aussi loin qu'elle pouvait entrer*, he never acted upon it; and in his last moments he was heard continually murmuring to himself, "Pour Dieu! étudions comment la foi Catholique peut être prêchée et plantée à Tunis. Oh! quel est l'homme propre à cette œuvre."

Thus the last glorious, if impracticable, desire of Saint Louis, was the preaching of the Gospel on the shores of Africa.

However, he became well aware of the insincerity of the Sultan of Tunis before he reached the coast of Africa; but the persuasions of the Comte d'Anjou, and of other Crusaders, who

believed the city was extravagantly rich, and would afford enormous spoil at an easy cost, prevailed in his council.

He disembarked his army at Tunis in the middle of one of the hottest months in the year, July 1270, when the fierce sun leapt back from the burning sands and torrid soil in intolerable radiance, and made the air a quivering burning flame.

The enfeebled constitution of Saint Louis sank in a month under the same trials and maladies which had overwhelmed him in his first Egyptian campaign,—two of his sons having preceded him to the grave. As for the expedition, it met with the same easy successes on their landing as the previous Crusade, with the same faults, the same delays, and the same maladies to impede its progress during the short time it remained on the soil of Africa, from which the Crusaders ultimately retreated, after making an advantageous treaty of peace with the Sultan. The chief error of the conduct of the expedition was in waiting for the Comte d'Anjou, who had made conditions that active operations should not commence till his arrival, and he arrived only in time to find the body of his brother, from whose lips the last sigh of parting breath had just ascended in prayer, stretched, as he desired to die, on a bed of ashes, with his arms crossed upon his breast.

When Louis knew that the fever which consumed him was fatal, he called for Philip, the only survivor of the three bright sons who had accompanied him, and he took from his prayer-book—*Son livre d'Heures*,—the paper of instructions he had written for his guidance, and prayed him to observe them as his last will and testament. These instructions, known as the *Enseignements* of Saint Louis, contain the wisest and most pious counsel ever dictated by monarch to his successor. No saint ever died more saintlily. In the last stage of weakness he found strength to arise and kneel as he took the sacrament. Among the last ejaculations he cried frequently, “*Esto, Domine, plebis tuæ sanctificator et custos.*” In the even before his death he was heard to cry aloud, “*Quis nobis in Jerusalem!*” and again, “*Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum!*” Then he prayed for the people of his expedition, and his last words were, “*Père, je commets mon esprit en ta garde.*” —August 25, 1270.

A sound of clarions and trumpets was heard at the same moment. It announced the arrival of his brother, the King of Sicily, in the port of Carthage. He came immediately to the King's tent. His iron nature broke down at the sight. He fell at the King's feet and passionately kissed them, and could only say, with heaving breast and agonizing sobs, “*Monseigneur! Mon frère!*”

If human existence is not merely earthly and animal, no one can say that the life of Saint Louis was a failure, or that he was not happy, even to his death. His saintly virtues hallowed the kingly institution in France as it was emerging from the rude chaos of feudalism; royalty became a religion, and the mystic aureole which he wore in the popular imagination descended to crown the heads of each of his descendants; an aureole of which it took the turpitude of a Louis xv. to dim the brightness, and which was extinguished only in the blood-torrents of the guillotine. The royalty of France perished with the exhortation—“*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel.*” He was one of the chiefest of the sons of light, and would make no pact with darkness. He showed that it was possible for a sovereign and a politician, of no surpassing genius, to act, privately and publicly, according to the dictates of the loftiest code of principles conceivable by human intelligence, without the aid of statecraft or duplicity, and such is no small triumph for humanity. Base that nature must indeed be who can pass by him in history and not do him reverence. The facts of his life speak for themselves, and require no eulogy; for praise which would be hyperbolical in other cases, would here fall short of the truth. It may be objected, however, that the severity of his laws for some offences, and especially for blasphemy, forms a blemish upon his character and his reign. But he expressed himself his willingness to be subject to the legal punishment, provided he could banish blasphemy from his kingdom. And it must be remembered he himself lived a life of such self-denial as would be intolerable to ordinary men. As for his general kindness to his subjects, one example is sufficient: during a season of scarcity in Normandy, the royal waggons, which usually came up *from* Normandy loaded with tax-money, in that year went down *to* Normandy loaded with money given out of the Royal treasury for distribution. He was respected by all neighbouring nations as the great peacemaker in the quarrel between Henry III. and his barons. They submitted the matters in dispute between them to him as arbitrator; and all Europe re-echoed the words uttered by the Pope in the Bull of Canonization: “House of France, rejoice to have given to the world so great a Prince! People of France, rejoice at having possessed so good a King!”

- ART. IV.—1. *The Law of Creeds in Scotland: A Treatise on the Legal Relations of Churches in Scotland, Established and Not Established, to their Doctrinal Confessions.* By ALEX. TAYLOR INNES, M.A. Blackwood and Sons.
2. *An Address on the Connection of Church and State.* Delivered at Sion College on February 15, 1868. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

DEAN STANLEY'S eloquent address and Mr. Innes's learned volume may fairly be noticed together, because they deal with the same general subject, the relation of Christian Churches to the Civil Power, and because the subject as a whole is one that is daily assuming a higher importance, and will probably in some of its aspects occupy at intervals the attention of the country and the Legislature for some time to come. It is true the two writers deal respectively with very different branches of this wide subject, the aim of each being widely different from the other. But they have points of connexion, and Dean Stanley has emphasized these points by quoting largely from Mr. Innes's pages, and speaking in the highest terms of his volume. After his longest extract from the *Law of Creeds*, extending over some pages, Dean Stanley says—"I cannot quote this work without expressing very strong admiration of its learning, ability, and (with a very few exceptions) impartial statement of the whole question discussed in this address." Dean Stanley's references, quotations, and eulogy have indeed had the effect of making Mr. Innes's work better known in England than it had previously been. In Scotland, as was natural, the volume has excited a good deal of attention and discussion, especially in relation to the legal principles it brings out directly affecting the future of the Established and Non-Established Churches of the country. Its special merits have also been recognised on the other side of the Atlantic, the volume having been referred to as an authority in a recent ecclesiastical case before the American Courts. But in England it had hardly attracted the notice that might perhaps have been expected, considering the completeness of Mr. Innes's legal and historical review, and its direct bearing on questions of urgent public interest. This is due in part probably to the limitation of the title, suggesting that the law of creeds was exhibited only so far as it had been elaborated in the Scottish Courts. The volume, it is true, deals primarily with Scottish cases, but the author's plan is so comprehensive that it includes in the notes and appendices a briefer review of the English cases in which questions affecting religious creeds have been legally discussed and judicially settled. Dean

Stanley's address sufficiently indicates this, and will thus help to secure due attention to the important facts and arguments of Mr. Innes's volume, in the period of prolonged ecclesiastical excitement and discussion on which the country is entering.

Seven years ago, when the attention of Parliament and the country was wholly occupied with Mr. Gladstone's great Budgets, more than one far-seeing observer of public events ventured to predict that at no distant interval religious questions would come to the front, and that after marked periods of social, economic, financial, and parliamentary reform, we should enter on a period of ecclesiastical discussion, excitement, and legislative change. This prediction has been verified with unexpected rapidity—the discussions on the Irish Church during the present session having dwarfed to comparatively insignificant proportions the unfinished work of parliamentary reform. But the approach to this vital question was heralded in past sessions by successful motions in favour of abolishing or relaxing ecclesiastical imposts, oaths, and tests. The same general current of opinion is reflected in the numerous ecclesiastical congresses, synods, and assemblies that have been organized within a recent period, as well as in schemes of union and disunion within and without the National Establishments—proposals for intercommunion between Non-Established Churches in Scotland, and sectional societies formed within the English Establishment, tending to break up the Anglican communion into cliques, the most aggressive of which, in the irony of fate, calls itself Catholic. While it is difficult to define exactly the course which future discussion and consequent action may take, all effective movement in the matter must touch one of the three central relations of Churches—to the State, to their Creeds, or to each other. There is no doubt a close connexion between these various aspects of ecclesiastical life and organization, especially between the two first. In one sense all Churches are connected with the State, or rather with the civil power, as the voluntary governments of Non-Established Churches produce temporal effects, and the Courts in disputed cases inquire into the civil results of ecclesiastical action, and decide authoritatively on the questions at issue. This necessary relation of free religious societies to the civil power, which is brought vividly out in Mr. Innes's volume, seems to have misled Dean Stanley as to their true relation to the State, and, as we shall presently see, to have somewhat confused his argument on the relative advantages and disadvantages of a State connexion. But the amenability of all Churches to the law of the land, and the adoption of one by the civil power, as the religion of the State, are things totally distinct, which ought to be kept apart, and which only rhetorical haste or oversight

could confound. It is this latter relation alone, the adoption of a particular Church by the civil power, that constitutes the connexion of Church and State in the ordinary and technical sense of the phrase, and it is this alone which is the immediate subject of the Dean's address. He undertakes to defend the connexion of Church and State in its present form, and with its existing incidents, and he does so with characteristic eloquence and ability. The address must indeed, we should imagine, have produced a very favourable impression on its original delivery, as it exhibits in the happiest combination all the writer's well-known graces of style, affluence of historical illustration, liberality of view, elevation of feeling, and enlightened zeal on behalf of religion and learning. The argument is, moreover, of great interest, and in some parts striking from its freshness and novelty. Dean Stanley puts in a clear and effective light many of the undeniable advantages belonging to a religious Establishment, such as that of securing a regular amount of religious instruction in all parts of the country, especially in those parts where it is least likely that such a provision would be made either by the people themselves or by the missionary efforts of Voluntary enthusiasm. Again, he insists with much force and relevancy on the advantages in cases of heresy of having ecclesiastical standards interpreted by an unbiassed judicial tribunal, by learned and accomplished laymen familiar with the general maxims of jurisprudence as well as with the forms of legal procedure, and trained to the exact interpretation of legal documents. He dwells also on what some may perhaps be disposed to consider a more doubtful advantage,—the opportunity which a State Church gives for the gradual growth of religious opinion, and that "free expression of religious belief which is indispensable to any healthy development of religious action." He refers under this head to the fact that the interpretation of the English formularies by the judicial committee of the Privy Council has not only been favourable to freedom, but had allayed temporary excitement, and been subsequently acquiesced in even by those who at the time regarded it with the utmost alarm.

These considerations, in support of his general argument, though stated with a felicity of language and illustration that gives them a certain freshness of interest, are in the main well known and generally accepted. But in other parts of his address Dean Stanley ventures boldly on novelties of argument and historical parallelism which on first reading them excite a feeling of surprise, and almost of bewilderment. This is especially true of his attempt to turn the tables on the opponents of an Established Church, by asserting that the connexion of Church and State is the nearest approach which in our complex society can be made to the original and essential

idea of the Christian Church. After adverting to the most common objection to a State Church, which he attributes on insufficient grounds to Scottish Free Churchmen as well as to English High Churchmen, "that there is in the nature of ecclesiastical affairs something that makes it unlawful for lay or secular persons to approach them," Dean Stanley adds:—

"If we revert to the origin of the Christian Church, we shall see that the fundamental idea of the Church in the New Testament is the reverse of this. It is that of a body in which the officers, of whatever kind they may be, bishops, presbyters, or deacons, are ministers—that is, servants—of the whole community. . . . In whatever way the control of ecclesiastical affairs by the laity, or rather by the whole community, is exercised, there can be no question that it is in them that by the New Testament and by the first ages of Christendom the supremacy over the Church was vested. They elected their ministers. They chose their own faith, they moulded their own creed, they administered their own discipline, they were the Ecclesia, the Assembly, 'the Church.'"

This is no doubt perfectly true, but a less sanguine reasoner would hardly have offered it as a conclusive argument in favour of a State Church, or have ventured to say that in modern times the most perfect analogue of this primitive Christian society is a system which reduces the Christian laity to a cipher, their functions being wholly absorbed by the Monarch. This fundamental and fatal change is frankly confessed by Dean Stanley himself:—

"After its conversion," he says, "the State, by a natural instinct, assumed those functions of the old Christian democracy which were felt incompatible with the changed condition of things. By the sovereigns of the State the chief ecclesiastical officers were appointed, as formerly by the tumultuous gatherings in the market-place. By them the Christian laity were represented in the Councils, as once by the 'brethren,' even after the claims of a distinct hierarchy had sprung up. And so it must emphatically be in such a country as ours."

To those unfamiliar with the theory which makes Church and State but different names for the same thing, and regards the will of the Sovereign as identical with the mind of the Church, this curious historical parallel will probably appear little better than a daring paradox. Nor is the parallel much improved when, in a constitutional country like our own, the legislative powers of Parliament are added to the executive control of the Monarch. For Parliament has no initiative in the fundamental questions of religious faith, discipline, and practice, and from its very constitution can have none. According to Dean Stanley himself, indeed, the State has neither the right nor the power of discharging the vital functions which he assigns to

the primitive Church. It cannot choose its faith, mould its creed, or in any way administer Christian discipline. Nay, its disability in these respects he regards as a positive advantage, as constituting one of its strongest claims to the confidence and support of the Church.

“The State, it has been often said by way of objection, cannot enter into the detailed dogmatic belief of particular sects. It must be latitudinarian; it must, as in Great Britain, recognise the possibility of different forms of Christian belief, as of Presbyterianism in Scotland, Anglicanism in England, Roman Catholicism in Ireland; it must, as in France and Prussia, recognise as national both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Church. This, however, is one of the best arguments in its favour. It is the ground of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England.”

This may be so, but it certainly does not help to support the alleged analogy between a State Establishment and the early Church. In the early Church, the Christian laity, united in faith and practice, did everything,—had, as Dean Stanley says, the absolute control of ecclesiastical affairs. But in the Establishment he defends the ecclesiastical power of the laity is paralysed, the higher functions both of clergy and laity, all functions, indeed, except those of the local executive, being claimed and exercised by the State. The higher officers of the Church are appointed by the Crown, while Parliament, the only fountain of ecclesiastical legislation, to say nothing of its Jewish and Quaker members, is divided into sections of Romanists, Congregationalists, and Unitarians, as well as of Presbyterians and Episcopalians. The English Establishment, with all real power thus centred in the Crown, and an ultimate appeal to a divided and indifferent Parliament, is no more like the early Church, where the “multitude of them that believed were of one heart and one soul,” and all equally shared in the management of affairs, than the English institution of property, favouring the accumulation of enormous possessions in single hands, is like the economic system of the Church at Jerusalem, whose members “had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need.” The characteristic fact about the early Church is, as we have seen, the supreme power of the laity, while the characteristic fact about the English Church is that the laity have no power at all. For, as Baron Bunsen justly says, writing to Dr. Arnold about the theory Dean Stanley defends, and which he received from his old Rugby master, “it will always remain a miserable and unchristian fiction to say that the people are represented in Church government by the sovereign.”¹ The truth is, that the alliance of

¹ *Memoirs of Baron Bunsen*, vol. i. p. 392.

the Church with the State involves a complete departure from the early maxims and principles of Christian polity. But after all, it is very much a question of Christian expediency as to what particular organization of the Church will best accomplish the work it has to do in the world. And the connexion of the Church with the State must in the last resort be defended on its own merits. It has, undoubtedly, been attended with advantages in time past, and so long as it retains these it will probably be secure for some time to come. But it is no use attempting to rest the institution on a false historical basis, or to support it by irrelevant and paradoxical analogies. Such fallacious props weaken instead of strengthening the cause they are intended to support. As Whately points out, a bad argument is usually much worse than no argument at all, because when refuted, instead of going for nothing, as it ought to do, it prejudices the cause in the reader's or hearer's mind by suggesting that it shares in the worthlessness of its rotten supports.

Indeed, striking and effective as Dean Stanley's address is in many parts, it will not bear very close or critical examination, and is, in important respects, unsatisfactory as a whole. As it appears to us, he not only overstates, and in some places misstates, the general argument, but even understates it. And this imperfect treatment arises very much from taking a too purely historical view of the whole question, from looking at the external and legal aspects of the institution almost to the exclusion of its vital elements, moral conditions, and practical results. This partial point of view constitutes at once the strength and the weakness of the address,—its strength, because it invests the institution with the impressive and majestic associations of a glorious past; and its weakness, because it fails adequately to appreciate the motives and principles that are acting around us as living and powerful forces in the present. One illustration of this feature of the address occurs at the very outset, in the attempt Dean Stanley makes to diminish the authority of the objections he has to combat. After saying that the connexion of Church and State is assailed by a formidable combination of Nonconformists, philosophical Liberals, and High Churchmen, he refers each class of objection historically to a mere temporary feeling, losing sight altogether of the fact that the temporary feeling may have been grounded in reason, and thus have involved some principle of permanent importance.

“Before entering on the question itself, it may be worth while briefly to indicate one circumstance in the growth of these objections, which somewhat diminishes the prestige that they would otherwise possess. That circumstance lies in the fact that in the first instance

they all, as I have pointed out, had their rise in a temporary and transitory sentiment. The first beginning of the Nonconformist hostility to the connexion of Church and State arose, not from any scruple as to its abstract lawfulness, but from the antipathy of the Scottish Covenanters to any government which would not take the Solemn League and Covenant, and therefore to the Government of 1688, and from the natural irritation of the Puritan Nonconformists against the persecuting Acts of 1662. The objection of the Liberal school in great measure arose from a just dislike of the Pope's temporal sovereignty—an institution which, so far from being identical with what is properly called the connexion of State and Church, is an example of the opposite principle, that of guarding the separate powers of the clergy by special guarantees against the ordinary course of human and national law. The origin of the High Church objection, in like manner, arose, in the first instance, not so much from the tenets of the High Church party, who in Laud's time maintained the connexion with considerable energy, as from the resistance of the Jacobite clergy to the Dutch and Hanoverian dynasties, and afterwards, at the time of the Oxford 'Tracts,' from the alarm awakened by the suppression of the Irish bishoprics. In each instance, the vehemence of the feeling was continued after the occasion had passed away. But it has meanwhile taken the form of an abstract principle, threatening to undermine institutions very different from those which first engendered the sentiment."

With regard to the Nonconformists, there is no doubt that they were irritated by the hostile legislation of 1662, but every impartial historian has recognised that it was something more than temporary irritation that led two thousand clergymen to abandon their livings in the Church, and voluntarily accept a life of poverty, hardship, and destitution outside her communion. In theory, it is true, they were not in the least opposed to the connexion of Church and State, but the legislation of 1662 brought out the fact that in the matter of creed the State may so far encroach on the rights of conscience as to render the connexion impossible. They gave up a lucrative State connexion for the sake of holding in its purity what they regarded as important religious truth. It will scarcely be denied, even by the most adverse critic, that the conduct of these divines was a memorable instance of constancy to conviction, and of self-sacrifice. This is indeed admitted on all hands. "When the Day of St. Bartholomew came," says Hallam, "about two thousand persons resigned their property rather than stain their consciences by compliance, an act to which the more liberal Anglicans, after the bitterness of immediate passions had passed away, have accorded that praise which is due to heroic virtue in an enemy." And there can be little doubt that the Act which excluded these clergymen from the Church was specially designed to test, and if possible to tarnish, those vir-

tues of integrity and conscientiousness for which they were distinguished. This design is apparent in the slight changes made in the Liturgy just before the passing of the Act which enforced subscription, "*ex animo*, to all and everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer." "The Puritans," says Hallam, referring to these changes, "having always objected to the number of Saints' Days, the Bishops added a few more; and the former having given very plausible reasons against the apocryphal lessons in the daily service, the others inserted the legend of Bel and the Dragon for no other purpose than to show contempt of their scruples." The object was to supply an arbitrary test that should compel them to renounce their religious offices, or retain them only at the cost of their moral integrity. Had they possessed a tithe of the moral pliancy so common in some periods of Church history, they might easily have retained their benefices. No doubt the Dissenters of to-day are widely removed both in faith and practice from these Nonconforming confessors of two hundred years ago, and, amongst other changes, a large proportion of them have come to object on principle to the union of Church and State. But this growth of opinion is very much founded on the experience of the early Nonconformists,—on the fact, that at an important crisis in Church history the Government deliberately legalized what their ancestors regarded as religious error, and the growing inference thence arising that in the nature of the case the State is unfit to become the arbiter of religious truth.

Then, again, the Free Church, who represent previous secessions from the Established Church of Scotland, gave up their livings on a question of Church-government. The legal and political struggles that preceded the Disruption brought clearly out the fact that a continued connexion with the State was incompatible with what the evangelical party regarded as the essential rights of the Church on questions of internal order and administration. At the time of leaving the Kirk, the whole body of Free Churchmen were still theoretically strongly in favour of connexion with the State, as many no doubt still are, but subsequent reflection and experience has helped to convince them that on their terms it is impossible to reduce the theory to practice. Many at least have discovered that a State connexion involves, as Dean Stanley insists, State government, administration, and control. The High Churchmen, too, who now object to a State connexion, do so avowedly on the double ground occupied by the Nonconformists of England and the Free Churchmen of Scotland. They feel that the connexion restricts the freedom of action in relation both to creed and government, which they regard not only as an inherent right of

the Church, but as essential to her wellbeing. And though in theory strongly in favour of a State connexion, they also begin to perceive that it can only be realized under conditions which are fatal to the ecclesiastical freedom and independence which they claim for the Church. In this respect they have hardly anything in common with the Nonjurors, whose difficulties were political, arising out of a particular theory of monarchy, rather than ecclesiastical or religious. The primary question with them was as to the person of the true monarch, not as to the powers which the Monarch or State exercised in relation to the Church. The latter, however, is the only question with High Churchmen, who in these days are becoming impatient of State control, and it certainly is not historically accurate to say that this particular form of objection arose in the first instance "from the resistance of the Jacobite clergy to the Dutch and Hanoverian dynasties."

But Dean Stanley, as it seems to us, makes the greatest mistake of all, in endeavouring to discredit the philosophical objection, or the objection of the Liberal school to State establishments of religion by a brief and wholly inadequate reference to its origin. Besides the reference to the objection of this school in the passage already quoted, Dean Stanley says on the previous page that "it received a strong additional impulse at the French Revolution of 1789, and fortifies itself by the example of the United States." In a very able address expressly devoted to vindicating the connexion of Church and State, this is the only direct notice of perhaps the most powerful objection to the connexion, almost the only reference to the growing conviction in favour of religious equality, which is one of the most active and dominant political forces of the present day. That it should be a modern objection, only rising into effective recognition at a comparatively recent period, may no doubt diminish its prestige with those who take a purely historical view of the subject. But in itself it may have all the greater force and cogency on that very account, as the offspring of advancing general intelligence, deeper political insight, and an enlarged conception of public justice. The whole movement of modern thought, the whole direction of modern progress, tends indeed to confirm this view. We cannot but think, therefore, that Dean Stanley would have served the cause he has at heart much better, if, instead of slighting this objection off by mere allusion to its supposed origin, he had looked it steadily in the face, and endeavoured to meet it on some broad grounds of public interest and national policy. If the existing Establishments are to be successfully vindicated, this at least must be done. The objection of the Liberal school must be fairly met and dealt with on its own merits.

The objection rests, as we have said, on considerations of public justice. The Liberal school hold that it is fundamentally at war with the equitable and even-handed dealing that ought to characterize the action of a State, for it to recognise and support some partial religious expression of the community, and extend to it honours, dignity, and emoluments, from which other religious sections are excluded. The injustice is of course aggravated in proportion as the excluded sections approach, equal, or exceed the section that is the exclusive object of State patronage and support. It is felt to be at least anomalous, that in a free and constitutionally governed State, the wealth and power of the whole community should be employed to dignify and enrich the clergy of a single communion, while the clergy of other communions, in many cases perhaps equally pious, learned, and able, are shut out from State recognition and support as well as from the social and official status this recognition gives. Now, whatever we may think, on historical or other grounds, of this way of putting the case, there is undoubtedly real force in the objection, and it is one that is working very powerfully in almost all directions, and in minds of a widely different type, at the present time. It is indeed politically by far the most formidable objection by which the connexion of Church and State is assailed. It has already virtually destroyed the Irish Establishment, and it must in the end be equally fatal to any Establishment that at all approaches the political and social position of that so-called missionary Church. Neither the Scottish nor the English Establishment is in the position of the Irish, and the ultimate application of the principle of religious equality to them will largely depend on the degree in which they continue to attract to themselves public confidence and respect. In the light of recent events it cannot be denied, however, that these institutions are on their trial, and that if they are to retain the position they have hitherto enjoyed, it can only be by identifying themselves with national interests, in the largest and most comprehensive sense of the term. In this point of view nothing could be more short-sighted, and even suicidal, than the attempt made by some of the leaders in both Churches to defend the Irish Establishment at the very moment when it is righteously condemned not only by the country at large, but by the reason and conscience of mankind. They have so far done their utmost to discredit the principle of Establishments in the eyes of the nation, by identifying it with the injustice and oppression of the Irish Church. But we do not believe that this short-sighted action of bigoted or panic-stricken prelates and ecclesiastical leaders at all fairly represents the intelligence and sense of public justice, the liberality and patriotism of the

communities in whose name they speak. And we do not see why, after the present crisis is past, the Establishments north and south of the Tweed should not learn the lesson it teaches, and by frankly identifying themselves with the higher aspects of national life and progress, and, entering on a course of enlarged usefulness and activity, avert the fate which threatens the sister institution across the Channel. The Scotch Church represents the religious convictions of the country, and with a fresh infusion of energy, liberality, and public spirit in her corporate and local action, will probably be secure in public support. The English Establishment is strong in the affection and respect of large and influential sections of the community, and if it takes its place in the van and not in the rear of national enlightenment and progress, its connexion with the State will hardly be seriously assailed, and its position as an Establishment may be regarded as tolerably secure. To this end it is essential, however, that it should become more national and less sectarian in its aims; that it should seek to represent the opinions and convictions of the laity, and become more truly catholic and less exclusively clerical in its corporate action. In particular, it is absolutely essential to the future of the English Church, as an Establishment, that it should seek to conciliate the support of opinion outside its own communion by assuming a friendly attitude towards the Non-Established Churches of the country. The Wesleyans and Congregationalists divide with the Established Church the wealth and population of the land; and it is as certain as any proposition in practical politics can be, that an Establishment diminished in numbers and in the range of its activities to a sect, and maintaining a hostile attitude towards other sects, can never permanently hold at the national expense a position of exceptional privilege, dignity, and emolument. It is thus the true policy, as well as the duty of the Established Church, to enter into more cordial relations with the Dissenters, and unite heartily with them in the removal of political disabilities, and the redress of any public grievance of which they still have to complain. Dean Stanley fully recognises this duty, and towards the close of his address makes some valuable practical suggestions with the view of establishing a better understanding with Dissenters. Referring to the objection that State recognition involves an unfair and injurious amount of social disparagement, he says:—

“ I am not sure how much this exists; but, as far as it does exist, we ought all to grant that it is an unmixed evil, which ought to be recognised as such by none so keenly as the clergy of the Established Church, or with so earnest a desire for its disappearance. . . . Let us hope that this estrangement, which has doubtless of late years

already diminished, may altogether cease, and that we may more and more learn to treat our Dissenting brethren as our friends, our equals, our allies—in one word, as ‘Nonconforming members and ministers of the National Church.’ ”

The suggestions he makes are in favour of a community of pulpit exercises, that clergymen of Non-Established Churches should be freely admitted to the pulpits of Established Churches; the including of Nonconformists with Churchmen whenever the time shall come for revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures; and the free admission of Nonconformists to the Universities. These are steps that would undoubtedly tend to remove the feeling of estrangement between the two great divisions of the religious community, and thus to strengthen the position of the Established Church. The necessity of such a movement has also been recognised by some leading members of the High Church party, and informal conferences have, we believe, already taken place between dignitaries belonging to this section and clergy of the Non-Established Churches, as to the best means of establishing more cordial relations between the divided religious elements of national life. One direct means of accomplishing this end would be the full recognition of Dissenters’ right to share in the advantages secured to the country by its national endowment for the purposes of education. And when feelings of active hostility and irritation are in this way removed, there are advantages connected with an Establishment that would probably commend themselves to the mind of enlightened and liberal-minded Nonconformists. One of the chief of these is barely adverted to by Dean Stanley, and in this respect we think he has understated his case. This is the opportunity and the facilities which a State Church affords for the production of learned, meditative, and philosophical religious works of permanent value to all religious sections of the nation. It can afford to the higher order of intellect within its communion the learning and the leisure necessary to the production of such works as the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, *The Religion of Protestants*, *The Intellectual System of the Universe*, and *The Analogy of Religion*. These works, rising above the dogmatics of particular sects, are a permanent gain to the whole Christian community, a lasting addition to the body of Christian thought. They represent services that are in the truest sense national, and one of the main benefits of an Establishment is that it produces in this way men who add to Christian literature by producing standard works in theology and philosophy, in Biblical history and antiquities, exposition and criticism,—such men as Chillingworth and Taylor, Cudworth and Barrow, Clarke and Butler, and, in our own days, not to mention other names, Dr. Arnold and Dean Stanley himself.

Voluntary Churches more usually employ the higher intellect they possess in the active working of their own system, and in the case of the larger, more influential, and wealthy of these Churches, the results of the system are no doubt in many respects excellent. Voluntary activity produces a large amount of zeal, enthusiasm, and liberality, keeps alive the sacred fire of personal piety, is favourable to the development of strong, if not in all cases the most enlightened, patriotism and public spirit, secures a creditable amount of training for its clergy, and diffuses an active spirit of inquiry and a certain amount of literary interest and culture among the laity. But Voluntaryism as a system has hitherto been less prolific in standard theological works, in contributions to the highest order of Christian literature and learning. And there are reasons, in the nature of the case, why this should be so. The energies of Voluntary communions are almost of necessity tinged with a certain sectarianism, and even the larger minds in these communions tend to attach an exaggerated value to denominational differences, and to dwell on these rather than on the higher aspects and expanding relations of Christian truth and duty, in which all Churches are alike interested, and in which all Protestant Churches fundamentally agree. They thus produce comparatively few distinctively religious works, works of theological science and Christian philosophy, which are of standard value or national importance. And so far as Established Churches continue to render national services of this order, they have a strong plea to urge in support of their position, or at least in favour of the higher interests of Christian thought and learning being in some way provided for by the nation.

It is, however, natural and right that those specially interested in the future of these Churches should at least contemplate as calmly and dispassionately as may be the other alternative of disestablishment. Towards the close of his address, Dean Stanley touches on this question, and his way of dealing with it illustrates afresh, we cannot help thinking, the one-sided and confusing effect of taking a too exclusively historical or external view of the subject. He is so absorbed in admiration of the English Establishment as almost to lose sight of the English Church, and rapt in the contemplation of the historic glory connected with the legal institution, seems to imagine that, if it falls, all is lost. He seems really to feel the carefully simulated and purely histrionic alarm Mr. Disraeli recently expressed, that if the English Church ceased to be connected with the State it would at once break into a multitude of denominations, or be absorbed in other communions. He says :—

“It may be that we shall live to see the triumph of the triple alliance between the descendants of the Puritans, the descendants of Rousseau, and the descendants of Laud. It may be that we shall see this venerable growth of English history uprooted, the parochial system swept away, the National Church broken into fragments, the cathedrals and parish churches closed, Westminster Abbey sold to the first chance purchaser for what its stones are worth; the Episcopalian clergy left to the tender mercies of irresponsible Bishops, the Presbyterian clergy to the equally irresponsible tribunals of Presbyteries and General Assemblies; the nation at large cut off from any control over the greatest and most sacred of all its interests; the true voice of the laity and of the Church silenced in its greatest and most powerful organ; the nation ceasing to recognise the loftiest and purest of all the missions intrusted to it. This, and nothing less than this, will be a true and complete separation of Church and State. This may be, and out of this chaos our children may be called laboriously to construct a new order of things. But, till the fatal hour be come, I, for one, am prepared, as an American Bishop, impressed with the evils of his own system, recently urged us, ‘to fight for our present constitution, to the moral death.’”

This is a part of an eloquent peroration, which it is impossible not to admire for its graces of style and chastened enthusiasm. But, like most perorations, the substance will hardly bear close examination. Though we perhaps ought not to deal critically with what is after all very much of a rhetorical flourish, still, as in a matter of this nature accuracy is of some importance, we must say that it contains a considerable, though perhaps an excusable, amount of confusion and exaggeration. However zealous he may be on behalf of a State connexion, Dean Stanley certainly shows but little loyalty as an English Churchman in suggesting that the only unity his Church possesses is that imposed on it by an external force, and that the moment this pressure is relaxed its discordant elements will fly asunder or resolve themselves into sectarian atoms. What the position of the English Church would really be if separated from the State, is, however, a most important question, to be discussed in a spirit of sober foresight and reflection, and with something of legal exactness, rather than painted in vague and highly coloured rhetorical generalities. The question has already assumed a practical shape in relation to the Irish Church, and been partially discussed in the journals of the day. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, taking very much the outside view which Dean Stanley takes, recently argued, with some plausibility, that, in the case of the Irish Church, disestablishment would be simply destruction. He identifies the Church Establishment with the Church, and imagines that because the one

is the creation of the law, so also is the other. The main points of his argument are as follows :—

“ The Church and State are not two independent things, one of which has imposed upon the other certain regulations which may be removed, and if removed would leave the Church standing. The regulations are the Church, in so far as the Church is a definite, tangible institution—in so far, that is, as it is a body of men bound together by positive, definite human law, capable of being enforced *in inertos*. . . . The difference between other ecclesiastical bodies and the Established Church ‘is that in the one case the affairs of the Church, such as its terms of membership, its form of government, and its creed, are determined by law, whilst in the other they are determined by a contract, which is recognised and enforced by law. Hence it is obvious that when you disestablish an established Church you destroy it. The law is its bond of union. Take away the law, and it has no bond of union. . . . Suppose that to-morrow by a sweeping Act of Parliament the Church of England were utterly disestablished; suppose the Act of Uniformity were repealed, the Ecclesiastical Courts shut up, the Convocations of Canterbury and York abolished, the legal rights, powers, and characters of all bishops, rectors, vicars, and other ecclesiastical persons destroyed, where would be the Church of England?’ ”

It would be impossible, perhaps, to take a more exclusively external view than this; and though the argument proceeds avowedly on legal grounds, and refers to legal incidents, it is in its way quite as extreme in exaggerating the results of disestablishment as Dean Stanley’s rhetorical peroration. The other side of the question is put with great clearness and force by a writer in the *Daily News* :—

“ This argument seems to us to rest on a fallacy of observation. People have been so long accustomed to the great and conspicuous powers with which the Church of England has been invested by its connexion with the State, that they lose sight of those equally real powers which belong to it as a religious society. By the side of the material sanctions of the law, the spiritual sanctions of the Church naturally slip out of notice. When excommunication means fine and imprisonment, it is easy to forget that it also means exclusion from the sacraments; but when the civil consequences of spiritual penalties are removed, the latter are once more reckoned for as much or as little as they are worth. Let us suppose some other religious body, such as the Roman Catholic or the Wesleyan, to be established in England, and the case will become clearer. Upon this hypothesis the law would be a bond of union to the Roman Catholics or the Wesleyans, just as it is now to members of the Anglican Church. But though it would be the most obvious and ordinary bond, it would not be the only one. If the Church were disestablished there would remain a body of persons holding a certain relation to the Pope, and organized in a certain way under his authority, or a body of persons united in

classes and circuits under leaders chosen in a prescribed method; and these organizations would continue, and bind those subjected to them *in foro conscientiae*, although the law no longer supplied any external motive for adhesion to them. In what does the case of the Church of England differ from either of these? If she were disestablished to-morrow, there would still be archbishops and bishops, rectors and curates, clergy and laity. No doubt, the purely spiritual machinery of this organization would be found rusty from disuse, and much of it might be very ill adapted for the new work it would have to do. But, for all that, it would be an organization, not a chaos; and the constructive contracts arising out of such an organization would, we believe, be capable of being enforced by law. Disestablishment would not shut up the Ecclesiastical Courts, or abolish the Convocations of Canterbury and York, any more than it would abolish the Wesleyan Conference or prevent a Roman Catholic bishop from expelling a priest who had incurred such a sentence by the canon law."

The whole detail of cases and exposition of the law in the second part of Mr. Innes's volume, dealing with the legal relation of Non-Established Churches to their creeds, abundantly proves that this is the more accurate representation of the matter. If the Church were disestablished to-morrow, her existing standards would still remain, and in disputed cases they would still be of legal value and efficacy in Courts of Law. It is true they would no longer be incorporated with the Statutes of the realm, but they would still be authoritatively referred to as defining the nature of the contract which the Court would assume to exist between the Church and its officers. Though no longer of direct legal obligation, the articles and formulas would retain all their moral force; and where their moral efficacy failed, they would still have an indirect legal value as supplying authentic materials for guiding the decisions of the Civil Courts. The law would therefore still be supreme over ecclesiastical as well as over civil cases. The chaotic vision of irresponsible bishops and presbyters, revelling unchecked in the license of arbitrary power, is a dream of Dean Stanley's excited fancy. Whether the Church were established or not, a clergyman would still have the protection of the law, if he were unjustly deprived of his living by an ecclesiastical sentence, the only practical difference in the case of disestablishment being that the law would be put in motion after the ecclesiastical verdict of heresy or disorder had been pronounced, and not, as now, in order to obtain it. All this, moreover, is admitted, and even insisted on by Dean Stanley himself; and hence the confusion we have adverted to in the statements made in different parts of the address. When expatiating on the advantages an Establishment possesses in having an ultimate appeal to the

civil power in all cases, he speaks as though the members of Non-Established Churches had no protection from the law at all, as though in cases of personal grievance or injury their officers had no power of legal appeal or redress. "The one thing," he says, speaking of Non-Established Churches, "which these several societies in common need and dread, is the just and equal administration of law to all classes;" and this is represented as the peculiar and exceptional advantage of an Established Church. The same view is of course involved in the passage we have quoted as to the results of disestablishment. But in another part of the address, dealing with the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in meeting the objection that a lay tribunal is unsuitable as an ultimate court of appeal in ecclesiastical cases, Dean Stanley speaks as though there were no practical difference between Established and Non-Established Churches in this respect, all being equally amenable to the law:—

"It may be observed that decisions of this kind, though they constitute the chief point against which the missiles of Liberationists, whether inside or outside the Church, are directed, yet are the very point of contact between the State and religious convictions, in which almost every ecclesiastical community is equally concerned. No question of interpretation of doctrine, in regard to property, can arise in any religious body in England which may not eventually be brought before a tribunal of this nature for its settlement. It is the only tribunal in which all the contending parties will acquiesce. The only difference, in this respect, between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Nonconformists on the one side, and the Church of England on the other, is that the Church of England, in its Articles and constitution, openly acknowledges the principle which the others admit indirectly. When Cardinal Wiseman taunted the Church of England with having appealed from the High Priest's hall to the Hall of Cæsar, he might have remembered that this was exactly the course gladly pursued by the Apostle Paul before Festus, and that the judgment-seat of Pilate, the Roman magistrate, was the one opening of escape from the dark and iniquitous judgment of the High Priest Caiaphas. He might also have remembered that it was an appeal which he himself, willingly or unwillingly, must have made had a question in regard to property arisen, touching that large class of doctrines which one half the Roman Catholic world regards as lawful, the other as unlawful within their Church.

"The only Protestant community which seems to have succeeded in making the ecclesiastical tribunals absolutely irresponsible is that of the United States. There, by an ingenious system of distinguishing between churches and corporations, St. Paul's right of appeal seems to be almost entirely barred—I say almost, for even there the complex definitions of the American law appear to have left a loophole, through

which in some future time the right of individual members or ministers may be protected."

Here Dean Stanley fully recognises the truer legal doctrine with regard to Non-Established Churches, and turns to good account the facts and arguments brought out in Mr. Innes's volume. But the passage conflicts hopelessly with those in which he represents Non-Established Churches as virtually excluded from the operation of the law, as well as with that in which he depicts in such lively colours the chaos which disestablishment must produce. According to Dean Stanley himself, if the Church were disestablished to-morrow, there would still remain that direct contact between the State and religious convictions in which almost every ecclesiastical community is equally concerned. Even then no question of interpretation of doctrine in regard to property could arise which might not eventually be brought before a civil tribunal for its settlement. The chief, if not the only, difference would be, as we have said, in the one case of prosecutions for heresy, which could no longer be initiated in Civil, or rather in the National Courts. After all, however, as Dean Stanley himself suggests, this would make but little practical difference, as ecclesiastical verdicts of heresy are usually attended with material results, and the Courts would undertake to review the civil effects of ecclesiastical action, and thus indirectly to determine the validity of the ecclesiastical verdict. The clergy would not therefore be left to the tender mercy of irresponsible bishops, but enjoy, as they do now, the protection of the law in all ecclesiastical cases affecting their material interests. So much for the legal aspects of disestablishment. With regard to the moral results of such a step, it is of course more difficult to say precisely what these would be. It is at least possible that, if her connexion with the State ceased, the English Church might break up into two, if not into three separate communities. But there are some considerations which seem to render this a less probable contingency than it might at first sight appear. Foremost among these perhaps is the strong desire for union among related ecclesiastical organizations, which is a marked feature of the time. The movement is apparent among the Presbyterians of Scotland as well as among the Episcopalians, not only of the British empire, but of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Lambeth Synod, though hardly attended with any practical results, was morally significant, in this respect, as indicating the desire for union animating all sections of the Episcopal Church. And this feeling would probably operate to check the divisive counsels and courses of even the most aggressive and sectarian sections of the Anglican Church. The

ardent ritualists, for example, who strain most impatiently at existing restrictions, if the connexion with the State ceased, and they were free to leave the Church themselves or to expel any considerable section of their brethren, would probably be less disposed to take either of these courses than might naturally be supposed from present appearances. For the sake of preserving the unity of the body a considerable latitude both of opinion and practice would probably be allowed in the Non-Established as now in the Established Anglican community.

The growing feeling in favour of simpler articles of belief would also in the end work in the same direction. This touches on the second essential relation of Churches we have adverted to—the relation to their creeds. This also is gradually acquiring prominence as an ecclesiastical question. Under some one or more of its many aspects the subject may be said to excite the earnest attention and inspire the monitory utterances of the more thoughtful and liberal minds of almost every religious communion. The movement in favour of more catholic terms of ecclesiastical union, though of comparatively recent origin, is moreover marked by a range and depth of reflective power that must in due time produce appropriate fruit. As the direct offspring of awakened religious life, it is hardly surprising that the discussion about creeds should have turned, in the first instance, on their ethical and ecclesiastical rather than on their historical and legal bearings. The purely legal relation of Churches, Established and Non-Established, to their doctrinal standards, though of primary importance as regards the future, has hitherto been much neglected. Although the materials for such a legal review have accumulated in considerable abundance during the last half century, they have never yet been brought together in a convenient and accessible shape, much less turned to scientific account by competent analysis and criticism. At most they have been only partially used for temporary and controversial purposes. Before the appearance of Mr. Innes's volume no one had attempted to give, in the shape of an impartial digest of all the cases that had come before the Civil Courts, a clear and simple exposition of the principles established in this obscure but important department of jurisprudence. Mr. Innes's *Law of Creeds* accomplishes this not only for the first time, but in a manner so satisfactory and complete that it must become the text-book of the subject among the members of the author's profession as well as ecclesiastical reformers, statesmen, and politicians of all schools. It is true that the work refers primarily to Scotland, but the author reviews in the course of his exposition the law of the whole subject. It is thus fitted to be of special use to public men who, as members of the Legis-

lature, or in other posts of responsibility, may have by and by to deal officially with some of the questions raised in the legal discussion of the subject. Apart from its professional value, the volume has characteristics that will attract all thoughtful readers interested in such questions. The legal analysis of cases is preceded by a brief but instructive history of the more celebrated Scottish Confessions, while the exposition is throughout illuminated and vitalized by apt references to the central facts of Church history and current religious life. The style throughout too, is clear, sinewy, and forcible. While the style and method of treatment thus naturally interest an intelligent reader, the fulness of knowledge, candour, and fairness, apparent in every part of the work, will inspire him with confidence in the writer's judgment. In the professional parts of his work, indeed, Mr. Innes illustrates the best qualities, not only of the legal but of the judicial mind. He displays much of the penetration and impartiality, the power of sifting evidence, weighing arguments, and coming to a conclusion in harmony with the preponderating facts and reasons, which in estimating difficult and complex questions are the cardinal requisites of a sound decision. It is not easy for an educated man in Scotland to write on ecclesiastical questions without betraying some bias, or being more or less consciously influenced by sectarian sympathies. But we must in fairness say that Mr. Innes's work is singularly free from this disturbing element. In order, however, to guard fully against unconscious misrepresentation, Mr. Innes has given, in the shape of appendices to each chapter, all the documents—creeds, statutes, and decisions—which are summarized or estimated in the text. In his historical sketches, especially in the early chapters, tracing the origin of the Scotch Church and its creeds, Mr. Innes shows the possession of a fine historical faculty, a power of placing himself at the point of view of a past age, and realizing in a vivid yet dispassionate manner, the motives, spirit, and aims of rival theologians and reformers, in a period of intense and turbulent ecclesiastical conflict.

But the volume has other and stronger claims to attention than those arising from its legal acumen and fruitful historical research. The most interesting feature of the whole exposition is to be found in the brief but pregnant hints the writer gives as to the deeper problem underlying the mere legal discussion of the relation of Churches to their creeds, so far as it has hitherto proceeded. He deals in a philosophical spirit with the fundamental principles of ecclesiastical organization and religious life, and sagaciously anticipates the profounder questions as to their relation which must ultimately be raised, and the answers to which will largely determine the future of Creeds and Churches

on both sides the Tweed. It is true that the references to these larger questions appear in an unobtrusive form, being relegated very much to the notes, and only occasionally touched upon in the text. But quite enough is said to show the intimate connexion between the past and the near and more eventful future of Churches and Creeds. And it is this direct bearing of the legal and historical review upon current and approaching questions of the greatest moment, that will perhaps most of all attract intelligent readers interested in the subject to Mr. Innes's book. The real question which the book discusses is how far can Churches change their creed; and this in a critical age like our own—an age of theological inquiry and ecclesiastical transition—must sooner or later become one of absorbing practical importance. The way in which the whole subject is regarded by reflective men of earnest religious character, is well represented by the Duke of Argyll in his recent address at Glasgow:—

“There is, indeed, a question of great difficulty and vast importance, sir, what is the nature and kind of opinion in theology which justifies and calls for the forming of a separate communion? Our ideas on this subject are very much formed on the historical event of the Reformation, and perhaps on a few of later years. But those events themselves have generally been determined by causes with which a deliberate consideration of principle in this matter had very little to do. The necessity which had arisen from an entire revolt from the Romish system, compelled, or seemed to compel, men to review the very foundations of Christian theology, and to draw up new and elaborate definitions of belief. The relation in which these stand to modern thought is one of the great difficulties of our time. There has been a drift—a slow, gradual, and in its progress, an immovable drift of opinion, separating more or less the present generation from the conception of the time when these confessions and articles were composed; and probably there is not one of the leading Churches of the Reformation, whose members could cordially unite if their common confession had now to be drawn up for the first time. Their creeds and articles remain unchanged, not for the most part because of the general agreement they secure, but because of the greater disagreement which any modification would occasion. They cannot be touched, because different parties would desire to alter them in diametrically opposite directions. Some parts of these creeds—generally, we may hope, the more essential parts—are indeed held, and held as firmly as before; but other parts are held, if held at all, with less of emphasis and belief; while there are generally some portions over which we pass, or desire to pass in silence.”

When this is the way in which religious minds of a somewhat dogmatic and conservative type regard existing doctrinal confessions, we may be quite sure that the question, how far Churches

can change or modify their creed, will soon become a practical one. The answer to this question given in Mr. Innes's volume refers primarily, and throughout the more formal discussions, to Scottish Churches; but the legal principles established in the case of these northern Churches, and especially of the northern Establishment, apply with equal force to the Churches and Establishment of the southern portion of the empire. Nor is it a disadvantage at the present moment that the subject should be studied, in the first instance, from a Scottish point of view. The history of the Scottish National Church, in particular, is full of instruction to the English Establishment, in view of the serious crisis which the conflict of extreme sections within her pale must sooner or later almost inevitably produce. The signs of this approaching crisis are sufficiently apparent in reiterated demands for a revision of the Church standards on the one side, and in uncompromising protests against any State interference whatever on the other. Any proposal for altering the existing standards of doctrine or discipline raises at once the question of Church authority, and High Churchmen on either side of the Tweed have always taken the loftiest ground on this question, demanding for their respective Churches perfect freedom and independence of ecclesiastical action. Moderate Churchmen, on the other hand, perceiving the limitations to this action which a State connexion reposes, are willing enough to recognise the claims of the civil power, and to unite with it in carrying out needed ecclesiastical reforms. As the time for action approaches, however, as the call for some long deferred but necessary change becomes more imperative, the prospect of a collision between the rival sections naturally increases; and that is undoubtedly the danger threatening the English Church at the present moment. It is impossible to read the proceedings of the Church Congress at Wolverhampton last autumn, or follow at all the current movement of ecclesiastical controversy, without feeling that the rival parties within the Church are rapidly defining their position, and preparing for a decisive issue. Lord Lyttelton, as the representative of liberal Churchmen, claimed for the Church, in concert with the Legislature, the right of dealing freely with its articles, liturgy, and ritual, of modifying or altering them so as to meet the requirements of Christian thought and life. He specifies in detail some of the changes in creed and ritual which he regards as essential to the welfare and prosperity of the Church. Amongst these are important omissions in the Athanasian Creed, and the modification of its language, alterations in the baptismal service, and a revision of the Articles, so as to get rid of their technical and scholastic lan-

guage. He protested vigorously against the doctrine of ecclesiastical immobility held by extreme sections in the Church, and at times regarded with too much favour even by an organization so comparatively liberal as that of the Church Congress. "He had always thought," he said, "one of the slight indications of weakness in that vigorous, healthy movement was, that some seemed to think it necessary to lay down the principles of adherence in every respect to the letter of the Church's formularies. He would claim for any National Church entire liberty to consider any question of Christian doctrine or discipline." He considered that the limit of such doctrines ought not to be so laid down as to be beyond the touch of revision. The Churches should be left free to judge for themselves at all times as to what should be. He particularly dissented from the view of those falsely-modest, over-timid, and somewhat faithless persons, as he considered them, who represented the English Church at the present day, as less able than the Church of the Reformation or the Caroline period to deal with such questions." But while claiming this right, he is too moderate and sensible a Churchman to lose sight of the conditions under which alone it can be exercised by a National Church. "With respect to the liberty of action," he said he "did not to go the length of meaning that the Established Church should do anything in pursuance of that liberty which was not binding in law, and which was without the concurrence of the State." Archdeacon Denison, as a High Churchman, naturally rejects this view *in toto*; while the extreme High Church journals, in anticipation of Parliamentary action, call upon the clergy beforehand to reject, in the most summary and absolute manner, any legislative interference with the services or ritual of the Church. The *Christian Remembrancer*, for example, after solemnly exhorting the clergy to maintain a strong position of independence, "utterly regardless of temporal consequences," adds:—

"An Act-of-Parliament-altered Prayer-Book may be set at naught by the clergy with a clear conscience. We ought also to add that the present constitution of Parliament itself, and the prevailing temper of the times, make it their bounden duty to resist any such law, if they would not be stripped, not only of doctrine and discipline, but of decency and self-respect, and become such a Church as would be deservedly hissed off the stage of the world. Let not a rubric be touched."

Utterances equally strong, and even stronger, are to be found in the weekly organs of the ritualistic party. Nor is the protest on either side confined to words. In some places extreme ritualistic practices have been introduced since the Report of the Commissioners was issued, and avowedly as a practical reply

to its recommendations ; while Lord Shaftesbury's Bill of last session, and his recent inquiries in the House of Lords, sufficiently show that the opposite party are not disposed to retire from the struggle.

But this conflict between the High and Low parties in the English Church, which is only now beginning to assume a practical shape, and work towards a definite issue, has run its appointed course, and worked itself completely out in the Scottish Church. After a long but somewhat intermittent struggle of nearly three hundred years, it was finally settled, a quarter of a century ago, by an authoritative definition of the points at issue—a formal enunciation of the State's claim to supreme control, as temporal head of the Establishment, and the consequent withdrawal from the Church of the large party that had persistently rejected and denied that claim. But unless special attention is directed to it, the example is hardly likely to be studied amongst ourselves as it deserves to be, because the force and even the relevancy of the analogy between the past conflict in the North and the coming conflict in the South are to some extent obscured and disguised by accidental circumstances. In the first place, the High Church party in the Scottish Church was always low or evangelical in doctrine, while the same party in the English Church is universally high in doctrine, inclining to the sacerdotal theory. In the second place, the great struggle in Scotland turned not on points of doctrine and ritual, which are the main battle-ground in England, but primarily on a point of Church order, and afterwards, as arising out of this, on the question of Church authority and independence. But these points of local variation do not affect the substantial oneness of the two parties, grounded on their ecclesiastical affinities. For all practical purposes, the doctrinal difference between the two parties is unimportant, in view of the ecclesiastical identity ; for the ultimate issue between the High Church party and its opponents in any establishment must be an ecclesiastical one, must turn on questions of Church jurisdiction, authority, and independence. The High Church party, both in Scotland and England, agree fundamentally in holding that the Church possesses an exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters, and that in these matters therefore it is superior to the State, and independent of its control. There is a striking agreement also taken in the means to vindicate this position in the course of the conflict on either side of the Tweed. The recent Lambeth Conference takes ecclesiastically the position occupied by the Non-Intrusionist party in the Scottish Church before the Disruption, 1843 ; and the prelates who sympathize strongly with the movement, adopt in their official addresses the very language and watchwords that

were continually in the mouths of the Scottish High Church party on the eve of their secession from the National Church. Even so comparatively moderate a prelate as the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol says, in his last charge, that the time has come "to draw a distinct line between two things essentially different—a Church in union with the State and a Church professing a State religion;" and towards the close of his address denounces as a fallacy and a heresy the assertion "that the English clergyman receives his pay from the State, and is a minister of the State as well as the Gospel." But this is precisely the language used by the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland during the last days of their connexion with the National Establishment. They insisted with passionate earnestness that the Church was in union with the State, but not controlled by the State; and this is the very point on which the final verdict went absolutely against them. In view of similar claims now made by High Churchmen in England, Mr. Innes's summary of this final verdict is of special interest and value. He says, referring to the judgments of the Courts in cases in which the grave question was brought to a legal issue—

"It had been already laid down that the individual minister or presbytery, while remaining in the Church of Scotland, could not, under that Church's sanction, abandon the temporalities, and so be free from statute in spiritual and pastoral matters; and the principle seemed to imply that the Church itself, or its majority, was equally powerless to do so. It was now decided, not only that the acts of majorities of Church courts refusing to obey the law were invalid, but that the acts of the minorities obeying it should be valid and sufficient. And so when the Claim, Declaration, and Protest of 1842 pledged the Church (not to rescind the compact, for the Scotch theory never acknowledged that a compact affecting proper ecclesiastical functions was, or could competently be made, but) to abandon the temporalities of the Establishment as its conditions were now fixed, and when the Protesters of 1843 claimed to be the Church of Scotland stripped of its temporalities, the Crown at this crisis threw its authority into the constitutional doctrine which its supreme courts in Scotland had for years consistently maintained. The Queen's letter to the General Assembly of 1843 declares:—

"'The Act ratifying the Confession of Faith and settling Presbyterian Church government in Scotland was adopted at the Union, and is now the Act of the British Parliament. The settlement thus fixed cannot be annulled by the will or declaration of *any number* of individuals. Those who are dissatisfied with the terms of this settlement, may renounce it for themselves; but the *union of the Church of Scotland with the State is indissoluble* while the statutes remain unrepealed which recognise the Presbyterian Church as the Church established by law within the kingdom of Scotland.'

"The royal hands thus laid the topstone on the legal doctrine so

laboriously built up. The more these memorable decisions are studied, the more does it appear that a real definition, disruption, and separation has by them been effected between the two principles that struggled for centuries in the womb of Scottish history. The Nationalism of Knox might mean either of two very different theories. He was scarcely in his grave when the struggle between the two began; and perhaps the strangest thing of all is that it was not till 1843 that it was decided that it did *not* mean merely the recognition by the State of an independent Church of Scotland, possessing, by divine appointment, an exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters. These decisions *tend* at least to a nationalism of quite another kind—not now the casual coincidence of two independent bodies, the temporary concordat of two equal powers; but rather, the essential and indissoluble connexion of the most sacred function of the State with the State itself; or, perhaps, the essential and indissoluble dependence of the noblest institute of the State upon that national power which gives it existence and authority. Knox was not content to have a Church of Christ in Scotland—he was determined to have it a Church of Scotland. The State allowed the change, but has added its own interpretation—declaring it to be *its* Church, finally and inseparably; and Knox's descendants have found, what that great man strove not to see, that a Church with both independence and nationality, though in theory the most beautiful of all things, may at any moment be found to be practically impossible. The shining of that devout 'Imagination' has fascinated the eyes of many generations in Scotland, but will do so no more."

It is this devout hallucination, banished by the logic of events from the minds of Scottish High Churchmen that now fascinates and dazzles the excitable Pan-Anglican imagination in the southern part of the empire. And curiously enough some of the questions—those connected with the South African Church—which have roused this excitement to the highest pitch, are substantially identical with the questions that plunged the High Churchmen of the north into a prolonged and fatal conflict with the civil power. In both cases, in that of Bishop Colenso as well as in the once celebrated Non-Intrusionist cases, there is a conflict of jurisdiction—a conflict between the civil and ecclesiastical powers; and High Churchmen at the Cape indignantly protest, as High Churchmen in the north did a quarter of a century ago, against the unwelcome verdict of the Civil Courts.

But the serious conflict in England is more like to turn, in the first instance, on questions of creed and ritual than on those of Church-order and authority. The battle will probably be fought on proposal for the legislative modification of creeds, articles of belief, or practices that embody and reflect special doctrines. The real question which Mr. Innes's book discusses—How far

can Scottish Churches change their creed—is thus of special interest in view of current and impending ecclesiastical conflict south of the Tweed. For the principles legally established in disputed questions of creed are, as we have said, common to the jurisprudence of both countries. We can only indicate in briefest outline the answer to this vital question contained in Mr. Innes's able work—can only summarize a few of the more important points established by his historical view of the general question. Looking first at the Kirk, or Established Church in Scotland, it is important to note that, true to its Protestant origin, it not only at the outset discussed point by point, and deliberately adopted its first Confession drawn up by Knox and his associates, but maintained its right, and professed its readiness, to change any one of the articles, should they on examination prove inconsistent with God's Holy Word. With regard to this protest of readiness to change embodied in the first Scottish Confession, Mr. Innes says :—

“ We have seen the historical origination of the creed by the State and the Church, and their mutual relations in regard to it. Another interesting question arises, How far did they, or either of them, intend themselves to be permanently bound to this creed? The question is raised in the most striking way by the ‘ Protest ’ embodied in the preface to the Confession of 1560 : ‘ Protesting that if any man will note in our Confession any article or sentence repugning to God's holy Word, that it would please him, of his gentleness, and for Christian charity's sake, to admonish us of the same in write, and we of our honours and fidelity do promise unto him satisfaction from the mouth of God—that is, from His holy Scriptures, or else reformation of that which he shall prove to be amiss.’ A very striking commentary on this abnegation of infallibility and expression of the right of private judgment is given in the article of the Confession which treats of general councils. It goes very far, asserting that the right of councils is ‘ neither to forge new articles of our belief, neither to give the Word of God authority, much less to make that to be His word, *or yet the true interpretation of the same, which was not before by His holy will expressed in His Word.*’ None of the Confessions of the Reformation has a stronger expression of that right and duty of private judgment, on which they are all founded, and which they necessarily tend to repress. The question at once occurs, How far this protest for freedom to follow God's Word only is reconcilable with enactments by the State founding the Church upon the Confession, or at least defining it by the Confession, as in the fundamental Act of 1567 ; or, indeed, with enactments by the Church itself binding itself for the future to the Confession of its present faith? It is difficult, on the one hand, to see how the Church can be recognised and established without some definition, such perhaps as the Confession supplies; on the other, the declaration that those who in all time coming shall believe it, and

those only, are the true and holy Church of Christ Jesus, leaves little room for that correction of the Confession which our Reformers pray men of their gentleness to make. It is to be remarked that the preface which contains this remarkable petition, and which is addressed by the Estates to all countries, though inserted in the minutes of the Parliament of 1560, is omitted when the Confession comes to be re-enacted in 1567, and does not now appear on our Statute-book. It remains, therefore, a document as much of the Church as of the State, and indeed is fully as characteristic of the former as of the latter, so far as aspiration for freedom is concerned. And yet we find that the Church, which always outran statesmen in its passion for orthodoxy, accepted establishment on conditions which seem practically to tie it down to doctrine, and, except on two important occasions of subsequent history, has never shown more than a formal willingness to carry out the protestation of 1560. Scotland has always, indeed, asserted the Word of God to be 'the only *rule* of faith,' while the creed is only the utterance, expression, or confession of that faith. It has always preferred to call this document not the standard, but one of the 'subordinate standards' of the Church, reserving the absolute name for the holy Scriptures. Yet ever since the passing away of that noble generation of men whose earlier years were spent in rejecting the right of the Church to impose upon them any creed, and their later in fixing down, by civil and ecclesiastical enactment, their own creed upon all generations to come—ever since that insurrection of private judgment which we call the Reformation—private judgment has been frowned upon in Scotland; and the people and youth have been practically referred, not to the 'truth of God' alone, but to that wise and careful interpretation of it which their ancestors used *their* private judgment to attain."

In other words, the declaration in favour of periodical revision and change, the desire virtually expressed in the Preface for the constant exercise of advancing Christian intelligence in the interpretation of Divine truth, remained a dead letter for nearly a century after the adoption of the first Confession. Towards the middle of the next century, however, in 1643, amidst the temporary triumph of Puritanism, the famous Assembly of Divines met at Westminster. It was the hour when the advancing fortunes of Presbyterianism looked brightest, and it seemed likely to embrace within its sway the sister kingdom, so long and so completely given up to what was regarded in the north as the bondage of Prelacy. The Scottish Kirk, having recently revolted from the attempted constraint of the prelatizing Stuarts, and regained completely its power of self-government, sent Commissioners to the Assembly, who took a leading part in its deliberations, and laboured diligently, not in the revision of the old creed, but in the elaboration of a wholly new one. This creed, the celebrated Westminster Confession, was, after due deliberation, formally adopted as the creed of the Kirk by an Act of

Assembly in 1647. Of this important movement in the Scottish Church, Mr. Innes says :—

“ No mention is made in this Act of the old Confession of 1560. It may be supposed that the Assembly held both their old Confession and their new to be true, and therefore consistent with each other ; but this is not stated. Whether in any sense they held the old Confession to be still binding is a more doubtful matter. As the new one is to be a ‘ Confession for the three kingdoms,’ it may be argued that the old Scottish Confession might still continue as a municipal or domestic authority for Scotland ; but as the change is founded on the obligation to ‘ uniformity in religion,’ the presumption seems rather in favour of the exclusive authority of the new creed.

“ The fact that the Scottish Church did, at the culminating point of its history, and in the period of its greatest energy and influence, throw away the old creed upon which it might plausibly be said to have been even founded, and *proprio motu* exchange it for another and a wholly new one, casts a strong and not unneeded light upon the previous and subsequent history. And this is not less striking when we observe that the new creed is in no respect a modification or representation of the old. Not only is it the case that many propositions, and even whole paragraphs and chapters, contained in the Scottish Confession, are not found in that of Westminster, and that very many are found in the new creed which were not in the old,—but the two were not even made upon the same plan. The structure of the one is wholly different from that of the other. And they are equally different in details. There is no one sentence or proposition in the Westminster Confession identical with any one in the Scottish Confession. The new creed was made *de novo*, without any thought of the old. It is not necessary, in noting the differences between the Confessions, to suppose that these are irreconcilable. All truths are reconcilable ; and an adequate intelligence could deduce the whole body of divinity with absolute certainty from any one limb or fragment. But that very large differences do exist is certain. We shall have occasion afterwards to notice that, on so important a matter as the doctrine of the visible Church, these creeds occupy extreme positions, which are separated by the bulk of the Confessions of the Reformation. The doctrine of the Magistrate, of the Sabbath, of Predestination, of Assurance, of Church rulers, and of the Sacraments, may be instanced as matters in which all theologians have observed a great difference, while some have alleged a decided contrast between the two. And while the diversity extends to each sentence and to each clause of each sentence, there is a difference in the tone and sentiment, as well as in the mode of treatment and style of thought, of the whole, which reminds us of the lapse of the century between, and of the difference between the stand-point of the Reforming and the Puritan age—a difference not so great, perhaps, as between that of the Puritans and our own, but still one which is unmistakable and important. That the Scottish Church, bound with innumerable oaths and engagements to its old creed, should have voluntarily made

a change so great without the smallest scruple or hesitation on the part of a single member of it, indicates a vitality in the protestation for freedom of 1560, which the intermediate history had scarcely given us the right to expect."

The Church, while still claiming full control over its creed, did not attempt to vindicate the claim by any subsequent revision of its Articles. But, in 1693, when King William attempted to enforce subscription by royal authority, the Church, through the action of its highest Court, showed in the most unmistakable manner how jealously it guarded this disputed right. Of course neither the Oath of Allegiance nor subscription to the Confession were in themselves objected to. But the Church intensely resented the attempt at royal interference in a province she regarded as exclusively her own, and where, therefore, she claimed the absolute initiative. No further steps of moment were taken to determine this disputed claim until the decisive conflict of recent times, which ultimately rooted out of the Church the great party who, as the abettors of ecclesiastical independence, had always been its most strenuous defenders. By the terms of this final settlement, the claim was authoritatively rejected, and it was at length decided that the Church, being bound by Statute to its Confession, had no power to alter any of its Articles. The practical result of this decision is, as Mr. Innes points out, that being thus bound by Statute to its creed, the Church is more likely to be liberal in its administration than Churches which claim to be free. "The feeling," he justly says, "that the Church is now, in a sense never before attempted, a national Church, has had its inevitable and proper influence on the question of creed. In such cases, the Confession comes naturally to be regarded as the Confession of the nation rather than of the individual, or even of the Church; and the ecclesiastical body must make use of it accordingly. A Church that is free to change her Confession may be tyrannical, but a Church that is bound to one Confession must be moderate in its administration."

We can only indicate, in a sentence or two, the general conclusion reached in the second part of Mr. Innes's volume,—that dealing with the legal relation of Non-Established Churches to their creeds. This is the more to be regretted, because in many respects, and especially in its practical bearings on the future of Voluntaryism in England and Scotland, this is the most novel and interesting part of the whole inquiry. The great majority of Non-Established Churches in Scotland are not only Presbyterian, being originally secessions from the Established Kirk, but, if possible, more Presbyterian than the Kirk itself. The great peculiarity of Scottish Dissent, as Mr. Innes points out, is, that it was not properly Dissent at all, and

earnestly repudiated the name. Not merely was it the same in doctrine, discipline, and worship with the Church of Scotland, but the desire to maintain that doctrine, discipline, and worship unimpaired was the cause of its very existence. It separated, or, in its own phrase, *seceded* from the majorities of the Church, from a regard to that Church's honour and faithfulness; and its bitterness was the "perverted flow of love." The two largest bodies that left the Kirk before 1843, the Secession and Relief Churches, were minorities within the Establishment. But gradually the party within the Church, maintaining its freedom and independence, and thus ecclesiastically identical with the seceding sections, gained the majority, and at once attempted to carry out its own views. Mr. Innes thus sums up the result:—

"The spiritual independence party *within* the Established Church obtained the majority, and immediately, as we have seen, used their power to carry out their ancient principles. The result was that, being met and challenged by the law, they preserved indeed their own consistency at the expense of extreme sacrifice, but one great point of the argument in the question with the Voluntaries was finally decided against them. We observed above that the conditions of the Revolution Settlement have now been decided by law to be what the Cameronians had ever since 1688 held them. We must add that the whole conditions of Establishment have also been decided by law to be what the later Seceders, as distinguished from the elder, accused them of being. The principle of these decisions, as expressed in repeated powerful opinions of the majority of the Court, is, that not merely the Revolution Settlement, but the whole establishment of the Church of Scotland, *ab initio*, was upon grounds irreconcilable with the claims of the Church party, as these were put forward by Andrew Melville in the Book of Discipline, and have been held since by all the sections above enumerated. The Free Church no doubt left upon the table of the Court and the Legislature its 'Protest' that this was a misreading of the legislation of Scotland. But even the Free Church does not venture to deny that this reading has now been given, and that it has been given authoritatively by the functionaries who are entitled to declare what the meaning and intention of the law has been throughout all those ages. The protest of the Free Church is, that the conditions of establishment have been changed. But the doctrine of law is, that the conditions of establishment have really been ever since 1560 what they are now defined to be, and that the connexion of the Church of Scotland upon these conditions with the State is indissoluble. One step more. No one can carefully study the judgments following the Auchterarder case without seeing that their principle is not only that there has been, but that there *can* be, no establishment of a church by the State except on the principles of subordination there laid down. It is clearly put in many of these, and it is implied in all of them, that the old claim of Church independence and co-ordinate jurisdiction is absolutely unrealizable except on the condition of Voluntarism.—If the defeat of 1843 has been claimed by the Free Church as a moral

triumph, it may certainly be claimed as a legal triumph by its old adversaries the Voluntaries."

These large Non-Established Presbyterian Churches are at the present moment seeking to unite, and on ecclesiastical grounds it is not surprising that they should do so, as there is a perfect identity in their views of Church authority. As representing successive parties claiming spiritual independence within the Kirk, they all agree in taking the high view of Church jurisdiction, and in seeking to withdraw themselves from the cognisance of the law in purely spiritual concerns. In cases where the civil power has been appealed to against their decisions, they have pleaded at the bar of the Court a special spiritual jurisdiction. The Courts, however, refused to acknowledge this jurisdiction, and regard the power which voluntary religious societies claim to possess and exercise as founded on special contract. The standards of doctrine and discipline in these societies or churches are accepted by the Courts as evidence helping to define the terms and explain the nature of the contract. In cases where property is directly concerned, the Courts hold that the property is held in trust for the fundamental principles of the congregation, and the Court will accept any evidence helping to illustrate and explain what these principles really are, definite articles of belief having of course in this relation a prominent place and special value. From the legal doctrines thus established, it would seem as though Non-Established Churches were about as much bound to their creeds as Established Churches. At least, if creeds are to be considered identical with the fundamental principles of a Church, these Voluntary societies cannot change their creed without running the risk of losing their property. On the other hand, they all claim, and foremost of all the Free Church claims in the most explicit terms, complete control over the creed, including the right to change or modify its articles at pleasure. On almost any view of the case, however, this must be held to be an extreme position. For if creeds are not to be regarded in the light of fundamental principles, still every Church must have such principles, which as essential to its existence do not admit of change. On this ground Mr. Innes controverts the right specially claimed by the Free Church to an unlimited change of doctrinal views, or rather of fundamental belief. The last chapter of the book, in which he does this, and glances at the broader and deeper questions in respect to creeds, which must by and by arise, and be ultimately settled by the Civil Courts, is one of peculiar interest, and will be sure to impress the thoughtful reader by its calm insight, quiet earnestness, and clear intellectual power.

- ART. V.—1. *A Memoir of Baron Bunsen, late Minister Plenipotentiary, and Envoy Extraordinary of His Majesty Frederic William IV. at the Court of St. James.* Drawn chiefly from Family Papers. By his Widow, FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN. In Two Volumes. London: Longman, 1868.
2. *Gott in der Geschichte: oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. In Three Volumes, 8vo. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1857-8.
3. The Same—English. By SARAH WINKWORTH. London: Longman, 1868.
4. *Vollständiges Bibelwerk, für die Gemeinde.* Von BUNSEN. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1860-68. Still in progress.

THE Germans have recently made great strides in British estimation. Time was—not very long ago, in the year 1803 we think—when a young Etonian, in imitation of a distich by an old Greek epigrammatist, wrote a classical couplet against one of the most prominent of the rising philologers of Germany, which Porson turned into English in the well-known form,—

“The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not five in fivescore,
But ninety-five more:
All—save only one, HERMANN,
And Hermann’s a German.”

These words express pretty accurately, not only the general opinion of British scholars at that time as to the comparative value of English and German scholarship, but the general opinion of the whole British people with regard to the virtue and worth of Germany and things German. For though even at that period of our intercourse with the Teutonic part of the Continent, the names of Goethe and Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, and, among lesser magnitudes, Klopstock, Kotzebue, and Bürger, had begun to shoot significant rays into the dim atmosphere of our “tight little island,” on the whole no high estimate of German intellectual capacity prevailed in this country. Those whom we could not dispose of under the old category of erudite dunderheads and unfruitful dryasdusts, were easily shuffled into the vapoury limbo of transcendentalists, sentimentalists, dreamers, and pilers of cloud-architecture, in which, from Jacob Böhme downward, everything Teutonic, not at once intelligible to the English mind, so naturally seemed to find its place. To express the decisive verdict of our insular judgment against

any production of the Teutonic intellect beyond the Rhine, in those days it was thought enough to say that it was "German." In the minds of some classes of our countrymen this way of thinking may perhaps even now prevail; but in the general currency of language among the more cultivated part of the community a great change in this matter has taken place,—a change so great indeed, that we seem actually to be suffering from a sort of German invasion in the intellectual world, similar to that French one which overwhelmed us a century and a half ago, when Voltaire, as general European Aristarchus, sat on the throne of criticism now occupied by Goethe. For not only is this Goethe being universally quoted, but even Hegel is read and understood, and acknowledged also by some as the only prophet who is destined to save the rising mind of young Oxford from the cold sway of intellectual egoism in Comte and the harsh gripe of logical formulas in Mill. Sceptical historians of Greece rejoice to out-Niebuhr Niebuhr in arbitrary contempt for ancient traditions and arbitrary faith in modern imaginations; writers on mythology are not content unless they can invert the poles of the old English method of interpretation; and whereas Bryant rejoiced in proving by ingenious etymological processes that all gods were men, we are now called upon to believe that all men are gods, and that there is nothing human, real, or trustworthy in national traditions at all. Nay, so far are we advanced in an idol-worship of that Germanism which we so long despised, that the every-day language of our men who aspire to culture has assumed a certain German cast. Our "point of view" has become a "stand-point;" our manuals are turned into "handbooks," and not only our critical articles, but our Latin Grammars, must be duly sprinkled with the two-faced shibboleth of "subjective" and "objective" before they can be relished by the Teutonized palate of the hour. The causes of this notable conversion are, like some recent political conversions, not at all inscrutable, and sufficiently instructive to deserve a passing remark. Such things never happen by chance. First, there is the fact that it is only within the present century that the Germans have been able to claim for themselves a leading position even in the world of thought. In the long interval between Copernicus and Leibnitz, their intellectual products, written in a learned language, unwieldy, elephantine, and pedantic, and belonging far more to the bookish furniture of the university than to the green growth of real life, had no attractions for the great mass of cultivated Europeans. It was not till the pious fervour of Klopstock and the keen point of Lessing stirred the stagnant waters of the social pool, that the academic erudition of Germany began to assume a form calcu-

lated to exercise a powerful influence on European thought. One of the first in this movement was the celebrated Heyne, Professor of philology in Göttingen from the year 1764; and after him Wolf, Hermann, Boeckh, Müller, Welcker, and a whole hierarchy of a scholarship at once profound and graceful, stood forward before Europe, as acknowledged excavators and master-builders of the highest order, in every department of intellectual inquiry. Contemporaneously with this the boldest flights of speculative adventure were made by the most various and highly-gifted thinkers, from Kant and Fichte to Schelling and Hegel. At the same time, in England, Shelley and Coleridge and Wordsworth, in a poetical guise, had launched a thoughtful section of the British reading public upon a metaphysico-theological voyage of discovery, now cautious and timidly tentative, now plunging violently away from the yoke of tradition to which it had so long been bound. Carlyle, Maurice, Kingsley, and Tennyson, pointed, each after his own fashion, in the same direction; and before this movement the strong wall of partition that had so long divided practical England from speculative Germany fell down at many places. It began to be discovered that certain moral and intellectual cravings, which, after the red upheavings of the French Revolution had begun to cry for nutriment even from behind the hard ribs of Oxford conservatism, could be satisfied no longer, either by perpetual rumination on venerable native formulas which had lost all vitality, or by the glitter of pointed antitheses borrowed from France, with which a less serious age had been entertained. In this state of matters, Goethe naturally became a prophet to men of a concrete habit of thought; while abstract thinkers were attracted by Kant and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. From the meagre culture that had previously existed in our Universities nothing was to be hoped; our purely technical philology, dealing exclusively with textual criticism and verbal emendation, however useful in a subsidiary way, could show not even a crab-apple for those who were beginning to pant after a firm grasp of the fundamental principles of thought and the original springs of action. To English scholars sensible of this vacuity, Germany presented itself as the natural field of recruitment; and accordingly, no book of any great significance in the domain of learned inquiry has been put forth in England during the last forty years without the most visible marks of Teutonic influence. Without Niebuhr, Arnold had never been; even Puseyism dates historically from a violent reaction wrought in the mind of a thoughtful young Oxonian, long fed on the food of ecclesiastical tradition, by a contemplation of some startling developments of extreme

German Rationalism. In this way our inherited insular self-sufficiency thoroughly gave way ; we were forced to borrow at all hands from those to whom we had been accustomed to view ourselves as in a position to dictate. The Germans had decidedly become our intellectual masters ; we might not follow their eccentric movements in all respects, but we had been aroused out of sleep by their stimulating activity, and we could not do our daily work without the materials which their gigantic industry supplied. Thus matters stood in the world of ideas. Then came, in the world of deeds, the battle of Sadowa. The effect of this brilliant stroke upon the European estimate of Prussia, now manifestly identical with Germany, can scarcely be overrated. No thunderbolt of war had been launched in Europe with such admirable precision and effect since the days of the Great Napoleon. The shame of Jena was certainly wiped out now, if Dennewitz and Leipzig had left the score uncleared. Every man understands a blow, and no man more readily than John Bull. An idea is apt to confound him, a principle to repel, and an abstract proposition stimulates his contempt ; but a blow full of force and full of fruits,—in this he sees a something in which the power of a present god cannot be denied. Prussia now assumed the rank of a first-rate Power. But more than this : a general presumption was raised in favour of Prussia and things Prussian, strong in proportion to that which had long operated so powerfully the other way. It was certain now that the Germans were no dreamers. Their military organization was in some points superior to ours ; we had blundered in the Crimean campaign : Bismarck had not blundered in knowing how to win for Prussia the headship of Germany by a citizen soldiery and needle-guns. Vague declamations against centralization, red-tape, and unconstitutional monarchy would manifestly not explain the battle of Sadowa. Our political vision thus cleared, our eyes were forthwith opened to other considerations. Perhaps the organization of the Prussian schools and universities might prove as superior to that of Eton and Oxford as Prussian guns were to Austrian guns. This also turned out to be the case. Royal Commissioners were sent out, like Jupiter's eagles, to all the headquarters of cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic intelligence, and they came back with the report that Prussian schools and universities are the best. The scales were now completely turned. Like honest men, we confessed we had been beaten in the race ; and the cry was raised for reform, and is being now raised even more stoutly. We are now apparently engaged with all earnestness in the profitable work of self-examination. Not only has our hereditary horror of Germany disappeared, but our pride

has submitted to the reception of learned foreigners into academic chairs, to teach us what we had failed to teach ourselves ; and now the only danger is that we may resort to the mechanical method of wholesale importation to supply our deficiencies, and put up some German Hegel or French Comte to worship, because we cannot wait for a prophet of truly British growth to be our guide.

In this unsettled state of the English mind, and with this strong proclivity towards things German, no more grateful gift could have been made to the intelligent Englishman than the *Memoirs* of that illustrious Prussian scholar, theologian, and statesman, which it is our present duty to bring under review. Christian Charles Josias Bunsen was born at Korbach, a town in the little Principality of Waldeck, west of Cassel, in the year 1791. His father, a person of humble station, had served for the greater part of his life in a Dutch regiment, and, returning home without the expected promotion, lived at Korbach on the scanty subsistence afforded by the possession of a few acres of land, and a small retiring pension from Holland, besides what his own industry as a copying-clerk might produce. He was a man of marked aspect and decided character, with expressive features, keen strong eyes, and bushy eyebrows ; firm and unwavering in his tone ; faithful and just in all his dealings ; hot-tempered when occasion moved, but habitually mild and kindly ; independent in a remarkable degree, and against every form of unwarranted aggression resolute. He was fond of expressing the wisdom of life, gained by experience, in those pithy proverbial maxims which, from the earliest times, have been in all countries the great bearers of popular philosophy. After the fashion of Polonius, he sent his son out into the wide wide world with the shrewd triple advice as to expenditure :—

“ In clothing, live up to your means ;
In food, below your means ;
In dwelling, above your means ;”

and out of the bitter root, perhaps, of his own experience, he added—

“ *Werde nicht Soldat. Ducke dich nicht vor Junkern.*”

“ Don’t be a soldier ; stand erect before a man with a title,”—with both which paternal counsels the hopeful son, through his whole life, most faithfully complied. At the age of seven, Bunsen went to the Gymnasium, or great learned school of the Principality, and here he immediately distinguished himself by that rapidity of intellectual appropriation, that comprehensiveness of grasp, that sunniness of temper, and that kindliness of disposition, which were his distinguishing excellencies through

life. In personal appearance, also, the boy was, with him, in every respect the perfect father of the man: beautiful, fair-complexioned, curly-haired, with a full bright eye (often remarked afterwards as like Goethe's), and finely chiselled features, he was a youth in whom grace and strength and goodness seem to have combined to give the world promise of a truly great man. Though naturally self-willed, and wearing an air of command which sat lightly upon him, he recognised, with a true instinct of loyalty, the law of authority in his father, and others who were placed in positions of ascendancy over him. Like all boys of eager intelligence, he was a greedy devourer of books; and it is interesting for us islanders to observe what an important place our literature occupied in the education of an humble Continental youth, in the smallest of German princedoms, at the beginning of the present century. In the form of translations, Richardson's and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, and Shakespeare's plays, introduced him to the acquaintance of his "venerable friend John Bull," for whom in after life he ever cherished the warmest admiration. The English language he appropriated through the somewhat strange medium of Glover's *Leonidas*, which somehow or other in that part of the world had usurped the pedagogic function generally performed in Germany by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. French, of course, he learned also, and was the best French scholar in the school. In the year 1808, at the age of seventeen, he went to the University of Marburg, with a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket, a sum pretty nearly identical with that required by many a humble Scottish student at the present hour, for the defraying of his yearly academical expenses. After remaining a year here, however, he found that the sphere was too narrow alike for his intellectual ambition and his pecuniary support. There were more famous professors at Göttingen, and a larger concourse of students, in giving instruction to whom the poor scholar might be able to scrape together the necessary maintenance for himself. To Göttingen, therefore, in the year 1809, he repaired, studying general philology and public law rather than that theology to which he was naturally most inclined. The most powerful intellectual influence at this time in the Georgia Augusta was that of Heyne, a scholar who, though found inadequate to the peculiar wants of such a young philological Titan as Wolf, exercised a powerful and beneficial sway over the rising German intellect of his day—an influence which Bunsen never failed in after life gratefully to acknowledge. But like all young men of original talent at universities, Bunsen learned not less from himself and from his fellow-students than from his professors. He soon became the centre of a knot of

young men, most of whom afterwards won a distinguished place in the intellectual annals of their country. Among these were Lachmann, the author of a well-known new recension of the New Testament; Brandis, the editor of Aristotle; Lücke, the Evangelic commentator; Dissen, the editor of Pindar; Schulze, the poet, and a few others. He completed his studies at the university by the composition of a Latin dissertation on the Attic law of inheritance, which at once stamped him as a man who combined the most thorough scholarship with the most original thought, to a degree not at all common even in erudite and philosophical Germany. While pursuing his university career he supported himself, like many a poor Scotch scholar now-a-days, by teaching in public school or private family; and his connexion, in this latter relation, with a New York merchant named Astor, was one of the most fortunate circumstances in his early start; for the keen-eyed American at once perceived that he had secured for his son a tutor of no common calibre,—so he not only used him as a tutor, but admired him as a man, and loved him as a friend, and gave occasion to those frequent jumps in what the Poor-Law calls “settlement,” which drew our young scholar without delay out of the pale precincts of the university into the broad and busy arena of the European world. In connexion with this family Bunsen took an early reconnoitrement of Leyden and Copenhagen, Berlin and Paris, and seems to have made up his mind at an early period that with the “detestable Westphalian kingdom” of Jerome Buonaparte he could have nothing to do, and that, being a German, and having sworn an oath, with all the fervour of an intense patriot, to live and die for Germany, his only opportunity of doing so effectively was by becoming a Prussian. The fine prophetic instinct by which this resolution was formed has been amply justified by recent experience. While at Paris he occupied himself with the study of Persic under the celebrated Sylvestre de Sacy, this study being only a part of a grand project, early conceived, of transporting himself to India, for the purpose of becoming acquainted on the spot with the language, literature, and philosophy of the East; and he had at this time also schemed out in full the grand outlines of that philosophy of man, based on the study of language and religion, the rich results of which are exhibited so largely in his works. Never was there a man who knew more clearly from the beginning what he was to live for—internally that is to say,—for the circumstances of his outward life—what forms the whole life of some persons—his profession, and craft of making a livelihood, this he left to the disposal of Providence; and might have been, so far as his own inclinations went, a professor any day rather

than a diplomatist. On several occasions, indeed, he expresses a very strong aversion to diplomatic life, and yet a diplomatist he became, partly from patriotism, partly from loyalty, partly from Royal compulsion, and in a great measure no doubt, from that chivalrous and courageous spirit of adventure, which led him rather to grapple with the difficulties of new and grand situations than to sit down and be overgrown gracefully with the moss of a decent and reputable routine. From Paris, in connexion with Mr. Astor, Bunsen proceeded to Rome; and here he found the first great hero that acted powerfully on his early manhood, in the person of Niebuhr, then Prussian Resident at Rome, and his first step of ascent to the brilliant stage of European diplomatic life, where he so long remained one of the most distinguished among the distinguished. For Niebuhr chose him as his private secretary, and in this capacity he was introduced to business, and, what was of more consequence, to the personal acquaintance of the excellent King of Prussia, the father of the present monarch. There was a contagion about the person, attitude, and utterance of Bunsen that no man who had an eye for true human excellence could resist; and the Majesty of Berlin was not more backward than the New York merchant to discover and fasten on the young amanuensis of Niebuhr as a genuine man, perhaps a future statesman, who might do great things for the Prussian State, and, what the King loved almost better, the Prussian Church. Thus favourably introduced to the personal notice of the King, Bunsen had to wait only a short time for the retirement of Niebuhr, when he was appointed Minister in his room. This happened in the year 1823. Previously to this, however, Bunsen had secured one of the greatest items of happiness to a good man, in the person of an English wife. This lady was Miss Frances Waddington, now the Baroness Bunsen, to whose pious diligence, good sense, and fine tact we owe the composition of the very rich and interesting volumes of *Memoirs* that have given occasion to the present notice. The young diplomatist describes her in 1817 as "a girl of amiable character and clear understanding, and a very earnest Christian of the Church of England;" also, what was of no small importance to a chivalrous young adventurer like Bunsen, as "having a fortune,"—that means, we suppose, a certain moderate amount of disposable cash, that might render its possessor independent of the rude buffets of circumstance; for there is no indication in these volumes that he ever suffered, even when to the world he seemed most prosperous, from a plethora of funds. We now see Bunsen fairly launched on that broad sea of public life, at once intensely German and broadly European, where he floated so long,

so brilliantly, and, upon the whole, with enjoyment that largely outweighed not a few unavoidable discomforts. His tower of outlook for sixteen years was the Tarpeian rock, and there, in a dwelling at once sublime in situation, genial in its domestic atmosphere, and lofty in the moral and intellectual inspiration of its inmates, he became the centre of that rich and varied society which accompanied him through life, as the flowers on every sunny brae tend upwards, and spread their various-coloured petals concentrically towards the sun. And as the sun has rays for every diverse-tinted herb, so Bunsen had a side in his soul for everybody; and there are few names of any distinction in the intellectual, moral, and political world, which during that Roman residence, or at least in the natural sequel of it at London, were not drawn more or less closely into the circle of his most lovely attractiveness. Like Socrates, he was especially open to young men; and this not only because, like Bentley, he could see in the undergraduate promises of bright achievement of which the full-grown don was for ever incapable, but because his essentially human and Christian kindness led him to "condescend to men of low estate," and to find one of his chief sources of delight, as a strong man, in ministering to the weak. Not a few men both in Britain and Germany, now living, can trace to their early introduction to Bunsen their first acquaintance with a full-grown, living man, more electric in sympathy and more overwhelming in grandeur than anything that they had read of in books; an epiphany of more value in the education of a youth than the digested contents of a thousand libraries. But we cannot afford to follow Bunsen in detail through the rich-shifting panorama of his Roman life. In the year 1837, from complications arising out of the unfortunate dispute with the Court of Rome about mixed marriages, his diplomatic career on the Tarpeian rock was suddenly closed. Of this interval of rest he took wise advantage, by accomplishing a long-meditated journey to that country which he had long admired as the grand metropolis of reasonable liberty and a practical intelligence. In the autumn of 1838 he arrived at England, and there immediately began to plash about, with a fine juvenile intoxication of spirits, in a wide ocean of various delight, after a fashion in which only a Bunsen can indulge. This was exactly the stage on which his eminent power of being happy, and wonderful art of maintaining a lofty composure, and a quiet, fruitful activity in the midst of disturbing circumstances, might exhibit themselves to advantage. There is no need of saying that in England Bunsen soon became a universal favourite. If any person spoke against him, it was only one of that narrow class of minds to whom all greatness is

incomprehensible, or that selfish crew to whom all goodness is odious. There was a daily beauty about his life that might make certain people ugly; this was unavoidable—and besides, there was his prosperity, which, if not in London, certainly at Berlin, was calculated to excite in ambitious hearts no common flow of hidden bitterness. To have sprung from nothing; the son of a petty crofter in the pettiest State of Germany; to start on a few dollars, as poor as a travelling scholar in the middle ages; and then to shine as the first star in Rome, Berlin, and London, and be hand-and-glove with two absolute Majesties, whose mouth could shower down coronets—who could expect a bureaucratic courtier in Berlin or Potsdam to look upon these things with a temper corresponding in any degree to that described by St. Paul in the notable thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians? The dismissal of the brilliant upstart from the Papal legation no doubt caused ill-concealed ovations in the hearts of those who had long looked with a disavouring eye on his rising fortunes. But his arrival in Berlin might perhaps make matters worse. The King was not only fond of Bunsen; he literally longed for him—"hungered and thirsted after him," as a young lady does after the presence of her first lover, or the preacher to whom she is indebted for the first promptings of the higher moral life in her soul. However, it appeared that from the invasion of the permanent direct presence of such a meteor as Bunsen the red-tape circle of Berlin was safe. The bird flew a little too high for that atmosphere, and was somewhat too large for a bureaucratic cage. Bunsen saw distinctly from the earliest times that to the constant pressure of the fetters of purely bureaucratic life in Berlin he never could submit. No less able than willing to serve his country in a public capacity, he had yet an inner life to lead which he could not altogether sacrifice, and seemed to find, with a just instinct, that his vocation lay, as he himself expresses it, not in standing at the helm of the vessel of State, but in keeping a look-out ahead, and intimating the dangerous vicinity of growling storms or fretful shallows. Under these circumstances, Bunsen was relegated in the first place to a most pleasant and delightful retreat as Prussian representative in Switzerland; but the dignified leisure of this appointment was speedily terminated by that peculiar combination of Royal favour and English partiality, which brought him finally to London in November 1841 as Prussian Minister—the situation, at once most honourable, and for many reasons the most agreeable to him, of any that his Prussian Majesty had to bestow. At London, as most of us know, he remained, rising every year in the public esteem, till the year 1854, when a difference of opinion between him

and the Berlin Court on the affairs of the Crimea and the relations with Russia, led to his retirement from public life, with many tears from his rich army of English friends, but not without this great consolation to himself, that he was thus providentially withdrawn from public affairs at a period of life when not a few vigorous years might still be awaiting him, for the completion of those gigantic projects of scholarly achievement which his early ambition had marked out as the proper business of his life. Now, at last, he might retire with dignity from those scenes of diplomatic warfare, into which, however gallantly he bore the brunt of them, he had certainly never been forward to thrust himself; and without delay he ensconced himself in a fair castle, opposite to the hanging woods, and beside the sounding waters of the Neckar at beautiful Heidelberg. Here he prosecuted for several years, though under severe interruptions from now broken health, those laborious studies in history and theology, the fruits of which are before the world; and though no longer taking any active part in Prussian politics, he still enjoyed the Royal favour undiminished, was raised to the peerage, and took his seat at Berlin as a member of the Upper House in the year 1858. In the year 1859 it was thought advisable that he should remove to Bonn, where, by an honorary degree from the Berlin Institute, he was now entitled to appear as an academical lecturer. But, alas! for this and for other kinds of severe persistent work, little strength now remained. He was labouring under confirmed organic disease of the heart, which, amid the severest sufferings and the brightest revelations of Christian peace and joy, brought him to his mortal end on the 28th day of November 1860. His remains were interred in the public cemetery of Bonn. There the British tourist, who visits the birthplace of Beethoven, will not soon forget to look with respect on a plain column, chiselled with the name of Bunsen, and graven with a simple text from the evangelical prophet, which not more shortly than significantly proclaims the bright lesson of his life:—

“Lasst uns wandeln im Lichte des Ewigen.”

“LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE ETERNAL.”

Such were the main lines and principal salient points of this singularly noble, wonderfully energetic, and, on the whole, remarkably prosperous life. Let us now turn our regards from the outward drama with its shifting scenes, to the inward and constant soul which directed it. Let us attempt a short estimate of Bunsen's character, moral and intellectual,—an estimate which the present writer is emboldened to make, not merely from the

ample materials of the present Memoirs, but from an acquaintance of many years' standing with his principal works, and from frequent opportunities of personal intercourse at different periods of his career.

In the roll of notable personages that stand out in the history of the world like promontories on a long stretch of low flat coast, we meet everywhere with strong men and great men, but much more rarely with complete men. How often is it the case that a man becomes a genius in one direction, only by being in all other directions an oddity or a weakling! In fact, the very prominence of some particular faculty or feature tends both to upset the balance of a perfectly symmetric nature, and to fix public attention on one brilliant point of excellence, rather than on the harmony of a concordant whole. Now Bunsen, though we think there can be no doubt that he was both a strong man and a truly great man, was pre-eminently a complete man. To take an example: Porson was a strong man, and so was Samson; but neither the modern scholar nor the ancient judge of Israel was a great man or a complete man, for they both lacked that wealth of character and capacity which makes completeness, and that imperial control and use of wealth which makes grandeur. Porson was strong in the purely technical, that is to say, the least human department of scholarship; and Samson's virtue, which belonged to the same category as that of the lion and the bull, being essentially animal in its quality, was not strong enough to stand against the repeated appliance of those sensuous seductions in contest with which only moral strength can prevail. Among our very greatest men, indeed—those who sit with a certain solitary Olympian supremacy on undisputed thrones,—there is often some great deficiency on one side, which strikes inferior natures with surprise, and not seldom furnishes them with an unexpected solace for their general inferiority. Many a man, for instance, who is painfully conscious of his exceeding smallness before the graceful versatility, large sagacity, and oracular utterance of a Goethe, can reasonably comfort himself that he behaved in a more faithful and gentlemanly manner to his Jessie or Mary, than the Weimarian prophet did to his Frederica. Goethe was great as a thinker, great as a poet, great in some departments as a man of science, great as a critic and a connoisseur, great as a man of the world; but an incomplete man, notwithstanding his lauded many-sidedness, certainly he remained, because sadly deficient both in that lofty fervour which makes a heroic man, and that reverential awe which makes a devout man. But if ever there was what the Greeks call an *ἀνὴρ τετραγώνος* in the world, a thoroughly four-square, or, as the Romans phrased it, a perfectly rounded

man, in all the conditions and qualities of perfect manhood, that man was Bunsen. Whether taken from the intellectual or the moral side, from the speculative or the practical, whether in the active commerce with what is earthly, or in the devout contemplation of what is heavenly, we shall find that in each of these aspects he takes a high place among the many great men of modern Europe, and in the whole together, a place along with the first among the very few complete men which the catalogue of the greatest men contains. The completeness of his character may be most shortly indicated by saying that he was in his mental constitution, as in the outward features of his life, both a German and an Englishman, and possessed in an eminent degree the characteristic virtues of both these peoples, with only a very slight admixture of their faults. Faults he had, no doubt, like other men, and faults such as the quick eye of the world, whether in the jealous Court circle of Berlin, or the hard utilitarian arena of London, could readily discern; but his faults, so far as the present writer has been able to discover, were only the occasional exaggerations or misapplications of rare virtues,—faults proceeding from that rare combination of intellectual grandeur, sanguine ardour, and unflinching courage, which gives those who are thus loftily endowed a tendency to imagine that huge mountains are only molehills, which they can kick down with their feet; a tendency the reverse of that, so inherent in feeble spirits, by which molehills are regularly magnified into mountains. Intellectually, Bunsen was a thorough German; German in his single-hearted devotion to truth for the sake of truth; German in his lofty enthusiasm for the highest ideas, in his wide reach of sweeping speculation, in his patient search after the largest generalizations, in his dissatisfaction with every philosophy that does not grapple with ultimate principles; German not less in the thoroughness, accuracy, and comprehensiveness of his erudition, in the systematic tabulation of his knowledge, in his critical dealing with original documents, in his gigantic capacity for intellectual work, and, to use his own language, the fine “fury and the delight” with which he devoured an old manuscript or swallowed the vocabulary of a new language. It was one of his great maxims “to do nothing by halves;” and there is something truly Napoleonic in the grand way in which he maps out the ground with rapid and kingly eye, for any new intellectual undertaking that he thought worthy of his powers. His divine rage (*Θεία μανία*) for going to the root of the matter, and sweeping the whole field of inquiry, was constantly leading him into excursions, flights, and side-tours, which sometimes interfered awkwardly with the original route. When he was

engaged, at Heidelberg for instance, in the *Bibelwerk*, and had no reason to count on any superfluous strength for that so great enterprise, he was asked by Messrs. Black, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, to contribute a Life of Luther for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; this, with the fervid German patriotism which distinguished him, he could not refuse to do, and set about work immediately in his usual Cyclopean style; and, whereas the remuneration which the Scottish publisher offered for the article was £20, before a few days were over the Baron found that he had spent £50 on books, as a sort of quarry for the palatial architecture which he was about to raise; and from the germ of that contribution to the *Encyclopædia*, there was in fact sketched out in detail a grand Life of the great Saxon reformer, to be completed in three volumes,—a project which in all likelihood would, like so many previous ones, have waxed to a happy completion, had the machinery which obeyed this Titanic steam-power been strong enough to have endured the tear of another ten years. In respect of emotion, passion, feeling, sentiment, everything comprehended under the familiar German word *Gemüth*, Bunsen was no less a type of the country to which he belonged, and a full brother of that bright tribe of mortals to whom, in whatever field of energetic display, the epithet chivalrous has been applied. Great thoughts may prepare the way to shake the pillars of the world, but it is great passions that ultimately shake them; and only noble passions that make the shaking effective to any worthy reconstruction. To the last days of his life the flow of chivalrous emotion in Bunsen's soul was always fresh, and ever ready to swell into a spring-flood on the application of any natural stimulus. Some natures flow only at one breach, and present an impenetrable case of hard rock at every other approach: but Bunsen quivered with sympathy at every pore; and held out the liberal hand to give a grasp of strong fraternity to every excellence and beauty that came within the sphere of his attraction. He was always young, buoyant, hopeful, and enthusiastic. Amid the tortures of a prolonged illness, he triumphed in the achievements of Garibaldi at the same time that he found comfort in the faithful word of promised salvation from his God; and the *Cologne Gazette* was read to him eagerly to the last, along with some favourite hymn of Paul Gerhard, or some significant chapter of St. John. He was never absorbed by one passion, even the highest, to such a degree as to have the avenues of his soul closed to everything else. Nothing in the name of pure, natural, and noble humanity ever suffered repulse from him. He carried an atmosphere and a radiant force of love about with him which it was

difficult to resist ; only meagre, narrow, one-eyed, and selfish souls might feel discomposed by the brilliant flapping of his wings. But the general effect of his presence was to create love. *Si ameris amabilis esto*. He loved much, and therefore he was much loved. It was as impossible for him not to make friends, as it is for amber being rubbed not to produce electricity. To his emotional nature, besides the adventurous ardour which spurs a man into noble struggle, belong specially his delight in all forms and presentations of beauty, and the fervour and purity of his devout feelings. In both these again, the character and tone of his mind was peculiarly German. Though not himself a musician, his delight in all the higher forms of musical expression was extreme. From the Masses of Palestrina to the Oratorios of Händel, no curious combinations of sweet sound were unwelcome to him, provided always art remained the minister of reason, and the efflorescence of ornament was not allowed to choke the healthy growth of the sturdy plant. Like Plato—whom, by the way, he advises one of his sons to follow closely, next to the Bible—he had no patience for any art whose object was chiefly to exhibit the dexterity of the performer. That was not merely bad taste, but it was bad morality, for it arose out of the undue preponderance of the individual—from a root of selfishness therefore—and all selfishness is sin. In the fervour of his religious feelings no special devotee could surpass him. As in the case of the royal Psalmist, so there echoes through the whole life of Bunsen a sacred lyrical accompaniment to the bustling achievements of the Court and the battle-field. Like his countryman Körner, though not in external form a poet, he went through life with the sword in one hand and the lyre in the other. Nowhere in modern times have learning and science, philosophy and knowledge of the world, been so happily combined,—nowhere so gracefully adorned by the purest piety ; though “adorned,” perhaps, is scarcely the right word. Piety is the soul of all Bunsen’s multifarious activity,—the bright and breezy power that filled the sails of his life-ship, and made him ride the most tumultuous waters as lightly as the sea-bird skims the billow. It does not appear that the decidedly religious quality of his mind took its rise from any incident or date on which his biographer can lay a finger. Under the natural oversight of godly parents, piety appears to have grown up with him as with Richard Baxter and many eminent Christians, as fragrance grows with a beautiful flower. It lay in the germ from the beginning, and required only the natural expansion of a healthy growth and fair circumstances to bring it to ripeness. Anything like lightness or frivolity in talking of sacred things he never could

tolerate. On one occasion, when a rationalist of the coarse school at Göttingen was making some criticisms from the professorial chair, in a trivial tone, tending to bring the Scriptures into contempt, the young theologian (for whatever might be his external occupation, internally Bunsen was always theologizing) suddenly rose from his seat, put his cap on his head, turned his back on the learned scoffer, and walked out of the lecture-room. Here was not only a fine moral sensibility, but a touch of that direct manfulness, decision, and moral courage, in which, when the occasion demanded, he was never found deficient. Of his elevated youthful piety there is a specimen in a poetic form, written so early as the year 1812, which we insert here as one of the finest examples of sacred lyrical poetry which the large storehouse of Christian hymnology contains:—

“Thou, who of what Thou art
And what Thou dost in boundless space and time,
Didst plant the thought sublime
Deep in the holiest-holy of my heart,
That I might well employ
My strength upon Thy praise,
Catching some far ken of Thy glorious ways
Through the long march of the uncounted days,
Fraught with the fulness of exceeding joy!

O draw Thou me
Up to the world of uncreated day!
Me the earth-born, and make my vision free
From scales that dim and hide the heavenly ray,
That I may see some part
Of Thy great glory, as a mortal may!
That one such glimpse may consecrate
Through all the dreams of this my mortal state,
And float me high
Above the bustle of the driving hour,
Above the passions swelling wild with power,
That with unswerving eye
I may behold the surging centuries roll,
Serene with fearless soul,
Rooted in Thee, from whom my being came,
Thee, through all time unmoved, and through all change the
same!

And when my thought is filled with the rich store,
And my heart streaming o'er
With what Thou art, and what Thou dost,—O then
Give Thou my tongue the large and free employ,
That what I saw I may make known to men,
Fraught with the fulness of exceeding joy!”

In this noble utterance, there is nothing, we hope, which is not as thoroughly English and Scotch as it is German ; nevertheless, in reference to Bunsen's devotion generally, we must make the remark, that it is very distinctively German, inasmuch as it is less ecclesiastical than the English is wont to be, and less clothed with a certain traditional phraseology, and less tinged with a certain awful severity than the Scotch. It is the free, spontaneous, untrammelled, unconventional expression of a pure heart, a noble passion, and a manly God-consecrated human will.

Let us now cast a glance at what we may call the English side of Bunsen's character. This side, as every reader will understand, implies mainly that Bunsen, while starting always from that broad table-land of philosophic survey on which he stood as a German thinker, showed his affinity to the practical Englishman by never dealing with ideas, except with a view to action. Truth, no doubt, was to be sought for its own sake, in the first place ; but being found, was not to be rested in as a finality, or contemplated with an unfruitful rapture. For the utilitarian tribe of self-styled practical men, with every thinking man, he cherished a serene disregard, saying of them humourously on one occasion, in a letter to Dr. Arnold, that they worshipped "a Trinity of three persons, in which Washington was the Father, Franklin the Son, and Steam the Holy Ghost !" But not the less for this did he share, with the Great Napoleon, a profound contempt for everything in the shape of abstract ideology. "To what purpose," he indignantly exclaims, "are ideas, but to be realized ? to what can thoughts serve but to be brought into execution ?" And while he had read and digested the works of all the great German thinkers, he could not withhold a smile from the portentous array of metaphysical terminology which his countrymen are so apt to parade, saying, in the language of one of his friends, that "a thorough German cannot convey the soup to his mouth without the spoon of metaphysics." And against nothing are his whole writings so perpetual a protest as against that Hegelian tendency which reduces all existence to an empty balancing of abstract notions, without the potent and all-pervading presence of a living volition. In this respect, his influence in Germany has been, and will continue to be, most beneficial in the creation of a sound habit of mind with regard to historical evidence ; for even in this country, so boastful of its practicality, by the natural law of reaction, there is a class of persons growing up who require to be taught that all tradition does not consist in a conflation of allegorical fancies, and that man, the most real of all creatures, however he may love to give a human shape to

supermundane ideas and persons, does not, and cannot for that reason, forsake the real solid earth, from which, like Antæus, he derives his human strength. But the practical nature of Bunsen's mind was exhibited throughout his whole life in the most manifold ways. This it was which made England dear to him ; this which made him dear to England in a way that no German had been before. When he came over to this country, he plunged into its practical life with as much zest as he had done, while a youth, into the erudite investigations in which his countrymen delight. "I learn daily in this country," he says, "much from life itself ; therein consists English greatness. The true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that life." It was this love of life, as distinguished from mere thinking and knowing, that led him at an early period out of the schoolroom and the university hall into the diplomatic field. He would have been a great professor unquestionably, as our own Gladstone, with whom Bunsen had much in common, in the same way would have been. At various periods of his career he had serious intentions of retreating from the great arena of European public life, and devoting himself to the quiet stimulation of youthful thought in academic bowers ; but there was something in him that the comparative seclusion of even the highest form of scholastic life could never have satisfied ; he was too large and vital a fish to grow to his full natural stature, and to plash about, with the full scope of his fins, in that pool. There is a narrowing influence about merely academic life which, had he entered early into it, would have probably stunted the luxuriant magnificence into which he afterwards expanded, as the small court life of Weimar stunted Goethe. "*Es wächst der Mensch mit seinem grösseren Kreise*"—"The man grows wider with his widened sphere"—and therefore Providence led Bunsen from Göttingen to Rome, from Rome to Berlin, and from Berlin to London, to give the world, in this age of microscopic subdivisions and partial developments, some reminiscence of the grand human totalities of the olden times. Nothing is more delightful in Bunsen's English career than the vivid electric action with which every form of British life stirred him ; while in heart and soul, the fervour of his essential Germanism suffered no abatement. His noble faculty of apprehending instinctively at first the distinguishing virtue of every phenomenon was never more finely exhibited than in the remarks which he makes, after first being present at the meeting of the British Parliament :—

"I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the

entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause, and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly; I had the feeling that had I been born in England, I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English; how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked."

This of course is only one side of the picture, and Bunsen had too sweeping a glance to remain long without discovering that; but what a fine moral contrast does the tone of these remarks present to the unadmiring and unsympathetic spirit of some travellers, who perceive not the beauty of the sculpture, but only the blue veins that mar the marble, and present to those who are unhappy enough to stumble on their report, instead of a true picture of a foreign land, a wretched caricature, the product of their own ignorance, superficiality, and spleen. With the same quivering nerves of universal sympathy the Prussian ambassador flung himself into the full swell of the religious life of England; appeared as a speaker at religious meetings and evangelical societies; corresponded with Mr. Gladstone on the ideal of a Christian Church; and in preference to all the fair notabilities of London, chose a pious Quakeress, the famous Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, for his "favourite saint." Add to this, aristocratic balls and dinners, constant visitations of important political and ecclesiastical personages, an active diplomatic correspondence with the King of Prussia; and the grand completeness of the man will be understood, who could live in London, that monster metropolis of tumult and spur, doing all this, and at the same time get up every morning at half-past five o'clock, put on his fur pelisse, light his own fire, and sit down to *The Life of Jesus*, or a collection of ante-Nicene creeds and liturgies, with as much composure and no less efficiency than if he had been a Tübingen or Halle theological professor, with nothing to do in the world but to sip beer and smoke tobacco, and spin out some strange new reconstruction of Gospel history from the comments of drivelling Talmudists, and the dreams of Gnosticizing Fathers! Verily he was in the right who said that every highest excellence lies in the marriage of extremes; to be great in one direction has been found not difficult for many; but to bring out the swelling diapason of

life with one finger on the extreme treble of the speculative and the other on the lowest bass of the practical, this certainly is a very rare success.

So much for Bunsen the man. As a writer, his great eminence unquestionably lies in theology, and to his great works in this department all his other works may be regarded as subsidiary. The only exception to this is the weighty contribution which he made to the great description of Rome by a company of learned Germans. The occasion of this work was purely personal and local ; but his great work on Egypt, notwithstanding the charm of the personal presence of Champollion in Rome, would scarcely have been undertaken or carried out with such an amount of cyclopean labour, had it not been intimately connected with Old Testament history. Like a true German, Bunsen must commence his history of the Fall of Troy with Leda's egg ; and no scholar who loves grandeur and completeness of survey, as well as solidity of foundation, can regret his having done so. Had he tried fewer things, and devoted himself in undisturbed retirement to the completion of one great work, the book would have been a more finished book for the library and the bookbinder ; but the man would have been less a man in his proportions, less catholic in his views, and less human in his inspiration. Of his theology therefore principally let us speak here. From his earliest years, as we have already seen, the idea of God, as the true key-stone of all human thought, as the great centre light of all lights, was vividly present to the mind of Bunsen ; and the consciousness of the presence of the Divine Spirit in his own heart, combined with that sympathetic rage for humanity, which we have noticed as one of his leading characteristics, led to the projection of his great work, the *Consciousness of God in History*, which has lately been presented to us in an English dress by one of Bunsen's most accomplished female friends. This book, indeed, is pre-eminently calculated to give us the key-note to the author's character as a theological writer. Compared with other theologies, that of Bunsen is everywhere distinguished by the breadth of its views, the comprehensiveness of its grasp, the largeness of its sympathy, and the essential humanity of its tone. If Christianity, when taken directly from the lips of Christ, and not from the damnatory clauses of contentious creeds, is deservedly praised as the most human of all religions, Bunsen's exposition of it has the great merit of being the most human that ever was given forth to the Christian Church. His procedure in this view was exactly the reverse of that pursued by many of our theologians. Instead of magnifying the deficiencies of ancient heathen mythologies and philosophies, he laboured with all his might to show how much

of important religious light they contained, amid a blinding element of error. Perhaps his chivalrous desire to do justice even to the worst form of error may sometimes have led him into expositions more charitable than true ; but that his method was right in the main cannot be doubted. To present the common soul of good beneath various, and it may be distorted and caricatured forms, is the very business of a theology which is at once philosophical and genial. This broad way of looking at things led Bunsen to use the word "Christian" at times in a vague style, which minds whose range of religious ideas had been more narrow could not readily comprehend. We remember to have heard him vigorously maintaining against a pious Scotsman in Heidelberg that Goethe was a Christian ! Here no doubt his patriotism, as well as his catholicity interfered ; for Goethe was a Christian only in so far as he believed in God, in a Divine providence, and in the immortality of the soul ; in other respects he was no more a Christian than Aristotle, and much less so than Plato. But Bunsen's liberal embrace of all religious forms, varieties, aberrations, and even monstrosities, provided only the root of moral excellence was present, whatever faults of overstrained charity it might occasionally give rise to, pointed him out as the true disciple of the great Teacher, who purposely selected the heterodox Samaritan rather than the orthodox Pharisee as the bearer of one of the most human of his so human parables. * Like a true German, Bunsen sought in all things the idea ; in intellectual estimates, as well as in moral, he knew that the letter killeth, and the spirit maketh alive. So we find everywhere that he not only presents religion to us from the widest induction of its forms, but he pierces with the keenest glance into the concealed presence of that which alone makes a form valuable. We may compare his work on God in History to Fergusson's great work on Architecture, a book in which special local forms once held up as universal norms of taste, fall into their proper subordinate places as parts of a complete and richly various whole. From this point of view it will be understood what a subordinate value the creeds, confessions, and symbolical books of local Churches receive from our most catholic and human of all theologians. Of these creeds and liturgies no man was a more earnest student than Bunsen ; liturgies, in fact, were one of his early hobbies, and a hobby which the Majesty of Berlin was eager to ride with him, not always, in these unchurchly days, with a happy result ; but they were valuable to him only as historical documents, not as authoritative standards. Against no party did Bunsen, from his Heidelberg tower of observation, fling more fiery bolts with more decisive effect than against the extreme orthodox party in

Berlin, who, in combination with red-tape and police, were eager to impose those formulas as a permanent mould of faith, which consistent Protestants, according to Bunsen's idea, could only receive as steps to a higher development. All the creeds, indeed, from that of Nice downwards, proceeding as they did from the hostile encounter of opposing parties, and animated sometimes by a bellicose and bitter spirit, were from his point of view *ex parte* statements, which a wise judge could in no wise accept. And this brings us to Bunsen's more special position as a Christian theologian. He was a decided and emphatic Protestant; the Church with him was the congregation, not the clergy; the authority for its teaching was the Scriptures, independently interpreted, according to the rules of right reason, and under the enlightening influence of that Spirit from whom all Scripture proceeds. When contrasted with the leading phases of religious opinion in Germany, he occupied what his disciples regard as the just medium between Rationalism and Church orthodoxy; when measured by the theological goniometers of this country, Maurice, we imagine, Erskine, Jowett, Stanley, and the author of *Ecce Homo*, might willingly accept him as a brother; but both High Churchmen and Evangelicals, and the great mass of Scotch theologians, would denounce him as a rationalist. There is, indeed, no small difficulty in making intelligible to persons accustomed only to the theological divisions of this little island, the exact category, in the great classification of the forms of religious thought to which Bunsen belongs. The difficulty arises from two sources: first, from the fact that with all his love for England and the English, he lived and died, in his whole style and cast of ideal thought, essentially a German; and again, from the Janus-like duplicity of his character, which we have above described. From one side of his nature, no English High-Church devotee or Scottish Calvinistic zealot could be more fervid or more devout than Bunsen; from the opposite side, you saw him shaking hands with Renan, and declaring emphatically that he stood on the foundation of Lessing and Kant. It would create misapprehension to call him simply a rationalist, because this is a word that in the usage of English speech confounds two sets of thinkers, as different in our modern theological schools as Epictetus and Epicurus were among the ancient philosophers; but taken broadly, and by that connexion of facts which an Englishman has so quick an eye to seize, Bunsen was a rationalist, or a rationalizing theosophist, much more than any type of Christian which the Christian Church has generally recognised as orthodox. But with him rationalism was not, and could not be, opposed to "supernaturalism;" for he knew nothing of

Nature, except as indwelt by a great and guiding Spirit, whose inspiration he recognised with holy awe and rapture everywhere in him and about him. Of his general theological tendencies, the best indications are given by the sort of persons with whom he held converse in England. Arnold and Hare and Stanley were the men peculiarly after his own heart; and while he praised Channing as one of the noblest of modern Christian apostles, and welcomed Jowett's work on the Epistles as a sign of deliverance to English thought from long years of bondage, he has nothing to say for the Evangelicals, except that they go on "thrashing the old straw," while Puseyism is flat Popery and "sham sanctification." Let us say, therefore, that as in general character we found Bunsen to be a rare mixture of the practical Englishman with the speculative German, so as a religious thinker we find in him an equally rare union of fervid New Testament piety with an independent rational interpretation of New Testament records. In theology, his first principle was that faith in God is a living growth in every healthy mind, which may be dwarfed or perverted or overgrown, but never uprooted; and that when this faith, under the influence of the Divine Spirit, unfolds itself naturally, it finds the outward counterpart of itself in the religious history of the human race, and especially in the history of the Hebrew people and the Christian Church, which are the divinely chosen bearers of pure religious truth for all generations. As a person with fine musical genius recognises in the score of a Beethoven or a Mozart an organizing surge of sweet harmonies that at once satisfy and surpass his inborn cravings, so the human soul that reverently seeks to know the mind and to do the will of God, and does not "quench the Spirit" by any sort of moral or intellectual waywardness,—such a human soul finds its natural Divine nutriment in Christianity, just as the babe in its mother's milk. Or in the language of the schools, this is simply to say that Bunsen's theology was the outgrowth of a spiritual life, a matter of pure internal evidence. The cloud of witnesses, all forming chords in the same harmony, which he had gathered from the ends of the earth, of course in his eyes possessed great value; but they never could have been sought for, and never valued when presented, had it not been for the innate drawing towards God, which is as necessary to the moral nature of man as the attraction of gravitation to the planetary system. From this point of view, we at once understand Bunsen's estimate of miracles. He did not deny their possibility; their occurrence was a matter of evidence; but Christian faith, he says emphatically, is not founded on miracles. On prophecy, as an evidence of a Divine revelation, in the usual sense,

he seems to have placed no value; for he agrees with the rationalists in referring the prophecies generally to present events; and the detailed prophecies in the Book of Daniel generally he looked on as not authentic. And this leads us to state in one sentence the direct opposition between his doctrine of inspiration and that generally maintained in the Christian Church, and specially in this country. We dispute about plenary or partial inspiration in the sacred writings; Bunsen believed in the infallibility of the record in no sense, but in the divinity of the dispensation, and in the inspiration of the general contents of the sacred tradition. That tradition he held to be a Divine revelation; just as a disciple of Plato might hold the Platonic dialogues as a whole to be a certain tradition of a rational philosophy; but both beliefs might be entertained without assuming the infallible authority of the medium of transmission. The sacred records Bunsen handled in every respect as freely as a philologer might do the dialogues of Plato. Some he considered false, others interpolated, others not free from a certain admixture of the mythical element with genuine history; but nevertheless, when scientifically treated, forming a broad basis of fact, on which a religious man may stand as firmly as a mathematician on the postulates of Euclid. No man believes that Cæsar's Commentaries on Gaul are infallible; but the conquest of Gaul by the Romans, and the Romanisation of that part of the world, is a fact nothing the less: and in like manner the conquest of the world by a risen Christ and by a preached gospel is a fact of indisputable potency, without aid from the assumed infallibility of a written record, or the plenary inspiration of every spoken word.

These remarks, we think, will be sufficient to give the British reader a clear idea of the position of Bunsen as a theological thinker. The particular conclusions to which his philosophical views and philological criticisms led him, were too cumbrous here to follow out in detail; we shall only mention a single point or two, that the theological thinker may perceive how far his scheme of doctrine is from harmonizing with what generally passes for orthodox in this part of Christendom. The fact of the Trinity, for instance, and the divinity of Christ, he strongly asserts against all those who speak of the Saviour as a mere man. But the *doctrine* of the Trinity, as received in the Churches since the Council of Nice, he emphatically denies, and the word "Persons" introduced into our conceptions of the triune Divine nature he considers most unhappy, and, at the present moment particularly, a stumbling-block to many philosophical minds. Instead of "Persons," according to the traditional phraseology of the Church, he talks of "Factors," and denies unconditionally, as unreasonable, impossible, and

inconceivable, the pre-existent personality of the Son. Christ is God-man, but did not exist as a separate Divine person before his epiphany on earth to work out our salvation. The Incarnation he explains in a different way from that generally received by the Churches: God, he says, was incarnated as perfect man in Christ in the same way that the Divine Spirit is incarnated or becomes flesh in the body of the Christian Church. There is a great difference in degree here, but no difference in kind. Then, as to the death of Christ, Bunsen, while he glories in its reconciling agency, denies its vicarious character, as that is generally taught in our British Churches. He says further, that the ideas of a personal devil, and of an eternal Gehenna, do not belong to the essence of the Christian creed, but stand to the gospel exactly in the same relation that the allegorical myths in Plato do to the core of the Platonic philosophy. They are part of the accidental dress, not of the substantial structure of the doctrine.¹

We have thought it necessary to give these distinct outlines of Bunsen's theological creed, because this is a matter on which much vagueness prevails,—a vagueness, however, arising not so much from any ambiguity on the part of the thoughtful German, as from the very nature of the subject, and the absolute want of thinking, on subjects of this description, among large classes of the British public. But the value of Bunsen's theological works is in no respect to be measured by the quality of his theological opinions. The broad basis of induction on which his "God in History" places the great doctrines of religion is of no less value to the orthodox than to the heterodox. That man is naturally a religious animal,—that he is rather, as Socrates with a grateful triumph boasts, the only animal capable of religion,—is a proposition which the high sacerdotal Churchman and the broad popular rationalist, from opposite points of view, have an equal interest to maintain; and the history of the soul of good in things evil, redeeming them from utter rottenness, as it is manifested in the inner history of great popular idolatries and superstitions and eccentric forms of faith, is a field in which the most orthodox theologian will be entitled to overlook the labours of Bunsen only when he shall have superseded them by equally exhaustive works of his own. As to the great *Bibelwerk*, it is difficult to overrate the value of such a work at the present moment. That the author died before this great undertaking was completed is of far less consequence than may at first sight appear. The work consists of

¹ This statement of Bunsen's creed is derived chiefly, not from the Memoirs, though there are significant enough glimpses there too, but from the third volume of the *Gott in der Geschichte*, not yet published in the English dress, and from the eighth and ninth volumes of the great *Bibelwerk*.

two parts—translation and dissertation; and in both Bunsen had proceeded so far, and developed his views both by precept and practice to such an extent, as that his faithful disciples, who worked for him and with him unremittingly during his residence at Heidelberg, are now able to finish the building in perfect harmony with the scheme of its great projector. Bunsen's purpose in this book was to place the results of the profoundest modern criticism of the sacred volume before the general public in a form of which the profoundest modern critics had proved themselves incapable. This incapacity arose from a certain perverse impracticable subtlety into which German scholarship had worked itself, from a habit of using intellectual microscopes, which put the eye out of the healthy human point of view, and from the large amount of heavy apparatus from the academical workshop with which the Biblical learning of the most noted German theologians is encumbered. He wished also to act against the scepticism of Strauss and other myth-mongers, who had made use of the Hegelian formulas of the time to exorcise the kernel out of all the solid facts of history, and create in their stead a dance of idea-bubbles, reflecting in a seductive iridescent play the favourite conceits of the great critical juggler who had blown them. That the position occupied by Bunsen, in this view, is of the utmost consequence, both to sound thinking and to genuine religion in Germany, cannot be doubted; and that the merits of the author in this regard will be acknowledged by his countrymen much more generally after his death than they ever were during his life, may be prophesied with equal certainty. And for the English reader who knows German, the ripest results of modern Biblical criticism, whether in the form of comprehensive dissertation, or of curt sagacious commentary, will be found nowhere so happily digested as in the *Bibelwerk*.

It cannot be the purpose of this notice to attempt any criticism of our author's great work on Egypt, or of his philosophy of history, so closely inwoven with that and all his special works. Suffice it to say, that while his views on the unity of type and stream traceable through universal history may sometimes wander into regions where conjecture is slippery and proof impossible, his march is everywhere grand, and his suggestions fruitful. In certain regions, indeed, such as some of those which Niebuhr and Ewald trod before him, without a certain adventurous hardihood all progress is barred; and if Bunsen and his great coadjutor Lepsius have failed to establish to the satisfaction of British scholars that the sovereigns of the first eighteen Egyptian dynasties were successive rather than contemporary, their sturdy championship of this view was one step in the pleading without which a just judgment is

impossible,—not to mention that, independently of some of its speculations, the massiveness, completeness, and vastness of the work on “Egypt’s Place” will long serve the philological student as a model of method, and the historical inquirer as a storehouse of facts.

But we are detained too long from the Memoirs. These also are a work of Bunsen, and in some respects the most interesting of all. Equal in moral interest to Stanley’s *Life of Arnold*, and not inferior in intellectual significance to Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*, the present biography is superior to both in the variety of subjects which it touches and the breadth of scenery which it displays. If the life of a great scholar, from the narrowness of the sphere where he pursues his researches, is often as pale and grey as the books with which he converses, it is quite the reverse with Bunsen. His studies were carried on after the manner above described, in hours jealously snatched from an active life, while the scene of his outward existence was now in Rome, now in Berlin, now in London, among the most brilliant, the most busy, and the most influential men of his time. Never was a man who conversed so much with books less infected with their dust; hence the breezy vital influence which sweeps through every page of these Memoirs; hence the electric quickening virtue which sparkles from them, more precious than the fertilizing streams that the gigantic water-courses and aqueducts of his great works contain. Let us only imagine for a moment some learned Egyptian hierophant in the time of Socrates, living one-third of his life at Memphis, another third at Athens, and another at Rome; and let us possess from his hand such glowing and varied sketches of intellectual, moral, and political life in the then Europe as we have from Bunsen’s hand of the European life in the generation now departing, and we shall be able to conceive how valuable these Memoirs may prove to those of us now who are able to use them, how much more valuable they will become to the Carlyle or the Macaulay of some future century. The utterances which these volumes contain on the various phases of European thought and life at the present hour, will be extremely interesting even to those who do not acknowledge their profound truth; while the student of men and manners will glean from them many characteristic traits of English life, which only a foreigner of such intelligence and with such a position could supply. Let us gather a few flowers in both these fields.

The following letter to Lücke (Rome, 1821) is interesting as showing, that with a habitual temperament, bright, hopeful, and elastic, Bunsen at times could lay his finger on what he considered the sore point of the age, with a prophetic severity similar to that habitually indulged in by the sage of Chelsea:—

“The times in which we live seem to me most unsatisfactory: the minds of men are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation. What there is of strength and talent, or at least such as is free to display itself, is destructive and decomposing; while the principles fixed above all conflict of ephemeral personalities, the conditions of universal well-being, on which the salvation of Church and State depends, have become indistinct and unintelligible to most men, because to obtain insight into them is a work requiring moral energy, sense of duty, humility, faith, and devotedness. Yet there is a great commotion in the elements of society; and the saving Angel of the Lord descends only when the waters are troubled. The disproportion existing between the cultivation of the understanding and that of the moral capabilities is the fundamental evil; and the dissolution of social relations and of their reciprocal regard and recognition is a fact which leaves, humanly speaking, little room for hope. If it is yet time to save anything, my firm conviction is, that the main point everywhere to be striven after is the revival of all that was essential and real (as opposed to hollowness of form), as possessed by our forefathers; or at least the keeping open a possibility of such renovation.

“That intoxication of self-worship, which, devoid of moral intensity, of conviction, or of clear perception of the problems actually calling for solution, anticipated of late the attainment of unknown degrees of intellectual grandeur from a consummation of learning and science,—has begun to give place to the barbaric delusion which casts all knowledge aside, and reckons upon the breathing of the Divine Spirit through the ‘waste and howling wilderness’ of the empty mind, like the blast through the apertures of a ruined hall. . . . —’s conclusions, in general, can be admitted only by such as are convinced, as fully as he is himself, of the impossibility of the wonderful fact of redemption. I, on the contrary, am convinced that this fact is the especial foundation of religion and the essential object of faith, indeed the sole unvarying one. All dogmas not concerned with facts, may live out their term, but will have an end. I am convinced that all that is analogous to those facts in the inward history of every regenerate soul is but a single broken ray of the original light, proceeding from, and sustained by it. This is true, and the converse is not the truth. Whoever does not accept the facts of Christianity thus, but looks upon them as mere symbols of the true and essential ideas, originating in the individual human mind, is not a Christian, and still less a theologian. This is my line of demarcation; all discussion must begin on this side of it, for on the other side would be absurdity.”

The following remarks, written on his first visit to England in 1838, exhibit the antagonism between English and German nature, which we noticed as having found a centre of reconciliation in his own character:—

“I wish I could give you an adequate idea, what a power the intuition of English life exercises over me. Never have I felt it so easy and delightful to fly on my native *German wings* as in the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life. At

Munich I found, for the first time after many years, leisure and inspiration again for the highest speculative activity; but it is now only when the other *pole* of my existence has been electricised by England that I feel the new action which Schelling has given to my intellectual life. I wish I could now do something to embody this *vita nuova* in a worthy form.

"On this day, the evening of which we have ever celebrated in friendly union, I must address a greeting to you over sea and land. I am still in your debt and that of other kind friends for the valued birthday-remembrance which your affection dictated to me from Frascati. You will know that, at first, after my arrival in England I was ill, and since I have been so sunk in beholding and contemplating English life, that only the Pyramids can be said to stand out above the flood in which I floated.

"The spectacle of a great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is, in itself, grand and elevating; and to me the more so, as in the same measure as I recognise and admire the high superiority of the nearly-allied existence which yet is not the actual life to which I belong, the more I take in the full consciousness of what is to us, as Germans, individual, and rejoice in it. As to everything practical, high and low, we have only to place ourselves at the feet of other people, to contemplate and learn; and whoever loves to learn, and understands how to learn, will be taught here by the wisdom that walks the streets, by the very air that he inhales. It is another thing with philosophy: the power of thought belongs to us, the Germans, in this day of the world's history; I mean the philosophical consciousness of the life and of the reason of things divine and human in thought. There is, however, a general sense of the need of this here among the higher minds: Coleridge is looked upon among them as a prophet, and he has left sayings of high and deep intelligence upon these subjects, but single and unconnected."

His admiration for England, it will be observed here, is confined to that practical tact, which, even without clear perception of principle, often leads our strange jumble of a Legislative Assembly out of the greatest difficulties. But there are occasions on which this dexterous habit of walking blindfold on the edge of a crater will be no guarantee against a fatal precipitation; the instinct that guides our unreasoning legislators is by no means so "unerring" as the tongue of the flatterer recently proclaimed; and in this view the following short indication from a letter to Gladstone (Berne, 1840) is full of significance:—

"It always struck me when in England, and is constantly before my mind, how little political thought is in most of her statesmen, in consequence of the all-absorbing party quarrels of the day. It is buying political liberty rather dear! I know you do not misunderstand me, and thus I write to you without fear of being thought impudent and arrogant. *Amor non timet.*"

And with regard to religious thought in particular, he seemed to look on England as utterly dead; in all questions of moral speculation, the hope of the world was to be found only in Germany. The following is from a letter to Lücke:—

“To the whole period from Origen to Luther, I feel an utter stranger. After Origen the Church-system, not the congregational, but the hierarchical, was finally established, in opposition to that of Moses, as a new Law, and went on growing and developing itself up to the time of Luther. The new birth, however, is slow and difficult. Christ must and will become living flesh and blood nationally, as He did humanly—as He is becoming in the community of believers. Universal priesthood, instead of the former exclusive order; works of love, instead of professions of faith; belief in God within us (i.e. Christ), with such awe and humility, as can alone preserve Him to our souls;—that is the Religion and Church of the future. All besides must fall, and is already spiritually annihilated. The Bible remains as the consecrated centre of the world’s history, from the standing-point of the individual consciousness of God.

“In England everything, except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God, is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic; public worship in general lifeless; the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre. The fall may be terrific, like that of ancient Rome;—see my ‘Egypt,’ vol. i., the chapter on the learning of the Romans.

“With us, the theological reaction will pass away like the political, and the anti-theological revolution like her daughter the Red Republic. We are still the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes. I live my intellectual life in my native country.”

In another letter to the same theologian, on occasion of the publication of his *Hippolytus* (August 1852), he uses similar language:—

“I have just completed *Hippolytus und Seine Zeit*, after thirteen months’ hard work, both in English and in German. To the German edition I have prefixed a Preface, armed at all points, for the Government and the nation. One of my practical objects was and is, to stir up the English out of their spiritual slumber and materialistic tendencies, before the great conflict of minds, and perhaps of nations, begins; and so far my book (*Hippolytus*) is a contest for Germany,—for our only indestructible and peculiar property, I mean inward religious instinct and freedom of spirit. My English friends were at first alarmed on my account, at the matter I addressed to their countrymen: but I know the English nation better than they do, and have more Christian courage, because my convictions are stronger than theirs. When, after a life of serious inquiry, one has reached one’s sixtieth year, one must have attained to convictions instead of opinions, and also to the courage necessary for expressing them; even to the pretension of being wiser than the ‘raw recruits’ of the rising generation. In my ‘Life of Jesus,’ I consider His single personality as purely and truly Divine, because purely and truly human in appearance, in earthly

reality. With us, the new generation is partly infidel, partly bigoted. There is a want of the courage and enthusiasm necessary for carrying out the great task of our age.

“ Here I live, as a German and a Christian, in the heart of a great people, who love and honour me, fighting the battles of my country, and serving, with fidelity, but also with freedom, the King of Prussia, whose affection towards me holds good, in spite of diversity of views.”

Strong as this may appear, the writer was in no sense blind to the peculiar defects and extravagances of the German mind. How significant and how decided, for instance, is the following brief sentence to one of his sons :—

“ The whole German system of study is irrational, because no bridge is contrived between theory and practice; and antiquarian research in separate branches of knowledge is substituted for the universal interests of humanity.”

And how strongly he was opposed to the pompous vacuity of any merely logical method, the following extract from a letter to Renan (1860) shows with sufficient emphasis :—

“ In the endeavour to make clear to my own mind what it is that unites us, and what it is that appears to separate us, I come to the consolatory conviction that we are separated by nothing essential, and that our divergencies are, in part, those of age, in part that of the starting-point. You know my opinion as to empiricism on the one hand, and on the other, as to wholly logical metaphysics (so called pure, equal to empty) in the science of the finite mind. It is as if astronomy were to be studied without making observations, either according to apparent phenomena, or according to the circles of Ptolemy (which being geocentric, answer to the psychological method), or lastly, according to an abstract system, which should ignore the facts of the planetary motions. And yet, this is the point at which we have arrived at this very hour! We are in want of the knowledge of facts, and of the science of their connexion, of their finite causality, which, in our historical sphere, signifies development, or science of *evolution*.

“ The real science of the finite mind should be, then, the combination, on one hand, both scientific and methodical, of a theory of existence in reference to evolution, and of a method of progress from logic (the negative) to reality (the positive) by the categories of evolution, modified by the specific nature of the subjects logically formulized, such as Language, Religion, Art, Science—and, on the other hand, of the critical arrangement of facts, considered philologically (the fact, itself, that is, the accomplished fact), and historically (the fact in process of becoming, the fact as member of a series, as the link of a chain).”

The following to one of his sons (1846) contains some of those sweeping sentences of large condemnation in which even his charitable nature occasionally indulged, when stung into

indignation, either by any of those pretentious eruptions of erudite nonsense, such as every Leipzig Fair sends forth, or by that lazy fashion of believing in forms and formulas, to which collective humanity has always been so prone:—

“The more I reflect upon the present time and the future, upon my own generation and yours, and upon the laceration and dismemberment of intellectual and popular life among Germans, the more do I groan in spirit over human folly. *Wherefore* labour to be possessed of the key of all knowledge, only to open therewith syllables and letters and trifles of antiquity? or else, whether consciously or unconsciously, to prove that nothing is likely to be discovered which could remunerate the labour of opening or forcing the lock? Who has a right to break down, unless he possesses will and the power to build up again? No man has a calling to deal with History, who is not clear in his own mind as to Religion, the social system, and that of the State; and how should he become so without having studied theology and law? Between reality of knowledge and pretension to it, careful discrimination is essential, which, however, is not difficult to a German philologist, who might as easily interpret the Bible and the Pandects, as Theocritus and Eustathius, and far more easily than the Ramayana and Menu; but first of all, he must have learnt to interpret Homer, Plato, and Thucydides.

“Take hold of the thing with the spirit, my beloved son; and drive out of your head all useless self-contemplation; in its place let your mind dwell on *reality*, the God-created object of intellectual contemplation. Leave alphabets and stones to others, from whom you may learn their just interpretation, and plunge into the history of the revelation of God in humanity, the centre of which is the Bible, and its outward enclosure the Pandects. The antiquated magic spells, by which historical revelation was to be conjured up, are broken, or at least powerless; not certainly because their object has ceased to exist, but because spells more potent have become visible on the mental horizon, in consequence of the more rapid revolution of the intellectual universe. In like manner is the Roman law system verging to its decline, to make room for a more perfect edifice.

“Religion is to the Christian, in the nearest sense (*not* as with the Jew, the Hindoo, the Arabian), that which enters into his flesh and blood; just because it is the religion of *humanity*, and not a part of nationality. In other words one might say: *therefore* shall Christianity pervade both *nation* and *state*,—the *ὅσιον* shall unfold out of the *ἱερὸν*: not as with the Jews, by direct revelation and tradition, but as by the *Ionian mind* popularly worked out, from the God-given essentially human feeling. That is what I should call a regenerate nationality! But there are, alas! mere shadows of Christianity in the world! Such is the Book of Common Prayer to the Englishman, and the General Assembly to the Scotchman.”

No man who knows Bunsen will for a moment suppose that the strong language of this last sentence implies any want of appreciation of the distinguishing virtues of the two great British

Churches. He knew perfectly well how to estimate, perhaps at more than their full value, both the liturgical element in the English, and the popular element in the Scottish Church; but he knew also there were not a few large classes of persons in both countries who practised either an idol or a sham-worship of their respective ecclesiastical peculiarities; and in reference to these, he says to one of his sons, in all likelihood that one who is at present a respected member of the Anglican Church—
"Take hold of the thing with the spirit, my beloved son!"

But Bunsen is not always a philosopher and a theologian. All the time that he is writing gravely he is living playfully. Before breakfast he is digging Hebrew roots; in the forenoon he is with Queen Victoria, who "is most engaging," and with Prince Albert, who is "lovable and full of tact as ever." Take the following letter about the young London vagabond who some five-and-twenty years ago fired a pistol at our beloved Sovereign:—

"Yesterday, early, I was received by Prince Albert. The following is the order of circumstances:—As the Queen with the Prince on Sunday was driving back from church, over Constitution Hill, the Prince observed (on a spot where it was afterwards proved that Oxford had stood) a pistol held out towards the Queen, which plainly had missed fire. On re-entering the Palace he questioned all attendants and servants, but no one had seen it. On Monday morning, early, came a boy of fourteen years of age, bearing witness to the fact. Thereupon a council was held, and it was resolved that the best plan would be for the Queen to drive out that same day at the accustomed hour, the carriage closely attended by the equerries, fifty policemen being on the road disguised in common attire, it being calculated that the man of evil intentions would then take the opportunity to renew the attempt. It was the Queen herself who freely resolved thus to proceed; 'for,' she said, 'I should else not have a moment of peace as long as the shot had not been fired.' They set out upon the drive—think only with what feelings! the Queen *hoping* that the shot would only take place; the equerries (Arbuthnot and Wylde) hoping that the ball might hit one of themselves or their horses, and horse and man striving to cover the Queen! The shot was fired—the Queen exclaimed, 'God be thanked! now we are safe. I heard the report.' At the same moment the miscreant was seized—a youth twenty years of age, a London reprobate. Being questioned, he answered: 'Patience, gentlemen, by-and-bye you shall hear everything.' No ball has been found; it may be difficult to bring an intent to murder home to the fellow.

"The tone of feeling is duly solemn in the whole Palace, which I rejoice to observe.

"The Queen is admirable, she would not allow Lady Portman to accompany her on Monday, saying, 'I must expose the lives of my gentlemen, but I will not thoes of my ladies.' She was perfection in demeanour all yesterday."

There are other notices of Queen Victoria in the Memoirs, and always in equally favourable terms.

The following is from a letter to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Waddington, November 1846 :—

“I had brought with me German books for the children, and received permission to present them. The Queen brought the royal family into the corridor after luncheon, on purpose to give me that opportunity. The Prince wanted to have the pictures explained, and I *sat on the floor* in the midst of the group; we all spoke German, and the Princess Royal, by desire of the Queen, read a fable out of one of the books perfectly well. The Queen often spoke with me about education, and in particular of religious instruction. Her views are very serious, but at the same liberal and comprehensive. She (as well as Prince Albert) hates all formalism. The Queen reads a great deal, and has done my book on the ‘Church of the Future’ the honour to read it, so attentively, that the other day when at Cashiobury, seeing the book on the table, she looked out passages which she had approved, in order to read them aloud to the Queen-Dowager.”

In our next extract, from notes written in the year 1849, when young Germany was in hot ferment, Prince Albert appears in conversation with the Prussian ambassador on the relative value and position of French, German, and English civilisation :—

“It is long since my ships have all been burnt, and that I have given counsel to friend and foe, without consideration of consequences to myself! I shall maintain my post here, as long as I can, as a fortress of freedom; but I shall not withhold a word of warning, in order to keep off the attacks that menace me, nor shall I go forth to meet them.

“All that I long after is beyond these trammels;—leisure for reflection on the Divine which subsists in things human; and for writing, if God enables me to do so. I live as one lamed; the pinions that might have furthered my progress are bound, yet not broken.

“Sir James Stephen is to become Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He intends to lecture upon French history, and therewith to connect the general history of European civilisation. I observed to Prince Albert, that Stephen probably came to this determination from the desire to make Guizot’s work on the civilisation of France and of Europe a foundation for his lectures; but that purpose was ill judged, for the great epochs in art and science in the modern world belong to the Italians and the Germans, and not to the French. Yet much may be said for Guizot’s opinion, that the French have exercised so powerful an influence over the world; they form the medium between the practical English and the theoretical German. They have always best understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation. But their influence is diminishing.

“The important thing would be, that Stephen should make of the Professorship of History a life-calling; that he should *live* at Cambridge, and unceasingly labour to influence the cultivation of

mind in the youth of the University, by a well carried out course of historical instruction, not only by aphoristic, dilettante lectures—although even such will constitute a step in advance. Stephen is said to be Evangelical in principle, but not fanatical or narrow-minded, as is proved by his articles on Wilberforce and Hannah More.

“The Prince observed, when I had stated to him the theory of Guizot as to the relative position of the three nationalities to each other and to the world, that the danger of the French was in licentiousness; the Englishman’s besetting sin was selfishness; that of the German, self-conceit. Every German knows all and everything better than all others.

“I remarked to the Prince, that the single-action (*Einspännigkeit*) of the German was probably the consequence of our imperfect political condition, the want of centralization; that individualizing in things intellectual was a feature of character in the German, as federalism in things political. But were there a sufficient central power opposed firmly to this tendency, *that* would be just the requisite condition of the highest and most beneficial civilisation. England and France have a great advantage, in that each, by the joint operation of the most distinguished intellectual faculties to be found in each nation, can produce, and represent on every given occasion, the very best within its separate capacity; whereby the *measure* is given of what is attainable in that country—the *standard* is not only elevated but kept high.

“The Prince is actively busied with the idea of an Universal Exhibition in London, of the produce and the results of industry of all countries. Four classes—1. the raw products (wool, flax), as original material; 2. machines; 3. manufactures; 4. productions of art, for the improvement of artistic skill and of taste. I suggested the formation of a mixed jury, to distribute the prizes. It will be done by subscription. The undertaking is a grand one, and no person could conduct it but the Prince, from his great versatility of knowledge, and his impartiality.

“It is at Osborne House that the Queen more especially feels herself at home; she there enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart’s content. She walks out in the beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds with the Prince and her children, in prospect of the sea, and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain, in the midst of a quiet rural population. In the afternoon we all drove to St. Clair, the country residence of Lady Catherine Harcourt, near Ryde: where a bazaar was prepared for the benefit of the Hospital. The Queen made purchases to a considerable amount, and distributed a part among the accompanying party. In the royal *char-à-banc*, I sat near the Prince of Wales, and behind the two eldest Princesses; they all spoke German like their native tongue, even to one another. The heir-apparent has gained in appearance of strength, and has a pleasing countenance; he will be eight years old in November. I called his attention to the eagerness with which all the inhabitants crowded round to behold the Queen, because she was so good, and therefore beloved.”

On this passage we may be allowed two remarks, just to show what a wealth of wise hints lies in these Memoirs to those of us

who may be willing to take advantage of them. Our first remark is with reference to the English universities, in which Bunsen, in common with every intelligent foreigner, and many home critics, finds two great defects—the want of an effective professorial system, and the feebleness of the historic element in the curriculum of Arts. If history is to be taught anywhere, it ought to be taught in universities; for these institutions alone supply that learned leisure, that freedom from ephemeral political passions, and that habit of dealing with original records, without which history can never become either solid in its foundations, comprehensive in its generalizations, or fruitful in its results. Neither is there any branch of study so well calculated at once to shake the youthful mind free from the incrustations of local prejudice, to lift it to a broadly human platform, and to prepare men of all classes in a free country to look on public questions, alike unchained by the inapplicable precedents of the past, and unseduced by the meretricious novelties of the hour. In such great academical establishments as Oxford and Cambridge, there should be at least half a dozen Professors of History, working in that serious fashion which Bunsen here indicates. But if England has as yet failed to reach this German standard, Scotland stands much lower. In the Scottish universities, historical studies have been so little encouraged that several historical chairs which once existed, have either been pared down to the smallest possible efficiency, or have been literally metamorphosed into Natural Science! Intelligent foreign judges, such as Bunsen and Döllinger, at once recognise here one of the most alarming symptoms of the general neglect of erudite research and historical appreciation, in a country once dignified by the names of Buchanan, Ferguson, and Robertson. The second remark which occurs to us arises out of that peculiar distinction which Prince Albert draws between the Englishman and the German, when he says that the besetting sin of the one is selfishness, that of the other conceit. In what sense this criticism is to be taken may not be quite obvious at first sight. That the Englishman is personally, socially, or politically, a more selfish animal than the German, or the Frenchman, in the common sense of that word, it were hard to prove. But what we think Prince Albert had in view is a sort of intellectual selfishness, begotten of the one-sided way of looking at things, which his eye for the momentary need, and his aversion to great general principles, often creates in the mind of Mr. Bull. A person who has not learned the habit of looking round about a thing, and thoughtfully balancing different points of view, is apt to believe that there is only one point of view possible, and from this he bears down imperiously, and in the face of all qualification, eager to find a cheap

triumph rather in the effectiveness of his blow than in the completeness of his scheme. And this no doubt is a sort of "selfishness" from which no people can be exempt in whom the passion for immediate action may have been allowed largely to overgrow the capacity for comprehensive thought. As to the Germans, again, the conceit with which the Prince charges them springs out of an overcharge of those very ideas of which the Englishman is so suspicious. Nothing has so great a tendency to nurse intellectual conceit as the habit of dealing largely with sweeping general principles to the neglect of facts. And the existence of this conceit to a very large extent among the learned Germans, is amply proved by the arbitrary way in which they set themselves to deal with the written records of the past, the facility with which they mistake fancies for facts, the cunning jugglery by which they transform all history into allegory, and the presumptuous confidence with which they sometimes set themselves to construct the universe, as if they had been present at the birth of the stars, and intrusted with the sacred keys that unlock the doors of all mystery.

We have said nothing hitherto of Bunsen's political opinions; but it is scarcely necessary to say, that here, as in the kindred region of the Church, he was a fervid apostle of freedom, and as such, no doubt, expected more from men sometimes than men were able to supply. With the great German movement of 1848, which proved a failure, he warmly sympathized; but this failure does not at all imply the falsehood of the general view with regard to constitutional liberty in Germany, so warmly uttered in the following extract from a letter to Mr. Reeve:—

"Let me follow up this idea, in order to convince you that our struggle for freedom has rightly originated—that is from the Spirit—*descendit cælo*. Was not its beginning indeed from above? in the minds of the great thinkers, who, from Lessing and Kant down to Schelling and Hegel, have, in conflict with the materialism of the past century and the mechanism of the present, proved both the reality and essentiality of reason, and the independence and freedom of moral consciousness, and have thereby roused the nation to enthusiasm for the ideal of true liberty? And did not poetry and the fine arts take the same way? What is the signification of Goethe in the world's history, if not that he had a clear intuition of those truths, and the art of giving them due utterance? Wherein consists the indestructible charm of Schiller's poetry, but that he has sung as hymns to the supernatural, preternatural, those deductions of philosophy?

"Now to proceed to the time of our deepest depression, and of our highest elevation,—from 1807 to 1813. That which now *would* and *should* and *must* enter into life, was then generated, in the midst of woe and misery, in blood and in prayer,—but also in belief in that ideal, to the true recognition and realizing of which, the feeling of an existing fatherland and of popular freedom is indispensable. Truly

prophetical (as the truth must always be) are the words of Schenkendorf in 1813, 'Freiheit, die ich meine,' etc., and 'Wie mir deine Freuden winken,' etc. And also Arndt with his grand rhapsody, 'Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?' and Körner's melodies of death, and Rückert's songs, brilliant and penetrating as steel! All that may sound to the foreigner as mere poetic feeling; but to us, who then pronounced the vows of early youth, it was a most holy and real earnest, the utterance of overflowing hearts. And thus it remained to us; and our children learned from us to repeat the vow; and when we lay twenty-five years long in heavy bondage, when the very freedom of speech was suppressed, then through all suffering the spirit of liberty took refuge in the sanctuary of knowledge,—but, not as was the case with our fathers, to expatiate in untried regions, and seek freedom only in contemplation and speculation, but to fetch down the highest blessings of common life, as the poets of the former generation had in a vision beheld them, and as Scharnhorst and Stein and Niebuhr and Wilhelm von Humboldt had grasped them in will and wish. Then was the younger generation instructed by persecuted men, that liberty is ancient, and tyranny modern, and that to liberty alone belongs that legitimacy which unsound politicians have used as a weapon for her destruction."

And shortly to his friend Stockmar, in the year 1852, his political and general confession of faith is uttered thus:—

"I believe in God and in Germany, and then also in the vital powers of the principles of the English Constitution; and nobody rejoices more than I do in the grand and high reality (single in its kind, however, since King William of Orange) of the Royal Pair on the throne of Great Britain. If England and Germany remain united, what can the power of evil effect? You and I feel alike in protesting against the principle of death, in prætorian imperialism, and in democratic police centralization. And, lastly, we are agreed in the resolve to exert all the strength that is in us, to the end that neither superstition nor infidelity, neither priestcraft nor atheism, shall rule over the people.

"That for this purpose light from above may be granted by guidance of which the iron rule of the dark despot, Self, may be broken through, and the reality of freedom evolved,—and, besides, that we and all who are dear and precious to us may be preserved in health,—is the wish uttered, in fulness of heart, to a dear friend, by

"BUNSEN."

As a diplomatist, Bunsen's career is sometimes spoken of as a failure, a judgment proceeding obviously enough from the fact, that on two several occasions, once at Rome, and again at London, the views which he felt himself called upon to maintain were the occasion of his dismissal from the diplomatic position he occupied. But whether these dismissals arose from the fact that he was not good enough, or from the more likely fact that he was too good for the men with whom he had to do,

cannot be known till many documents now lying in the Prussian archives shall have been made the object of impartial criticism by the historian of another century. Two things are certain—one that Bunsen's intercourse with the three kings of Prussia, whom he served so faithfully, was always characterized by that freedom, independence, and manliness which were so prominent a feature of his character, and that the monarchs who could not always find him a fit agent for their political needs never failed to respect his character and to acknowledge his services. What Bunsen by his high-minded intelligence and noble spirit did for Prussia, both at Rome and London, during a long course of years, had laid up for him a rich store of merit, from which any shortcomings, real or imaginary, arising out of the complications of a slippery diplomacy, could make no sensible deduction. Had it been his ruling ambition to be in every issue a successful diplomatist, he might have missed the nobler destiny of being a great man.

In the above extracts we have only touched, as it were with our finger-tips, the rich materials of speculative and practical life in the nineteenth century, with which these Memoirs abound. It was with Bunsen, indeed, as with his great countryman Leibnitz—some of the finest radiations of his luminous nature fell from him incidentally in the course of correspondence with a circle of friends whose range joined the poles of European intelligence. And this is but one among many signs of a thoroughly free, large, loving, and unembarrassed character. As prayer is the necessity of a pious heart, so converse, spoken or written, furnishes the fuel to a sympathetic heart; those who write no letters either supply the want by the quickening atmosphere of a wide sociality, or gradually build round themselves an encasement of solitary employment, which at once narrows the intellectual view and numbs the moral sensibilities. Very amiable men have been known to grow extremely selfish by indulging in a close-folded isolation of this kind. We welcome these Memoirs, therefore, not only as preserving for the use of the world some of the most valuable conclusions of a large and rich experience, but as supplying us, in marked outline and vivid hues, with the portraiture of a great author, whose life was a better thing than the best of his books. There is no experience in the literary world more sad than when, behind the palatial structures piled by some gigantic genius, we find a petty and undignified or a weak and vacillating personage representing the architect; and yet such a phenomenon is by no means uncommon; for to astonish the world by any sort of intellectual exhibition requires only extraordinary force of thinking or extraordinary fineness of sensibility; and both these

excellences are perfectly compatible with any sort and degree of feebleness or baseness of character. Hence the sorry spectacle of Titanic energy shown to the public, with a rude sensual coarseness revealed to the few. Hence the discordant union of a poetic rapture in books which soars above the stars, with a prosaic vileness in life which draggles in the mire. Hence likewise the necessity too often, for biographers of public men, to apply the maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi BONUM*;" it is judged better to throw a veil over some passages of the private life, that the public excellence may be contemplated with unmingled delight. But there is a class of men whose memory requires no charitable veil of this kind; they are not great only when seen at a distance; they will stand the minutest inspection; they cry aloud for the application of the nobler maxim "*de mortuis nil nisi VERUM*;" and to this class unquestionably Bunsen belongs.

We revert therefore, in conclusion, from the subject of the present Memoirs as an author to his character as a man, and recommend the study of his life as a sublime moral achievement, calculated to stimulate and to elevate many who fear to march with a systematic equipment of learned tools into the formidable laboratory of his books. In the present age, when such frequent complaints are heard of knowledge without piety, criticism without love, cleverness without reverence, and talent without conscience, we cannot imagine anything calculated to produce a better effect on uncorrupted young minds than the serious study of such a life as Bunsen's. Here, if anywhere, they will find realized that union of pure evangelic sentiment with large intellectual culture and grasp of practical business, in which alone the present age can look for a power to direct its aspirations and harmonize its struggles. Here they will find a consolation beyond the compass of ecclesiastical rivalries, political contentions, high-reaching speculations, or the brilliant encounter of wits to supply; here they will see, as in a living mirror, that type of a happy and a noble human career which the great apostle of the Gentiles condensed into the pregnant text—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

ART. VI.—THE GREEK IDYLLIC POETS.

OF the lives of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, there is very little known, and that little has been often repeated. Theocritus was a Syracusan, the son of Praxagoras and Philinna. Some confusion as to his parentage arose from the fact that, in the seventh Idyll, Theocritus introduced himself under the artificial name of Simichidas, which led early critics to suppose he had a father called Simichus. It is, however, quite clear that the concurrent testimony of Suidas, and of an epigram in the anthology, which distinctly asserts his descent from Praxagoras and Philinna, is to be accepted in preference to all conjectures founded on a *nom de plume*. Theocritus flourished between 283 and 263 B.C., but the dates and circumstances of his birth and death are alike unknown. We may gather inferentially or directly from his poems that he sought the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus at Alexandria, and lived for some time among the men of letters at his court. Indeed, Theocritus was the most brilliant ornament of that somewhat artificial period of literature; he, above all the Alexandrian poets, carried the old genius of Greece into new channels, instead of imitating, annotating, and rehandling ancient masterpieces. The sixth and seventh Idylls prove that Aratus, the astronomer, was a familiar friend of the Syracusan bard; probably the frequent allusions to meteorology, and the science of the stars, which we trace in the poems of Theocritus, may be referred to this intimacy. From the Idylls, again, we learn that the poet left Alexandria, wearied with court life; and, like Spenser, unwilling

To lose good nights that might be better spent,
To waste long days in pensive discontent,
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, and pine with fear and sorrow.

He seems, however, to have once more made trial of princely favour at the Syracusan Court of Hiero, and to have been equally offended with the want of appreciation and good taste as well as with the illiberality that he found there. Among his friends were numbered Nicias the physician of Miletus, and his wife Theugenis, to whom he addressed the beautiful little poem called ἡλακατή—a charming specimen of what the Greek muse could produce by way of *vers de société*. The end of his life is buried in obscurity. We can easily believe that he spent it quietly among the hills and fields of Sicily in close communion with the nature that he loved so well. His ill success as a court poet does not astonish us; the panegyrics of Hiero and Ptolemy are among his worst poems—mere pinchbeck

when compared with the pure gold of the Idylls proper. It was in scenes of natural beauty that he felt at home, and when he died, he left a volume of immortal verse, each line of which proclaims of him, 'Et ego in arcadiâ.' We cannot give him a more fitting epitaph than that of his own Daphnis:—

ἔβα ῥοόν· ἐκλυσε δίνα
τὸν Μώσαις φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νυμφαῖσιν ἀπεχθῆ.¹

If we know little of Theocritus, less is known of Bion. Suidas says that he was born at Smyrna, and the elegy written on his death leads us to suppose that he lived in Sicily, and died of poison wilfully administered by enemies. Theocritus, though his senior in age, and as a Bucolic poet, seems to have survived him. Bion's elegist, from whom the few facts which we have related with regard to the poet of Smyrna's life and untimely death are gathered, has generally been identified with Moschus. Ahrens, however, with characteristic German minuteness and scepticism, places the Ἐπιτάφιος Βίωνος upon a list of *Incertorum Idyllia*. Nor can it be denied that the author of this poem leads us to believe that he was a native of Magna Grecia, whereas Moschus is known to have been a Syracusan. The third and last of the Sicilian Idyllists, he stands at a great distance from Theocritus in all essential qualities of pastoral composition. He has more of the grammarian, or man of erudition, about him; and we can readily conceive him to have been, according to the account of Suidas, a friend of Aristarchus. Of the dates of his life nothing can be recorded with any certainty. He seems to have flourished about the end of the third century B.C. During the short period in which Bucolic poetry flourished under Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, Syracuse remained beneath the sceptre of Hiero. While the bloody strife was being waged between Rome and Carthage for the empire of the Mediterranean, Syracuse, intermediate between the two great combatants, was able not only to maintain a splendid independence under the sway of her powerful tyrant, but also to afford the Romans signal aid upon the battle-fields of Sicily. In Sicily the sun of Greece still shone with some of its old radiance on the spots where, before Athens had assumed the intellectual supremacy of Hellas, poetry, philosophy, and all the arts of life had first displayed their splendid spring-time. The island in which the April of the Greek spirit had enclosed its earliest flowers, now bore the last but not least lovely wreath of autumn. The winter was soon coming. Rome and her Verres were already looking upon Trinacria as their prey; and the

¹ Down to the dark stream he went; the eddies drowned
The muses' friend, the youth, the nymphs held dear.

Idyllic garland was destined to crown with exotic blossoms the brows of Virgil. About the authenticity of many of the Idylls grave questions have been raised. We can hardly believe that all the thirty which bear the name of Theocritus were really written by him. The 23d and 25th, for instance, are not in his style; while the 19th reminds us more of the Anacreontic elegance of Bion or Moschus than of his peculiarly vigorous workmanship. But it is not without some shock to our feelings that we entertain the spuriousness of the 21st Idyll, which Ahrens places among the productions of some doubtful author. The whole series after the 18th have been questioned. These, however, include the Epical compositions of Theocritus, who might well have assumed a different manner when treating of Hercules or the Dioscuri from that in which he sang the loves of Lycidas and Daphnis. That they are inferior to his pastorals is not to be wondered at; for he who blows his own flute with skill may not be therefore strong enough to sound the trumpet of Homer. Ahrens extends his scepticism to the lament for Bion, which, we confess, appears to us more full of fire and inventive genius than any other of the poems attributed to Moschus. Yet in these matters of minute evidence too much depends upon mere conjecture and comparison of styles for us to remove old landmarks with certainty. Suppose all records of Raphael's works had been lost, and a few fragments of the Cartoons, together with the Transfiguration and the little picture of the Sleeping Knight, alone remained of all his paintings, would not some Ahrens be inclined to attribute the Sleeping Knight to a weaker, if not less graceful artist of the Umbrian School? The Allegro and Penseroso might by a similar process of disjunctive criticism be severed from the *Paradise Lost*. On the other hand, nothing can be more doubtful than assertions in favour of authenticity. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to perceive minute differences of style in the works of two contemporary poets, and infinitely more difficult for a modern to exercise the same exact discrimination in deciding on the monuments of classic art. Schlegel, in his admirable *History of Dramatic Literature*, asserts that he discovers no internal difference between Massinger and Fletcher. Yet an English student is struck by the most marked divergences of feeling, language, natural gifts, and acquired habits of thought in these two dramatists. Thus the difficulty of such criticism is twofold. If a Syracusan of 200 B.C. could discuss our lucubrations on the text of the Bucolic poets, he would probably in one case express astonishment at our having ascribed two dissimilar Idylls to Theocritus; and in another case explain away our scepticism by enumerating the three or

four successive manners of the poet. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus are the Eponyms of Idyllic poetry. To each belongs a peculiar style. It is quite possible that some Idylls of successful imitators whose names have been lost, may have been fathered upon the three most eminent founders of the school. The name of the Idyll sufficiently explains its nature. It is a little picture. Rustic or town life, legends of the gods, and passages of personal experience supply the idyllist with subjects. He does not treat them lyrically, following rather the rules of epic and dramatic composition. Generally, there is a narrator, and, in so far, the Idyll is epic; its verse, too, is the hexameter. But occasionally the form of dramatic monologue, as in the *Pharmaceutria*, or that of dramatic dialogue, as in the *Adoniazusæ*, takes the place of narrative. Bion's lament for Adonis, again, is a kind of sacred hymn; while the dirge on Bion's death is elegiac. Two Idylls of Theocritus are encomiastic; several celebrate the deeds of ancestral Doric heroes—Heracles and the Dioscuri. One is an epistle. Many of Bion's so-called Idylls differ little, except in metre, from the *Anacreontics*, while one at least of the most highly finished pieces of Theocritus must be ranked with erotic poetry of the purely lyrical order. It will be seen from these instances that the idyllic genus admitted many species, and that the Idyllists were far from being simply pastoral poets. This form of composition was in fact the growth of a late age of Greek art, when the great provinces had been explored and occupied, and when the inventor of a new style could legitimately adopt the tone and manner of his various predecessors. Perhaps the plastic arts determined the direction of idyllic poetry, suggesting the name and supplying the poet with models, and compact and picturesque treatment. In reading the Idylls it should never be forgotten that they are pictures, so studied and designed by their authors: they ought to affect us in the same way as the bas-reliefs and vases of Greek art, in which dramatic action is presented at a moment of its evolution, and beautiful forms are grouped together with such simplicity as to need but little story to enhance their value. If we approach the Idylls from this point of view, and regard them as very highly finished works of decorative art, we shall probably be able to enjoy their loveliness without complaining that the shepherds and shepherdesses are too refined, or that the landscapes have not been drawn from nature.

Though it is not our intention to discuss the whole hackneyed question of Bucolic poetry, a word must be said about its origin, and about the essential difference between Theocritus and modern pastorals. It is natural to suppose that

country folk, from the remotest period of Greek history, refreshed themselves with dance and song, and that music formed a part of their religious ceremonials. The trials of strength which supply the *motive* of so many Theocritean Idylls, were quite consistent with the manners of the Greeks, who brought all rival claims of superiority to the touchstone of such contests. Their antiquity in the matter of music may be gathered from the legends of Pan and Apollo, and of Apollo and Marsyas. Phœbus, in the character of shepherd to Admetus, gave direct sanction to Bucolic minstrelsy. In respect of bodily strength, the gymnastic rivalry of Olympia and other great Hellenic centres was so important as to determine the chronology of Greece,—while even claims to personal beauty were decided by the same trial: the three goddesses submitted to the arbitration of Paris; and there were in many states ἀριστεία of physical charms, not to mention the boys' prize for kisses at Nisæan Megara. Bucolic poetry may therefore be referred to the pastoral custom of shepherds singing together and against each other at festivals or on the green. It was the genius of Theocritus, in all probability, which determined the Doric and Sicilian character of the Idylls we possess. He, a Syracusan and a Dorian, perfected the *genre*, and was followed by his imitators. Nothing can be more simple and lifelike than the conversations of his rustics, or more nicely discriminated than the pedestrian style of their dialogue, and the more polished manner of their studied songs. The poet has no doubt invested these rural encounters with the imaginative beauty which belongs to art. He has attributed to Corydon and Thyrsis much of his own imagination and delicate taste, and exquisite sense of natural loveliness. Had he refrained from doing so, his Idylls would not have challenged the attention and won the admiration of posterity. As it is, we find enough of rustic grossness on his pages, and may even complain that his cowherds and goatherds savour too strongly of their stables. Of his appreciation of scenery, it is difficult to speak in terms of exaggerated praise. As we purpose to discuss this subject more minutely further on, we may here content ourselves with remarking that he alone of pastoral poets drew straight from nature, and fully felt the charm which underlies the *facts* of rustic life. In comparison with Theocritus, Bion and Moschus are affected and insipid. Their pastorals smack of the study more than of the fields. Virgil not only lacks his vigour and enthusiasm for the open air life of the country, but, with Roman bad taste, he commits the capital crime of allegorizing. Virgil's pernicious example infected Spenser, Milton, and a host of inferior imitators, flooding literature with dreary

pastorals in which shepherds discussed politics, religion, and court-gossip, so that at last Bucolic poetry became a synonyme for everything affected and insipid. Poetry flourishes in cities, where rustic song must always be an exotic plant. To analyse Poliziano, Sanagarro, Marini, Tasso, Spenser, Fletcher, Jonson, Barnfield, Browne, Pope, etc., and to show what strains of natural elegance redeem their servile imitations of the ancients, would be a very interesting but lengthy task. It is enough to remark that as society became more artificial, especially at Florence, Paris, and Versailles, the taste for pseudo-pastorals increased. Court-ladies tucked up their petticoats, and carried crooks with ribbons at their tops, while Court-poets furnished aristocratic Corydons with smooth verses about pipes and pine trees, and lambs and wattled cotes. The whole was a dream and a delusion; but this mirage of rusticity appropriated the *name* of pastoral, and reflected discredit even on the great and natural Theocritus. At length this *genre* of composition, in which neither invention nor observation nor truth nor excellence of any kind, except inglorious modulation of old themes, was needed, died a natural death; and the true Bucolic genius found fresh channels. Crabbe revived an interest in village life; Burns sang immortal lyrics at the plough; Goethe achieved a masterpiece of Idyllic delineation; Wordsworth re-asserted the claims of natural simplicity; Keats expressed the sensuous charms of rustic loveliness; Tennyson and Barnes have written rural idylls in the dialects of Lincolnshire and Dorsetshire; and other writers, far too numerous to mention, are pursuing similar lines of composition. Theocritus, it is true, differs widely from these poets both in his style and matter. But he deserves to rank among the most realistic artists of the nineteenth century, on account of his simplicity and perfect truth to nature. In reading him we must divest ourselves of any prejudices which we have acquired from the perusal of his tasteless imitators. We must take his volume with us to the scenes in which he lived, and give him a fair trial on his own merits.

It is on the shores of the Mediterranean—at Sorrento, at Amalfi, or near Palermo, or among the valleys of Mentone,—that we ought to study Theocritus, and learn the secret of his charm. Few of us pass middle life without visiting one or other of these sacred spots, which seem to be the garden of perpetual spring. Like the lines of the Sicilian idyllist, they inspire an inevitable and indescribable *πόθος*, touching our sense of beauty with a subtle power, and soothing our spirits with the majesty of classical repose. Straight from the sea-beach rise mountains of distinguished form, not capped with

snow or clothed with pines, but carved of naked rock. We must accept their beauty as it is, nude, well defined, and unadorned, nor look in vain for the mystery or sublimity or picturesqueness of the Alps. Light and colour are the glory of these mountains. Valleys divide their flanks, seaming with shadow-belts and bands of green the broad hillside, while lower down the olives spread a hoary greyness and soft robe of silver mist, the skirts of which are kissed by tideless waves. The harmony between the beauty of the olive boughs and the blue sea can be better felt than described. Guido, whose subtlety of sentiment was very rare, has expressed it in one or two of his earliest and best pictures by graduated tones of silver, azure, and cool grey. The definite form and sunny brightness of the olive tree suits our conception of the Greek character. It may well have been the favourite plant of the wise and calm Athené. Oaks with their umbrageous foliage, pine-trees dark and mournful upon Alpine slopes, branching limes, and elms in which the wind sways shadowy masses of thick leaves, belong with their huge girth and gnarled boles and sombre roofage to the forests of the north, where nature is rather an awful mother than a kind foster-nurse and friend of man. In northern landscapes the eye travels through vistas of leafy boughs to still, secluded crofts and pastures, where slow-moving oxen graze. The mystery of dreams and the repose of meditation haunt our massive bowers. But in the south, the lattice work of olive boughs and foliage scarcely veils the laughing sea and bright blue sky, while the hues of the landscape find their climax in the dazzling radiance of the sun upon the waves, and the pure light of the horizon. There is no concealment and no melancholy here. Nature seems to hold a never-ending festival and dance, in which the waves and sunbeams and shadows join. Again, in northern scenery, the rounded forms of full-foliaged trees suit the undulating country with its gentle hills and brooding clouds; but in the south, the spiky leaves and sharp branches of the olive carry out the defined outlines which are everywhere observable through the broader beauties of mountain and valley and sea-shore. Serenity and intelligence characterize this southern landscape, in which a race of splendid men and women lived beneath the pure light of Phœbus, their ancestral god. Pallas protected them, and golden Aphrodité favoured them with beauty. Greater and nobler nations have arisen among the oak and beech woods of the north; strong sinewed warriors, heroic women, counsellors with mighty brains, and poets on whose tongue the melody of music lingers like a charm. But the Greeks alone, bred in the scenes which we have been describing,

owned the gift of innate beauty and unerring taste. The human form upon those bare and sunny hills, beneath those twinkling olive boughs, beside that sea of everlasting laughter, reached its freedom; and the spirit of human loveliness was there breathed fully into all the forms of art. Poetry, sculpture, architecture, music, dancing, all became the language of that moderate and lucid harmony which we discover in the landscape of the Greeks. Olives are not, however, by any means the only trees which play a part in idyllic scenery. The tall stone pine is even more important; for, underneath its shade, the shepherds loved to sing, hearing the murmur in its spreading roof, and waiting for the cones with their sweet fruit to fall. Near Massa, by Sorrento, there are two gigantic pines so placed that, lying on the grass beneath them, one looks on Capri rising from the sea, Baiæ, and all the bay of Naples sweeping round to the base of Vesuvius. Tangled growths of olives, oranges, and rose-trees fill the garden-ground along the shore, while far away in the distance pale Inarime sleeps, with her exquisite Greek name, a virgin island on the deep. In such a place we realize Theocritean melodies, and find a new and indestructible loveliness in the opening line of his first idyll:—

ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἃ πίτυς αἰπόλε τήνα.

These pines are few and far between; growing alone or in pairs they stand like monuments upon the hills, their black forms sculptured on the cloudlike olive groves, from which at intervals spring spires and columns of slender cypress-trees.

Here and there in this bright garden of the age of gold, white villages are seen, and solitary cottage roofs high up among the hills,—dwellings perhaps of Amaryllis, whom the shepherds used to serenade. Huge fig-trees lean their weight of leaves and purple fruit upon the cottage walls, while cherry-trees and apricots snow the grass in spring with a white wealth of April blossoms. The stone walls and little wells in the cottage garden are green with immemorial moss and ferns, and fragrant with gadding violets that ripple down their sides, and chequer them with blue. On the wilder hills, you find patches of ilex and arbutus, glowing with crimson berries and white waxen bells, sweet myrtle rods, and shafts of bay, frail tamarisk and tall tree heaths that wave their frosted boughs above your head. Nearer the shore, the lentisk grows, a savoury shrub, with cytisus and aromatic rosemary. Clematis and polished garlands of tough sarsaparilla wed the shrubs with clinging, climbing arms; and, here and there in sheltered nooks, the vine shoots forth luxuriant tendrils bowed with grapes, stretching from branch to branch of mulberry or elm, flinging festoons on

which young loves might sit and swing, or weaving a lattice-work of leaves across the open shed. Nor must the sounds of this landscape be forgotten,—sounds of bleating flocks, and murmuring bees, and nightingales, and doves that moan, and running streams, and shrill cicadas, and hoarse frogs, and whispering pines. There is not a single detail which we have not verified from Theocritus, and which a patient student will not find there.

Then, too, it is a landscape in which sea and country are never sundered. This must not be forgotten of Idyllic scenery; for it was the warm sea-board of Sicily, beneath protecting heights of *Ætna*, that gave birth to the Bucolic muse. The intermingling of pastoral and sea life is exquisitely allegorized in the legend of *Galatea*; and on the cup which Theocritus describes in his first Idyll the fisherman plays an equal part with the shepherd youths and the boy who watches by the vineyard wall. The higher we climb upon the mountain-side the more marvellous is the beauty of the sea, which seems to rise as we ascend, and stretch into the sky. Sometimes a little flake of blue is framed by olive boughs; sometimes a turning in the road reveals the whole broad azure calm below. Or, after toiling up a steep ascent, we fall upon the undergrowth of juniper, and lo! a double sea, this way and that, divided by the sharp spine of the jutting hill, jewelled with villages along its shore, and smiling with fair islands and silver sails. Upon the beach the waves come tumbling in, swaying the corallines and green and purple sea-weeds in the pools. Ceaseless beating of the spray has worn the rocks into jagged honeycombs, on which lazy fishermen sit perched, dangling their rods like figures in Pompeian frescoes.

In landscapes such as we have striven to describe, we are readily able to understand the legends of rustic gods; the metamorphoses of *Syrinx*, *Narcissus*, *Echo*, *Hyacinthus*, and *Adonis*; the tales of slumbering *Pan*, and horned satyrs, and peeping fauns; with which the Idyllists have adorned their simple shepherd songs. Here, too, the Oread dwellers of the woods, and dryads, and sylvans, and water-nymphs, seem possible. They lose their unreality and mythic haziness; for men themselves are more a part of Nature here than in the north, more fit for companionship with deities of stream and hill. Their labours are lighter, and their food more plentiful. Summer leaves them not, and the soil yields fair and graceful crops. There is surely some difference between hoeing turnips and trimming olive boughs, between tending turkeys on a Norfolk common, and leading goats to browse on *cytissus* beside the shore, between the fat pasturage and bleak winters of our mid-

land counties and the spare herbage of the south dried by perpetual sunlight. It cannot be denied that men assimilate something from their daily labour, and that the poetry of rustic life is more evident upon Mediterranean shores than in England.

Nor must the men and women of classical landscape be forgotten. When we read of the Idylls of Theocritus, and wish to see before us Thestylis, and Daphnis, and Lycidas, we have but to recall the perfect forms of Greek sculpture. We may, for instance, summon to our mind the Endymion of the Capitol, nodding in eternal slumber, with his sheep-dog slumbering by—or Artemis stepping from her car; her dragons coil themselves between the shafts and fold their plumeless wings—or else Hippolytus and Meleager booted for the boar-chase—or Bacchus finding Ariadne by the sea-shore; mænads and satyrs are arrested in their dance; flower-garlands fall upon the way; or a goat-legged satyr teaches a young faun to play; the pipe and flute are there, and from the boy's head fall long curls upon his neck—or Europa drops anemone and crocus from her hand, trembling upon the bull as he swims onward through the sea—or tritons blow wreathed shells, and dolphins splash the water—or the eagle's claws clasp Ganymede, and bear him up to Zeus—or Adonis lies wounded, and wild Aphrodité spreads hungry arms, and wails with rent robes tossed above her head. From the cabinet of gems we draw a Love, blind, bound, and stung by bees; or a girl holding an apple in her hand; or a young man tying on his sandal. Then there is the Praxitelean genius of the Vatican who might be Hylas, or Uranian Erôs, or Hymenæus, or curled Hyacinthus—the faun who lies at Munich overcome with wine, his throat bare, and his deep chest heaving with the breath of sleep—Hercules strangling the twin snakes in his cradle, or ponderous with knotty sinews and huge girth of neck—Demeter, holding fruits of all sorts in one hand, and corn stalks in the other, sweeping her full raiment on the granary floor. Or else we bring again the pugilists from Caracalla's bath,—bruised ears and faces, livid with unheeded blows,—their strained arms bound with thongs, and clamps of iron on their fists. Processions move in endless line, of godlike youths on prancing steeds, of women bearing baskets full of cakes and flowers, of oxen lowing to the sacrifice. The Trojan heroes fall with smiles upon their lips; the Athlete draws the strigil down his arm; the sons of Niobe lie stricken, beautiful in death. Cups, too, and vases help us, chased with figures of all kinds,—dance, festival, love-making, rustic sacrifice, the legendary tales of hate and woe, the daily Idylls of domestic life.

Such are some of the works of Greek art which we may use in our attempt to realize Theocritus. Nor need we neglect the monuments of modern painting, Giorgione's pastoral pictures of piping men, and maidens crowned with jasmine flowers, or the Arcadians of Poussin reading the tale of death upon the gravestone, and its epitaph "Et ego."

To reconstruct the mode of life of the Theocritean *dramatis personæ* is not a matter of much difficulty. Pastoral habits are singularly unchangeable, and nothing strikes us more than the recurrence of familiar rustic proverbs, superstitions, and ways of thinking which we find in the Idyllic poets. The mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, of prosaic interest in worldly affairs, and of an unconscious admiration for the poetry of nature, which George Sand has recently assigned with delicate analysis to the Bucolic character in her Idylls of Nohant, meets us in every line of the Sicilian pastorals. On the Mediterranean shores, too, the same occupations have been carried on for centuries with little interruption. The same fields are being ploughed, the same vineyards tilled, the same olive gardens planted, as those in which Theocritus played as a child. The rocks on which he saw old Olpis watching for the tunnies, with fishing-reed and rush basket, are still haunted through sunny hours by patient fishermen. Perhaps they cut their reeds and rushes in the same river beds; certainly they use the same sort of κάλαμος. The goats have not forgotten to crop cytisus and myrtle, nor have the goat-herds changed their shaggy trousers and long crooks. You may still pick out a shepherd lad among a hundred by his skin and cloak. It is even said that the country ditties of the Neapolitans are Greek; and how ancient is the origin of local superstitions, who shall say? The country folk still prefer, like Comatas in the fifth Idyll, garden-grown roses to the wild eglantine and anemones of the hedgerow, scorning what has not required some cost or trouble for its cultivation. Gretchen's test of love by blowing on thistle-down does not differ much from that of the shepherd in the third Idyll. Live blood in the eye is still a sign of mysterious importance (Idyll iii. 36). To spit is still a remedy against the evil eye (vii. 39). Eunice, the town girl, still turns up her nose at the awkward cowherd; city and country are not yet wholly harmonized by improved means of locomotion. Then the people of the south are perfectly unchanged; the fisher boys of Castellamare; the tall straight girls of Capri singing as they walk with pitchers on their heads and distaffs in their hands; the wild Apulian shepherds; the men and maidens laughing in the olive fields or vineyards; the black-browed beauties of the Cornice trooping to church on Sundays with gold earrings, and

with pink tulip-buds in their dark hair. One thing, however, is greatly altered. Go where we will, we find no statues of Priapus and the Nymphs. No lambs are sacrificed to Pan. No honey or milk is poured upon the altars of the rustic Muse. The temples are in ruins. Aloes and cactuses have invaded the colonnades of Girgenti, and through the halls of Pæstum winds whistle, and sunbeams stream unheeded. But though the gods are gone, men remain unaltered. A little less careless, a little more superstitious, they may be; but their joys and sorrows, their vices and virtues, their loves and hates, are still the same. Such reflections are trite and commonplace. Yet who can resist the force of their truth and pathos?

οὐχ ἅμιν τὸν Ἔρωτα μόνοις ἔτεχ', ὥς ἔδοκεῦμες,
 Νικία, φτίνει τοῦτο θεῶν ποκα τέκνον ἔγεντο·
 οὐχ ἅμιν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαίνεται ἡμες,
 οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ' αὔριον οὐκ ἔσορῶμες,

said Theocritus, looking back into the far past, and remembering that the gifts of love and beauty have belonged to men from everlasting. With what redoubled force may we, after the lapse of twenty centuries, echo these words, when we tread the ground he knew, and read the songs he sang! His hills stir our vague and yearning admiration, his sea laughs its old laugh of waywardness and glee, his flowers bloom yearly, and fade in the spring, his pine and olive branches overshadow us, we listen to the bleating of his goats, and taste the sweetness of the springs from which he drank, the milk and honey are as fresh upon our lips, the wine in winter by the woodfire, when the winds are loud, is just as fragrant, youth is still youth, nor have the dark-eyed maidens lost their charm. Truly οὐχ ἅμιν τὰ καλὰ πράτοις καλὰ φαίνεται εἴμεν. In this consists the power of Theocritean poetry. It strikes a note, which echoes through our hearts by reason of its genuine simplicity and pathos. The thoughts which natural beauty stirs in our minds find their embodiment in his sweet strange verse; and though since his time the world has grown old, though the gods of Greece have rent their veils and fled with shrieks from their sanctuaries, though in spite of ourselves we turn our faces skyward from the earth, though emaciated saints and martyrs have supplanted Adonis and the Graces, though the cold damp shades of Calvinism have chilled our marrow and our blood, yet there remain deep down within our souls some primal sympathies with nature, some instincts of the Faun, or Satyr, or Sylvan, which education has not quite eradicated. 'The hand which hath long time held a violet does not soon forego her fragrance, nor the cup from which sweet wine hath flowed his fragrance.'

We have dwelt long upon the peculiar properties of classical landscape as described by the Greek idyllists, and as they still exist for travellers upon the more sheltered shores of the Mediterranean, because it is necessary to understand them before we can appreciate the *truth* of Theocritus. Of late years much has been written about the difference between classical and modern ways of regarding landscape. Mr. Ruskin has tried to persuade us that the ancients only cared for the more cultivated parts of nature, for gardens or orchards, from which food or profit or luxurious pleasure might be derived. And in this view there is, no doubt, some truth. The Greeks and Romans paid far less attention to inanimate nature than we do, and were beyond all question repelled by the savage grandeur of marine and mountain scenery, preferring landscapes of smiling and cultivated beauty to rugged sublimity or the picturesqueness of decay. In this they resembled all southern nations. An Italian of the present day avoids ruinous places and solitudes however splendid. Among the mountains he complains of the *brutto paese* in which he has to live, and is always longing for town gaieties and the amenities of civilized society. The ancients again despised all interests that pretended to rival the paramount interest of civic or military life. Seneca's figurative expression, *circum flosculos occupatur*, might be translated literally as applied to a trifle, to denote the scorn which thinkers, statesmen, patriots, and generals of Greece and Rome felt for mere rural prettiness; while Quintilian's verdict on Theocritus (whom, however, he allows to be *admirabilis in suo genere*); *musa illa rustica et pastoralis non forum modo verum ipsam etiam urbem reformidat*, characterizes the insensibility of urban intellects to a branch of art which we consider of high importance. But it is very easy to overstrain this view, and Mr. Ruskin, we think, has laid an undue stress on Homer in his criticism of the classics; whereas it is among the later Greek and Roman poets that the analogy of modern literature would lead us to expect indications of a genuine taste for unadorned nature. These signs the Idyllic poets amply supply; but in seeking for them we must be prepared to recognise a very different mode of expression from that which we are used to in the florid poets of the modern age. Conciseness, simplicity, and an almost prosaic accuracy, are the never-failing attributes of classical descriptive art. Moreover, humanity is always more present to their minds than to ours. Nothing evoked sympathy from a Greek unless it appeared before him in a human shape, or in connexion with some human sentiment. The ancient poets do not describe inanimate nature as such, or attribute a vague spirituality to fields and clouds. That feeling

for the beauty of the world which is embodied in such poems as Shelley's Ode to the West Wind, gave birth in their imagination to definite legends, involving some dramatic interest and conflict of passions. We who are apt to look for rhapsodies and brilliant outpourings of eloquent fancy, can scarcely bring ourselves to recollect what a delicate sense of nature and what profound emotions are implied in the conceptions of Pan and Hyacinthus and Galatea. The misuse which has been made of mythology by modern writers has effaced half its vigour and charm. It is only by returning to the nature which inspired these myths that we can reconstruct their exquisite vitality. Different ages and nations express themselves by different forms of art. Music appears to be dominant in the present period; sculpture ruled among the Greeks, and struck the key-note for all other arts. Even those sentiments which in our mind are most vague, the admiration of sunset skies, or flowers or copsewoods in spring, were expressed by them in the language of definite human form. They sought to externalize and realize as far as possible, not to communicate the inmost feelings and spiritual suggestions arising out of natural objects. Never advancing beyond corporeal conditions, they confined themselves to form, and sacrificed the charm of mystery, which is incompatible with very definite conception. It was on this account that sculpture, the most exactly imitative of the arts, became literally Architectonic among the Greeks. And, for a precisely similar reason, music, which is the most abstract and subjective of the arts, the most evanescent in its material, and the vaguest, assumes the chief rank among modern arts. Sculpture is the language of the body, music the language of the soul. Having once admitted their peculiar *mode* of feeling Nature, no one can deny that landscape occupies an important place in Greek literature. Every line of Theocritus is vital with a strong passion for natural beauty, incarnated in myths. But even in descriptive poetry he is not deficient. His list of trees and flowers is long, and the epithets with which they are characterized are very exquisite,—not indeed brilliant with the inbreathed fancy of the North, but so perfectly appropriate as to define the special beauty of the flower or tree selected. In the same way, a whole scene is conveyed in a few words by mere conciseness of delineation, or by the artful introduction of some incident suggesting human emotion. Take for example this picture of the stillness of the night:—

ἦνιδε σιγῇ μὲν πόντος, σιγῶντι δ' ἀῆται·
ἀ δ' ἐμὰ οὐ σιγῇ στέρνων ἐντοσθεν ἀνία,

ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τήνῃ πᾶσα καταίθομαι, ὅς με τάλαιναν
ἀντὶ γυναικὸς ἔθηκε κακὸν καὶ ἀπάρθενον ἦμεν.¹
Idyll ii. 38-41.

Or this:—

ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν χαίροισα ποτ' ὠκεανὸν τρέπε πώλους
πότνι', ἐγὼ δ' οἰσῶ τὸν ἐμὸν πόνον, ὥσπερ ὑπέσταν.
χαῖρε, Σελαναία λιπαρόχροε, χαίρετε δ', ἄλλοι
ἀστέρες, εὐκῆλοιο κατ' ἀντὺγα Νυκτὸς ὀπαδοί.²
Idyll ii. 162 et seq.

Or this of a falling star:—

κατήριπε δ' ἐς μέλαν ὕδωρ
ἀθρόος, ὥς ὅτε πυρσὸς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἤριπεν ἀστήρ
ἀθρόος ἐς πόντῳ, ναύταις δέ τις εἶπεν ἑταίροις·
κονφότερ', ὦ παῖδες, ποιείσθ' ὄπλα· πλευστικὸς ουρος.³
Idyll xiii. 49-52.

Or the seaweeds on a rocky shore [vii. 55], or the summer bee [iii. 15], or the country party at harvest time [vii. 129 to the end]. In all of these a peculiar simplicity will be noticed, a self-restraint and scrupulosity of definite delineation. To Theocritus the shadowy and iridescent fancies of modern poetry would have been unintelligible. The creations of a Keats or Shelley would have appeared to be monstrous births, like the Centaurs of Ixion, begotten by lawless imaginations upon cloud and mist. When the Greek poet wished to express the charm of summer waves, he spoke of Galatea, more fickle and light than thistle-down, a maiden careless of her lover, and as cruel as the sea. The same waves suggested to Shakespeare these lines, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

“Thou rememberest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

¹ Now rests the deep, now rest the wandering winds,
But in my heart the anguish will not rest,
While for his love I pine who stole my sweetness,
And made me less than virgin among maids.

² Adieu, dead queen, thou to the ocean turn
Thy harnessed steeds; but I abide, and suffer;
Adieu, resplendent moon, and all you stars,
That follow on the wheels of night, adieu!

³ Into the black wave
Fell headlong, as a fiery star from heaven
Falls headlong to the deep, and sailors cry
One to another, Lighten sail; behold,
The breeze behind us freshens!

That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music ;"

and to Weber the ethereal "mermaid's song" in *Oberon*. No one acquainted with Shakespeare and Weber can deny that both have expressed with marvellous subtlety the magic of the sea in its enchanting calm, whereas the Greek poet works only by indirect suggestion, and presents us with a human portrait more than a phantom of the glamour of the deep. . What we have lost in definite projection we have gained in truth, variety, and freedom. The language of our Art appeals immediately to the emotions, disclosing the spiritual reality of things, and caring less for their form than for the feelings they excite in us. Greek art remains upon the surface, and translates into marble the humanized aspects of the external world. The one is for ever seeking to set free, the other to imprison thought. The Greek tells with exquisite precision what he has observed, investing it perhaps with his own emotion. He says, for instance :—

αἶθε γενοίμαν
 ἃ βομβεῦσα μέλισσα καὶ ἐς τεὸν ἄντρον ἰκοίμαν,
 τὸν κισσὸν διαδὺς καὶ τὰν πτέριν ᾗ τὸ πυκάσδῃ.¹

The modern poet, to use Shelley's words,

"will watch from dawn till gloom
 The lake-reflected sun illumine
 The yellow bees in the ivy bloom ;
 Nor heed nor see what shapes they be,
 But from these create he can
 Forms more real than living man,
 Nurslings of immortality,"

endeavouring to look through and beyond the objects of the outer world, to use them as the starting-points for his creative fancy, and to embroider their materials with the dazzling *fioriture* of his invention. Metamorphosis existed for the Greek poet as a simple fact : if the blood of Adonis became anemones, yet the actual drops of blood and the flowers remained distinct in his mind ; and even though he may have been sceptical about the miracle, he restrained his fancy to the reproduction of the one old fable. The modern poet believes in no metamorphosis but that which is produced by the alchemy of his own brain. He loves to confound the most dissimilar exist-

¹ Would I were
 The murmuring bee, that through the ivy screen,
 And through the fern that hides thee, I might come
 Into thy cavern !

ences, and to form startling combinations of thoughts which have never before been brought into connexion with each other. Uncontrolled by tradition or canons of propriety, he roams through the world, touching its various objects with the wand of his imagination. To the west wind he cries:—

“Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm.”

Imagine how astonished even Æschylus would have been at these violent transitions and audacious transformations! The Greeks had no conceits: they did not call the waves 'nodding hearse-plumes' like Calderon, or the birds 'winged lyres' like Marini, or daisies 'pearled Arcturi of the earth' like Shelley, or laburnums 'dropping wells of fire' like Tennyson. If they ventured on such licences in their more impassioned lyrics, they maintained the metaphor with strict propriety. One good instance of the difference in this respect between the two ages is afforded by Ben Jonson, who translates Sappho's

ἦρος ἱμεροφωνὸς ἄγγελος ἀηδών,

by 'the dear good angel of the spring, the nightingale.' Between *ἄγγελος* and *angel* there is the distance of nearly twenty centuries, for though Ben Jonson may have meant merely to Anglicise the Greek word, he could not but have been glad of the more modern meaning.

We have already devoted so much time to the consideration of Theocritean poetry in general, that we can scarcely afford to enter into the details of his several Idylls. A few, however, may be noticed of peculiar beauty and significance. None are more true to local scenery than those which relate to the story of Galatea. In this brief tale, the life of the mountains and the rivers and the sea is symbolized,—the uncouth and gigantic hills, rude in their rusticity—the clear and loveable stream—the merry sea, inconstant and treacherous, with shifting waves. The mountain stands for ever unremoved; love as he will, he can but gaze upon the dancing sea, and woo it with gifts of hanging trees and cool, shadowy, and still sleeping-places in sheltered bays. But the stream leaps down from crag to crag, and gathers strength and falls into the arms of the expectant nymph—a fresh lover, fair and free, and full of smiles. Sup-

posing this marriage of the sea and river to have been the earliest idea of the Mythus, in course of time the persons of Acis and Galatea, and the rejected lover Polyphemus, became more and more humanized, until the old symbolism was lost in a pastoral romance. Polyphemus loves, but never wins: he may offer his tall bay-trees, and slender cypresses, and black ivy, and sweet-fruited vines, and cold water flowing straight—a drink divine—from the white snows of wooded Ætna: he may sit whole days above the sea, and gaze upon its smiling waves, and tell the nymph of all his flocks and herds, or lure her with promises of flowers and fawns and bear's whelps, to leave the sea to beat upon its shore, and come and live with him and feed his sheep. It is of no use. Galatea heeds him not, and Polyphemus has to shepherd his love as best he can. Poetry in this idyll is blended with the simplest country humour. The pathos of Polyphemus is really touching, and his allusions to the sweetness of a shepherd's life among the hills abound in unconscious poetry; side by side with which are placed the most ludicrous expressions of uncouth disappointment, together with shrewd observations on the value of property and other prosaic details. If we mistake not, this is true of the rustic character, in which, though stirred by sorrow into sympathy with nature, habitual caution and shrewdness survive. The meditations of the shepherd in the third idyll exhibit the same mixture of sentiments.

As a specimen of the Idylls which illustrate town life, we may select the second, the humour of its rival, the fifteenth, being of that perfect sort which must be read and laughed over, but which cannot well be analysed. The subject of the *Pharmaceutriæ* is an incantation performed in the stillness of the night by a proud Syracusan lady who has been deserted by her lover. In delineating the fierceness of her passion, and the indomitable resolution of her will, Theocritus has produced a truly tragic picture. Simætha, maddened by vehement despair, resorts to magic arts. Love, she says, has sucked her life-blood like a leech, and parched her with the fever of desire. She cannot live without the lover for whose possession she has sacrificed her happiness and honour. If she cannot charm him back again, she will kill him. There are poisons ready to work her will in the last resort. Meanwhile, we see her standing at the magic wheel, turning it round before the fire, and charging it to draw false Delphis to her home. A hearth with coals upon it is at hand, on which her maid keeps sprinkling the meal that typifies the bones of Delphis, the wax by which his heart is to be consumed, and the laurel bough that stands for his body. At the least sign of laziness Simætha scolds her

with hard and haughty words. She stands like a Medea, seeking no sympathy, sparing no reproaches, tiger-like in her ferocity of thwarted passion. When the magic rites have been performed, and Thestylis has gone to smear an ointment on the doors of Delphis, Simætha leaves the wheel and addresses her soliloquy to the moon who has just risen, and who is journeying in calm and silver glory through the night. There is something sublime in the contrast between the moonlight on the sea of Syracuse, and the fierce agony of the deserted lioness. To the moon she confides the story of her love: "Take notice of my love, whence it arose, dread Queen." It is a vivid and tragic tale of southern passion; sudden and consuming, recklessly gratified, and followed by desertion on the one side, and by vengeance on the other. Simætha has, no doubt, many living parallels among Sicilian women. The classical reader will find in her narration a description of the working of love, hardly to be surpassed by Sappho's Ode, or Plato's Phædrus. The wildness of the scene, the magic rites, the august presence of the Moon, and the murderous determination of Simætha, heighten the dramatic effect, and render the tale excessively interesting. As a picture of classical sorcery, this Idyll is very curious. Nothing can be more erroneous than to imagine that witchcraft is a northern invention of the middle ages, or that the Brocken is its headquarters. With the exception of a few inconsiderable circumstances, all the terrible or loathsome rites of magic were known to the ancients, and merely copied by the moderns. Circe in Homer, Simætha in Theocritus, Canidia in Horace, the Libyan sorceress of Virgil, the Saga of Tibullus, Medea in Ovid, Erichtho in Lucan, and Megæra in Claudian (to mention no more), make up a list of formidable witches to whom none of the hideous details of the black art were unknown. They sought for poisonous herbs at night, lived in ruinous places, ransacked charnel-houses for dead bodies, killed little children to obtain their fat for unguents, compelled the spirits of the dead to rise, and after entering a fresh corpse to reveal the mysteries of fate, devoured snakes, drank blood, raised storms at sea, diverted the moon from her course, muttered spells of fearful import, and loved, above all things, to "raise jars, jealousies, strifes, like a thick scurf o'er life." Even in the minutest details of sorcery they anticipated the witches of the middle ages. Hypsipyle, in Ovid, mentions a waxen portrait, stuck full of needles, and so fashioned as to waste the life of its original. The witch in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius anoints herself, and flies about like a bird at night. Those who care to pursue this subject will find a vast amount of learning collected on the point by Ben Jonson in his annotations to "The Masque of Queens."

One fact, however, must be always borne in mind: the ancients regarded witchcraft either as a hideous or a solemn exercise of supernatural power, not recognising any Satanic agency or compact with Hell. *Hecate triviis ululata per urbes*, the "Queen of the Night and of the Tombs," assisted sorcerers: but this meant merely that they trafficked in the dark with the foul mysteries of death and corruption. The classical witches were either grave and awful women, like the Libyan priestess in the *Æneid*, or else loathsome pariahs, terrible for their malignity, like Lucan's "Erichtho." Mediævalism added a deeper horror to this superstitious and fetichistic conception by the thoughts of spiritual responsibility, and of league with God's enemies. Damnation was the price of magic power; witchcraft being not merely abominable in the eyes of men, but also unpardonable at the bar of divine justice.

Several poems of Theocritus are written on the theme of Doric chivalry, and illustrate the heroic age of Greece. They may be compared to the "Idylls of the King," for their excellence consists in the consummate art with which episodes from the legendary cycles of a bygone age are wrought into polished pictures by cultivated modern poets. The thirteenth Idyll is especially remarkable for the exquisite finish of its style, and also for the light it throws on the mutual relations of knight and squire in early Greek warfare. Theocritus chooses for the subject of this poem an episode in the life of Heracles, the Dorian hero, when he and other foremost men of Hellas, *θεῖος ἄνθρωπος ἥρώων*, followed Jason in the Argo to the Colchian shores, and he took young Hylas with him, "for even," says Theocritus, "the brazen-hearted son of Amphitryon, who withstood the fierceness of the lion, loved a youth, the charming Hylas, and taught him like a father everything by which he might become a good and famous man; nor would he leave the youth at dawn, or noon, or evening, but sought continually to fashion him after his own heart, and to make him a right yokefellow with him in mighty deeds." How he lost Hylas on the Cician shore, and in the wildness of his sorrow let Argo sail without him, and endured the reproach of desertion, is well known. Theocritus has wrought the story with more than his accustomed elegance. But we wish to confine our attention to the ideal of knighthood and knightly education presented in the passage quoted. Heracles was not merely the lover, but the guardian also and tutor, of Hylas. He regarded him not only as an object of tenderness, but also as a future friend and helper in the business of life. His constant aim was to form of him a brave and manly warrior, a Herculean hero. And in this respect Heracles was the Eponym and patron of an order

which existed throughout Doric Hellas. This order, protected by religious tradition and public favour, regulated by strict rules, and kept within the limits of honour, produced the Cretan lovers, the Lacedæmonian "hearers" and "inspirers," the Theban immortals who lay with faces turned so stanchly to their foes, that vice seemed incompatible with so much valour. Achilles was another Eponym of this order. In the twenty-ninth Idyll, the phrase, Ἀχιλλεῖοι φίλοι, is used to describe the most perfect pair of manly friends. The twelfth Idyll is written in a similar, if a weaker and more wanton, vein. The same longing retrospect is cast upon the old days "when men indeed were golden, when love was mutual," and constancy is rewarded with the same promise of glorious immortality as that which Plato holds out in the Phædrus. Bion, we may remark in passing, celebrates with equal praise the friendships of Theseus, Orestes, and Achilles. Without taking some notice of this peculiar institution, in its origin military and austere, it is impossible to understand the chivalrous age of Greece among the Dorian tribes. In the midst of brute force and cunning, and an almost absolute disregard of what we are accustomed to understand by chivalry—gentleness, chastity, truth, regard for women and weak persons—this one anomalous *sentiment* emerges.

Passing to another point in which Greek differed from mediæval chivalry, we notice the semi-divine nature of the heroes: θεῖος ἄνθρωπος is the name by which they are designated, and supernatural favour is always showered upon them. This indicates a primitive society, a national consciousness ignorant of any remote Past. The heroes whom Theocritus celebrates are purely Dorian—Heracles, a Jack the Giant-Killer in his cradle, brawny, fearless, of huge appetite, a mighty trainer, with a scowl to frighten athletes from the field; Polydeuces, a notable bruiser; Castor, a skilled horseman and a man of blood. In one point the twin sons of Leda resembled mediæval knights. They combined the arts of song with martial prowess. Theocritus styles them ἱππῆες κιθαρισταί, ἀεθλητῆρες αἰδοί. Their achievements, narrated in the twenty-second Idyll, may be compared with those of Tristram and Lancelot. The gigantic warrior whom they find by the well in the land of the Bebrycians, gorgeously armed, insolent, and as knotty as a brazen statue, who refuses access to the water and challenges them to combat, exactly resembles one of the lawless giants of the Morte Arthur. The courtesy of the Greek hero contrasts well with the barbarian's violence; and when they come to blows it is good to observe how address, agility, training, nerve, enable Polydeuces to overcome with ease the vast fury and brute strength of the Bebrycian bully.

As the fight proceeds, the son of Leda improves in flesh and colour, while Amychus gets out of breath, and sweats his thews away. Polydeuces pounds the giant's neck and face, reducing him to a hideous mass of bruises, and receiving the blows of Amychus upon his chest and loins. At the end of the fight he spares his prostrate foe, on the condition of his respecting the rites of hospitality, and dealing courteously with strangers. Throughout it will be noticed how carefully Theocritus maintains the conception of the Hellenic as distinguished from the barbarian combatant. Christian and Pagan are not more distinct in a legend of the San Graal. But Greek chivalry has no magic, no monstrous exaggeration. All is simple, natural, and human. Bellerophon, it is true, was sent after the Chimæra, and Perseus freed Andromeda like St. George from a dragon's mouth. But these ruder fancies of Greek infancy formed no integral part of the mythology; instead of being multiplied, they were gradually winnowed out, and the poets laid but little stress upon them.

The achievement of Castor is not so favourable to the character of Hellenic chivalry. Having, in concert with Polydeuces, borne off by guile the daughters of Leucippus from their affianced husbands, Castor kills one of the injured lovers who pursues him and demands restitution. He slays him, though he is his own first cousin, ruthlessly; and while the other son of Aphareus is rushing forward to avenge his brother's death, Zeus hurls lightning and destroys him. Theocritus remarks that it is no light matter to engage in battle with the Tyndarids; but he makes no reflection on what we should call "the honour" of the whole transaction.

Of all the purely pastoral Idylls by which Theocritus is most widely famous, perhaps the finest is the seventh or *Thalysia*. It glows with the fresh and radiant splendour of southern beauty. In this poem the Idyllist describes the journey of three young men in summer from the city to the farm of their friend Phrasidamus, who has invited them to partake in the feast with which he purposes to honour Demeter at harvest time. On their way they meet with a goat-herd, Lycidas, who invites them, "with a smiling eye," to recline beneath the trees and while away the hours of noon-tide heat with song. "The very lizard," he says, "is sleeping by the wall; but on the hard stones of the footpath your heavy boots keep up a ceaseless ringing." Thus chided by the goat-herd, they resolve upon a singing match between Simichidas, the teller of the tale, and Lycidas, who offers his crook as the prize of victory. Lycidas begins the contest with that exquisite song to Ageanax, which has proved the despair of all succeeding

Idyllists, and which furnished Virgil with one of the most sonorous lines in his Georgics. No translation can do justice to the smooth and liquid charm of its melodious verse, in which the tenderest feeling mingles gracefully with delicate humour and with homely descriptions of a shepherd's life. The following lines, which form a panegyric on Comatas, some famed singer of the rustic muse, may be quoted for their pure Greek feeling. Was ever an unlucky mortal envied more melodiously, and yet more quaintly, for his singular fortune?

αἰσεῖ δ' ὥς ποκ' ἔδεκτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὐρέα λάρναξ
ζῶν ἰόντα κακαῖσιν ἀτασθαλίαισιν ἄνακτος,
ὥς τέ νιν αἰ σιμαὶ λειμωνόθε φέρβον ἰοῖσαι
κέδρον ἐς ἀδείαν μαλακοῖς ἄνθεσσι μέλισσαι,
οὔνεκά οἱ γλυκὺ Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χέε νέκταρ.
ὦ μακαριστὲ Κομάτα, τὸ θῆν τάδε τερπνὰ πεπόνθης,
καὶ τὸ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τὸ, μελισσᾶν
κηρία φερβόμενος, ἔτος ὥριον ἐξετέλεσσας.¹

The song with which Simichidas contends against his rival is not of equal beauty; but the goat-herd hands him the crook "as a gift of friendship from the muses." Then he leaves the three friends, who resume their journey till they reach the house of Phrasidamus. There elms and poplar-trees and vines embower them with the pleasant verdure of rustling leaves, and the perfumes of summer flowers and autumn fruits. The jar of wine, as sweet as that which made the Cyclops dance among his sheep-fold, spreads its fragrance through the air; while the statue of Demeter, with her handfuls of corn and poppy heads, stands smiling by.

This seventh Idyll, of which no adequate idea can be conveyed by mere description, may serve as the type of those purely rustic poems, which, since the days of Theocritus, have, from age to age, been imitated by versifiers emulous of his gracefulness. If we could afford the space, it would not be uninteresting to analyse the Idyll of the two old fishermen, who gossip together, so wisely and contentedly, in their huts by the sea-shore, mending their nets the while, and discoursing gravely of their dreams. In this Idyll, which is, however,

¹ "How of old

The goat-herd by his cruel lord was bound,
And left to die in a great chest; and how
The busy bees, up coming from the meadows,
To the sweet cedar, fed him with soft flowers,
Because the Muse had filled his mouth with nectar.
Yes, all these sweets were thine, blessed Comatas;
And thou wast put into the chest, and fed
By the blithe bees, and passed a pleasant time."

LEIGH HUNT'S "Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla."

probably the work of some of Theocritus's imitators, and in the second, which consists of a singing match between two harvest men, the native homeliness of the Idyllic muse appears to best advantage.

With this brief and insufficient notice, we must leave Theocritus in order to say a few words about his successors. Bion's poetry, when compared with that of Theocritus, declines considerably from the Bucolic type. His Idylls are for the most part fragments of delicately finished love-songs, remarkable for elegance and sweetness more than for masculine vigour or terse expression. In Bion the artificial style of pastoral begins. Theocritus had made cows and pipes and shepherds fashionable. His imitators followed him without the humour and natural taste which rendered his pictures so attractive. We already trace the frigid affectation of Bucolic interest in the elegy on Bion: "He sang no song of wars or tears, but piped of Pan and cowherds, and fed flocks, singing as he went; pipes he fashioned, and milked the sweet-breathed heifer, and taught kisses, and cherished in his bosom love, and stole the heart of Aphrodité." As it happens, the most original and powerful of Bion's remaining poems is a "Song of Tears," of passionate lamentation, of pathetic grief, composed, not as a pastoral ditty, but on the occasion of one of those splendid festivals in which the Syrian rites of slain Adonis were celebrated by Greek women. The *ἐπιτάφιος Ἀδώνιδος* is written with a fiery passion and a warmth of colouring peculiar to Bion. The verse bounds with tiger leaps, its full-breathed dactyls panting with the energy of rapid flight. The tender and reflective beauty of Theocritus, the concentrated passion of his *Simætha*, and the flowing numbers of his song to Adonis, are quite lost and swallowed up in the Asiatic fury of Bion's lament. The poem begins with the cry, *Αἰάζω τὸν Ἀδωνιν*, which is variously repeated in Idyllic fashion as a refrain throughout the lamentation. After this prelude, having, as it were, struck the key-note to the music, the singer cries:

*μηκέτι πορφυρεοῖς ἐνὶ φάρεσι Κύπρι κάθειδε
ἔγρεο δειλαία κυανόστολε καὶ πλατάγησον
στάθρα, καὶ λέγε πᾶσιν, ἀπώλετο καλὸς Ἀδωνις.¹*

Notice how the long words follow one another with quick pulses and flashes of sound. The same peculiar rhythm recurs

¹ "Sleep, Cypris, no more, on thy purple strewed bed;
Arise, wretch stoled in black,—beat thy breast unrelenting,
And shriek to the worlds, 'Fair Adonis is dead.'"

Translation by MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

when, after describing the beautiful dead body of Adonis, the poet returns to Aphrodité :

ἀ δ' Ἀφροδίτα
 λυσαμένα πλοκαμίδας ἀνὰ δρυμῶς ἀλάληται
 πενθαλέα, νήπλεκτος, ἀσάνδαλος· αἱ δὲ βάτοι νιν
 ἐρχομένην κείροντι καὶ ἱερὸν αἷμα δρέπονται
 ὅξυν δὲ κωκύουσα δι' ἄγκεα μακρὰ φορεῖται,
 Ἀσσύριον βοόωσα πόσιν, καὶ παῖδα καλεῖσα.¹

There are few passages of poetical imagery more striking than this picture of the queen of beauty tearing through the forest, heedless of her tender limbs and useless charms, and calling on her Syrian spouse. What follows is even more passionate; after some lines of mere description, the ecstasy again descends upon the poet, and he bursts into the wildest of most beautiful laments :

ὥς ἶδεν, ὥς ἐνόησεν Ἀδώνιδος ἄσχετον ἔλκος,
 ὥς ἶδε φοίνιον αἷμα μαραινομένῳ περὶ μηρῷ,
 πάχεας ἀμπετάσασα, κινύρετο· μείνον Ἀδωνι,
 δύσποτμε μείνον Ἀδωνι, κ.τ.λ.²

The last few lines of her soliloquy are exquisitely touching, especially those in which Aphrodité deplores her immortality, and acknowledges the supremacy of the queen of the grave over Love and Beauty. What follows is pitched at a lower key. There is too much of merely Anacreontic prettiness about the description of the bridal bed and the lamenting Loves. Aphrodité's passion reminds us of a Neapolitan *Stabat Mater*, in which the frenzy of love and love-like piety are strangely blended. But the concluding picture suggests nothing nobler than a painting of Albano, in which *amoretti* are plentiful, and there is much elegance of composition. This remark applies to the rest of Bion's poetry. If Theocritus deserves to be illustrated by the finest of Greek bas-reliefs, Bion cannot claim more than an exquisitely chiselled gem. Certainly the 2d and 3d fragments

¹ " And the poor Aphrodité, with tresses unbound,
 All dishevelled, unsandalled, shrieks mournful and shrill
 Through the dusk of the groves. The thorns, tearing her feet,
 Gather up the red flower of her blood, which is holy,
 Each footstep she takes ; and the valleys repeat
 The sharp cry which she utters, and draw it out slowly.
 She calls on her spouse, her Assyrian."

Translation by MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

² " When, ah ! ah !—she saw how the blood ran away
 And empurpled the thigh ; and, with wild hands flung out,
 Said with sobs, ' Stay, Adonis ! unhappy one, stay ! ' "—*Ibid.*

are very charming ; and the lines to Hesper (fragment 16) have so much beauty that we attempt a version of them :—

“ Hesper, thou golden light of happy love,
 Hesper, thou holy pride of purple eve,
 Moon among stars, but star beside the moon,
 Hail, friend ! and since the young moon sets to-night
 Too soon below the mountains, lend thy lamp
 And guide me to the shepherd whom I love.
 No theft I purpose ; no wayfaring man
 Belated would I watch and make my prey ;
 Love is my goal, and Love how fair it is,
 When friend meets friend sole in the silent night,
 Thou knowest, Hesper ! ”

In Moschus we find less originality and power than belong to Bion. His *Europa* is an imitation of the style in which Theocritus wrote *Hylas* ; but the copy is frigid and affected by the style of its model. Five-and-twenty lines, for instance, are devoted to an elaborate description of a basket, which leaves no impression on the mind ; whereas every leaf and tendril on the cup which Theocritus introduces into the first Idyll stands out vividly before us. Nothing, moreover, could be more unnatural and tedious than the long speech which *Europa* makes when she is being carried out to sea upon the bull's back. Yet we must allow that there is spirit and beauty in the triumph of sea monsters who attend Poseidon, and do honour to the chosen bride of Zeus ; Nereids riding on dolphins, and Tritons, “ the deep-voiced minstrels of the sea, sounding a marriage song on their long-winding conchs.” The whole of this piece is worthy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Moschus is remarkable for occasional felicities of language. In this line, for example,

εὖτε καὶ ἀτρεκέων ποιμαίνεται ἔθνος ὀνείρων,

an old thought receives new and subtle beauty by its expression. If *Megara* (Idyll iv.) be really the work of Moschus, which is doubtful, it reflects more honour on him. The dialogue between the wife and mother of the maddened Heracles, after he has murdered his children and gone forth to execute fresh labours, is worthy of their tragic situation. *ἔρως δραπετής*, again, is an exquisite little poem in the Anacreontic style of Bion, fully equal to any of its models. The fame of Moschus will, however, depend upon the *Elegy on Bion*. We have already hinted that its authenticity is questioned. In our opinion it far surpasses any of his compositions in respect of definite thought and original imagination. Though the Bucolic commonplaces are used with obvious artificiality, and much is borrowed

from Theocritus's lament for Daphnis, yet so true and delicate a spirit is inbreathed into the old forms as to render them quite fresh. The passage which begins αἱ αἱ ταὶ μαλάχαι every dabbler in Greek literature knows by heart. And what can be more ingenuously pathetic than the *nuances* of feeling expressed in these lines :—

φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων ποτὶ σὸν στόμα φάρμακον εἶδες.
πῶς τευ τοῖς χείλεσσι ποτέδραμε, κούκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
τίς δὲ βροτός, τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἦ κεράσαι τοι
ἦ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἐκφύγεν ᾧδάν;¹

And :—

τίς ποτε σὴ σύριγγι μελίξεται, ᾧ τριπόθητε
τίς δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς καλάμοις θήσει στόμα; τίς θρασὺς οὕτως;
εἰσέτι γὰρ πνέει τὰ σὰ χεῖλα καὶ τὸ σὸν ἄσθμα.
ἄχῳ δ' ἐν δονάκεσσι τεᾶς ἐπιβόσκει' αἰοιδᾶς.²

Or again :—

ἄχῳ δ' ἐν πέτρῃσιν ὁδύρεται ὅττι σιωπῇ,
κούκέτι μιμεῖται τὰ σὰ χεῖλα.³

There is also something very touching in the third line of this strophe :—

κεῖνος ὁ ταῖς ἀγέλαισιν ἐράσμιος οὐκέτι μέλπει,
οὐκέτ' ἐρημαίῃσιν ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἤμενος ᾄδει,
ἀλλὰ παρὰ πλουτῇ μέλος Ληθαῖον ἀείδει.⁴

and in the allusion made to the Sicilian girlhood of grim Persephone (126-129). This vein of tender and melodious sentiment which verges on the *concetti* of modern art, seems different from the style of Europa. To English readers, the three elegies, on Daphnis, on Adonis, and on Bion, which are severally attributed to Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, will always be

¹ " There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth,
Thou didst feel poison ! how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turned to sweet ?"
LEIGH HUNT.

² " Who now shall play thy pipe, oh ! most desired one ;
Who lay his lips against thy reeds ? who dare it ?
For still they breathe of thee, and of thy mouth,
And echo comes to seek her voices there."—*Ibid.*

³ " Echo too mourned among the rocks that she
Must hush, and imitate thy lips no longer."—*Ibid.*

⁴ " No longer pipes he to the charmed herds,
No longer sits under the lovely oaks,
And sings ; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethean verse."—*Ibid.*

associated with the names of Milton and Shelley. There is no comparison whatever between Lycidas and Daphnis. In spite of the misplaced apparition of St. Peter, and of the frigidity which belongs to pastoral allegory, Lycidas is a richer and more gorgeous monument of elegiac verse. The simplicity of the Theocritean dirge contrasts strangely with the varied wealth of Milton's imagery, the few ornaments of Greek art with the intricate embroideries of modern fancy. To quote passages from these well-known poems would be superfluous; but let a student of literature compare the passages, $\pi\alpha\pi\omicron\kappa' \acute{\alpha}\rho' \eta\sigma\theta$ and $\omega\ \Pi\alpha\nu\ \Pi\alpha\nu$ with Milton's paraphrase, "Where were ye, nymphs;" or the concise paragraphs about the flowers and valleys that mourned for Daphnis, with the luxuriance of Milton's invocation, "Return, Alpheus."

When Shelley wrote *Adonis*, his mind was full of the elegies on Bion and Adonis. Of direct translation in his *Lament*, there is very little; but he has absorbed both of the Greek poems, and transmuted them into the substance of his own mind. Urania takes the place of Aphrodité,—the heavenly queen, 'most musical of mourners,' bewails the loss of her poetical consort. Instead of loves, the couch of Adonais is surrounded by the thoughts and fancies of which he was the parent; and, instead of gods and goddesses, the power of nature is invoked to weep for him and take him to herself. Whatever Bion and Moschus recorded as a fact, becomes, consistently with the spiritualizing tendency of modern genius, symbolical in Shelley's poem. His art has alchemized the whole structure, idealizing what was material, and disembodying the sentiments which were incarnated in simple images. *Adonais* is a sublime rhapsody; its multitudinous ideas are whirled like drops of golden rain, on which the sun of the poet's fancy gleams with ever-changing rainbow hues. In drifts and eddies they rush past, delighting us with their rapidity and brilliancy; but the impression left upon our mind is vague and incomplete when compared with the few and distinct ideas presented by the Doric Elegies. At the end of *Alastor* there occurs a touching reminiscence of Moschus, but the outline is less faint than in *Adonais*, the transmutation even more complete. Tennyson, among the poets of the nineteenth century, owes much to the Greek idyllists. His genius appears to be in many respects akin to theirs, and the age in which he lives is not unlike the Ptolemaic period. Unfitted, perhaps, by temperament for the most impassioned lyrics, he delights in minutely finished pictures, in felicities of expression, and in subtle harmonies of verse. Like Theocritus, he finds in nature and in the legends of past ages, subjects congenial to

his muse. *Ænone* and *Tithonus* are steeped in the golden beauty of Syracusan art. "Come down, O maid," transfers, with perfect taste, the Greek idyllic feeling to Swiss scenery; it is a fine instance of new wine being poured successfully into old bottles, for nothing can be fresher, and not even the *Thalysia* is sweeter. It would be easy enough to collect minor instances which prove that the Laureate's mind is impregnated with the thoughts and feelings of the poems we have been discussing. For instance, the figure, "softer than sleep," and the comparison of a strong man's muscles to smooth stones under running water, which we find in "Enid;" both of them occur in *Theocritus*.

It is time we should bring our paper to a close, recommending to all lovers of pure verse and perfect scenery that they should study the Greek idyllists upon the shores of the Mediterranean. Nor would it be possible to carry a better guide-book to the statue galleries of Rome and Naples. For in the verses of *Theocritus*, *Bion*, and *Moschus*, the æsthetical principles of the Greeks are both feelingly and pithily expressed; while the cold marble, which seems to require so many commentaries, receives from their idyllic pictures a new life.

- ART. VII.—1. *Ueber Kohlensäureausscheidung und Sauerstoffaufnahme während des Wachens und Schlafens beim Menschen.* Von Dr. PETTENKOFFER und Dr. VOIT. München, 1867.
2. *On Sleep, and some of its Concomitant Phenomena.* By Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR. Northern Journal of Medicine, 1844.
3. *The State of the Brain during Sleep.* By A. DURHAM. Guy's Hospital Reports, Third Series, vol. vi., 1866.

“HALF our days,” says Sir T. Browne, “we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives.” This is a true estimate of the time passed in sleep, for however exceptional the requirements of certain individuals may be, it is undoubted that, as a general average, there should be sixteen hours of wakefulness and eight hours of sleep during the day of twenty-four hours. The moderns as well as the ancients are inclined to view sleep as the brother of death. “It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God.”¹ There is more poetical feeling than scientific accuracy in this analogy. Not that there is any anomaly in the supposition that death alternates with life in the same individual. The whole life of an animal is accompanied by an incessant death of its parts; for every manifestation of muscular force, every sensation, every act of volition, nay, every intellectual thought, is accompanied by the death of the parts through which these were manifested to the world. It is the vegetable kingdom which is the cradle of organic life; the animal kingdom is the grave of organic death. As long as this death of parts is local, and capable of repair by the nutritive processes, which build new material into the same form and position as the dead matter that has been removed, the general life of the individual is not impaired. These partial destructions and constructions of parts are continuous, but not equal, for during a day of activity the former are greater in amount than the latter. Hence the necessity for a period of repose from labours, when both the muscles and the nervous system may be repaired—a period when a greater rate of nocturnal constructiveness in the body may balance the destructiveness of diurnal labour. Sleep is

¹ Sir T. Browne.

the period when an animal most resembles a vegetable in its functions of nutrition. Vegetative life is characterized by growth, and construction of organic matter. In sleep the animal is mainly a constructive machine, repairing all the parts which have been wasted during the day, and storing up force for use during the hours of wakefulness. It will be seen that we intend to examine sleep in its scientific aspect, laying to one side the metaphysics and poetry with which it is surrounded, while we solicit the reader's attention to the views which have lately thrown light upon a subject that has actively engaged the attention of thinkers from Aristotle to the present time.

It is necessary to the understanding of our subject, that some of the functions of the sections of the brain should be borne in mind. The encephalon, or brain, includes the entire contents of the skull, and is in connexion with the spinal cord, of which it may be viewed as a development. In the human brain, the upper part consists of two large hemispheres, termed the cerebrum, the supposed seat of intellectual activity. These become less in size and importance as we descend in the scale of animals, until, with some insignificant exceptions, they disappear in the invertebrata—fishes being the lowest animals which appear to have organs of ideation. Under the cerebrum is found the cerebellum, a distinct nervous region, which some physiologists believe to be intrusted with the powers of regulating and combining movements, although this exclusive power of co-ordination cannot be considered as established by experiments on decapitated animals. Opposite the cerebellum is a large tract of important ganglia, forming the sensorium, or seat of the instinctive actions. Impressions made on the organs of sense appear to be communicated to the cerebrum through the sensorium, so that as soon as the latter falls into torpor, no external impressions can reach the hemispheres to excite in them intellectual activity. Without going further into the divisions of the brain, we may assume that no one will now contend with Cartesius that the soul of man resides in the pineal gland, or in any other *nodus vitæ*, but that all will admit that the whole brain forms its throne, from which is issued the mysterious government of the body. Yet this does not remove the necessity for admitting that certain tracts of the brain have special functions, some for ideation, others for executing the commands of volition, others again for adjusting and combining movements, or for the communication of conscious sensations, although all the provinces are in combination, and under one common government, with which they must be in constant intercourse. All the tracts of the brain proper have the faculty of ceasing their activity, or of passing into the

state of sleep. Under the sensory ganglia, however, is an important region, termed the *medulla oblongata*, which prolongs itself into the spinal cord, and may be considered as a part of the true spinal system. This system never sleeps, but is always watchful, for to it are intrusted the movements of the heart, lungs, and intestines, and most probably also the important duties of nutritive construction. If torpor passed upon such automatic centres, it could only be that sleep of death which is the great slip that launches organic matter into the inorganic world, and the soul into eternity.

The cranium is freely supplied with blood, for nearly one-fifth of its total quantity in the body circulates through the brain during its waking state. It was an old error among physiologists that there was more blood, or at least as much, during sleep as in wakefulness; but this was disproved by Blumenbach, and still more convincingly by Donders, who made a cruel, though striking experiment on the subject. He cut away part of the skull of an animal, and cemented in its place a piece of glass, through which he could observe the brain in its different states. This experiment has been repeated by Kussmaul and Tenner in Germany, by Durham in England, and by Hammond in America, with like results. In the waking state, the brain is larger than it is during sleep, while in the latter condition it becomes pale and bloodless. If the animal be disturbed by dreams, a blush suffuses parts of the brain; and after complete wakefulness the cerebral substance becomes turgid with blood, the whole surface being now a bright red, while vessels, invisible during sleep, are filled with blood coursing rapidly through them. The eye, which may be looked upon as an exposed part of the brain, acts in a similar way; for Dr. Jackson has shown that the optic disk is whiter, the arteries smaller, and the veins larger in sleep than in the waking state. In the circulation of blood in the brain, various precautions are provided to weaken the impulse in its ascent. It ascends against gravity in a vertical column, which, passing through an angular curvature of the internal carotid artery, has its impetus lessened before it passes into the brain. On the other hand, everything favours the return of blood from the brain when it has done its work.

There is another fluid in the brain which has a close relation to sleep, although its importance has not been recognised by writers on the subject. This is a watery fluid—the cerebro-spinal fluid—which bathes the brain on all sides, and in all its convolutions. It is secreted easily, and absorbed with equal readiness, so that, as the skull is a close cavity which requires to be always filled, a diminution of blood in the brain is attended with an increase of cerebro-spinal fluid. The spinal column and

the brain are in intimate connexion, so that when the blood-vessels contract during sleep the fluid rises into the brain by atmospheric pressure; when they become turgid, the fluid is partially expelled from the brain into the spinal column. If the base of the skull is fractured, this fluid does not flow out while the patient is asleep, but begins to flow again from the orifice when he awakes. The cerebro-spinal fluid abounds in the brain of idiots, and others prone to sleep, and is in much smaller amount in the brains of persons of active intellectual habits.

Having now given a general description of the brain sufficient for our purpose, we proceed to consider the causes of sleep, after which its objects and uses will be again brought under review.

For a long time sleep was supposed to be a state of congestion in the brain, produced by a turgidity of the vessels. This is incompatible with recent observations already referred to, which have shown that there is much less blood in circulation in the brain during sleep than in the waking state. The old experiments supposed to prove a congested state of the brain in reality only produced a bloodless condition of it. Magendie injected hot water into the brain and induced sleep. But in doing so, he necessarily expelled blood, by introducing another fluid into the closed undilating cavity of the skull. For the same reason, sleep ensues when the aorta of an animal is tied, or when arterial blood is removed from the body by bleeding, but not to an extent which produces convulsions. The compression of the carotids in men occasions a sleep amounting to stupor, as has been long known, for Rufus of Ephesus maintains that the word *carotis* has its origin in this fact:—"Arterias per collum subeuntes carotides, i.e., somniferas antiquos nominasse, quoniam compressæ hominem sopore gravabant vocemque adimebant." When arterial blood is withdrawn from an animal, and venous blood is injected in its place, sleep also ensues. The ultimate cause of these experiences is explained in the following passage, from the paper on Sleep by Dr. Lyon Playfair in 1844:—

"Physiologists are agreed that, towards evening, or after a certain number of hours of work, the involuntary organs, the heart and lungs, lose their wonted activity, and suffer a periodical diminution of action. Blumenbach describes the case of a patient trepanned, in whom the brain was observed to sink during sleep and enlarge on waking, obviously arising from the circulation being diminished in the former state and increased in the latter. . . . Arterial blood alone can cause the waste of the brain, for venous blood has already parted with its oxygen to the materials met with in its course. Matter in a state of inertia cannot manifest the existence of a power. Motion alone shows that some power is in operation. If the portion of matter used as the organ of manifestation be placed in such a condition as to render that

manifestation impossible, there is no evidence to the world that power was exerted. It has been perfectly demonstrated that every manifestation of power in the voluntary organs is accompanied by a change of the matter of which they consist. The changed matter being now unfit for vital structures, is separated from the body. Müller, and all other eminent physiologists, are of opinion that the same change takes place in the brain, the organ of the mind. In fact, the contrary opinion involves such violation of analogy, that its adoption, unless founded on the strongest grounds, is inadmissible. We look upon a spot attentively; it gradually waxes dimmer, until it finally disappears. We think upon a particular subject; in time our thoughts are less clear, soon they become strangely confused, and we are obliged to give up the attempt at concentration by thinking on a subject quite different from that which first engaged our thoughts. This of course implies that the organs of manifestation have become in part destroyed, and that the mind cannot manifest itself to the world until the impaired organs have again attained their proper integrity; for it cannot be conceived that the mind, disconnected with matter, could suffer exhaustion. This involves, it is true, the idea that different parts of the brain are employed in different manifestations. We know that as far as intellect and sensation are concerned, this is the case, and probability indicates a more minute division. If, therefore, the brain suffer changes, as do the other organs of the body by their exercise, there is as much necessity for repose in the action of the brain as there is for a vegetative state of existence to reinstate in their full integrity its various parts. Hence the necessity for that quiescent state of the mind known as sleep, when its manifestations cease. The waste of cerebral substance could only have been occasioned by oxygen, which is the only ultimate cause of waste, as far as we are aware, in the animal economy. A deficiency in its supply would therefore retard waste, and allow vitality to remodel its impaired structures.

“Such, then, is the state into which the body is thrown by the periodical diminution in the action of the heart and lungs. The less rapidly that the heart beats, the less rapidly can the blood be aerated, and the oxygen bearing fluid be supplied to the brain. The slower that the lungs act, the slower must oxygen enter the system to supply the diminished circulation. And as the brain in sleep is not in a state in which it can change, from a deficiency in the supply of oxygen, the consequence is (if it be admitted that the manifestation of thought and sensation is accompanied by changes in the material substance of the brain), that the manifestations of the mind are prevented, and it becomes no longer apparent to the external world. **THIS, THEN, IS SLEEP.**”

The theory, thus succinctly stated, is, as we have seen, compatible with recent experiments on animals having part of their skulls removed and substituted by glass. The observations made through this transparent medium show that there is less arterial blood coursing through the brain during sleep,

and that consequently the conditions of waste are absent, while there is still sufficient left to repair the matter which had been wasted. But if the theory is true, it must explain the common phenomena of sleep, and must not be in actual contradiction to the important discoveries of Pettenkoffer, who shows that oxygen is actually stored up in the blood in greater proportion in the sleeping than in the waking condition.

If the diminution of oxygen in the blood predisposes to sleep, the converse must be true, that its increase should tend to wakefulness. When a man is exposed to starvation, the inspired oxygen first attacks the fat and muscular tissues of the body, and while this emaciation is in progress he is low and depressed. After a time the substance of the brain yields to the circulating oxygen, and delirious paroxysms ensue, because the brain-matter now wastes too rapidly for regulated manifestations of the mind. Ultimately the heart becomes enfeebled, the blood flows sluggishly, and is less arterialized, so that the brain receives a smaller amount of oxygen; the delirium then subsides, and the sleep of death follows. The case of a drunkard is somewhat similar. At the beginning of his carouse, alcohol stimulates the action of the heart, which now sends blood rapidly to the lungs for aeration. A large supply of blood-disks consequently reach the brain, which is stimulated into activity. The ideas of the drinker now flow rapidly, at first coherently, but soon without control; the brain matter wastes too rapidly, and delirium ensues. During this time the volatile alcohol is diffusing itself through the system, converting arterial into venous blood, and loading that fluid with a spirit which has a tendency to prevent change in the tissues, so that the drunkard gradually becomes stupid, falls off his chair in the stupor of sleep, or, if too far gone, dies of venous apoplexy. In a like way intoxicating gas, the nitrous oxide of Davy, acts upon its inhaler. The first effect is to produce rapid arterialization of the blood, so that the inhaler has an ardent desire for activity. He tries to mount up into the air like a bird, or he becomes combative, and knocks down persons in his vicinity, while his ideas become wonderfully rapid, though incoherent. During this time carbonic acid is being abundantly formed, and its depressing effect soon ends the period of exhilaration. Under the influence of chloroform the period of exhilaration is usually momentary, for the vapour acts quickly on the blood, and soon changes that in the brain from a red to a purple hue. As the anæsthetic influence passes away, the purple hue fades, and numerous vessels filled with red blood again become apparent. Harley, in his experiments with blood, found that a small portion of chloroform added to it prevents transforma-

tion, and therefore yields the condition for sleep. The cases now cited show clearly that any cause which increases the flow of arterial blood in the brain produces cerebral excitement; while any cause which diminishes the action of oxygen produces depression, sleep, or torpor, according to its degree of action. The known tendency to sleep after dinner may be given as another illustration. When the stomach is distended with food, the diaphragm is made to encroach on the lungs, and diminishes their play, or, in other words, prevents the full access of oxygen to the blood. At the same time the stomach becomes charged with arterial blood, and the vessels of the intestines also are unusually full. If an animal in the act of digestion be killed, the vessels of the alimentary canal and of the liver are found to be gorged, while those of the brain, spinal marrow, and even of the muscles, are contracted and comparatively bloodless. Here, then, we have all the conditions of sleep. The postprandial sleeper now draws his chair close to the fire, in order that his nap may be undisturbed. There are two physiological reasons for this act. Less oxygen is entering his body to burn the food, and he feels cold; but this cold would excite the respiratory organs to increased activity, and disturb his contemplated enjoyment. An after-dinner sleeper temporarily resembles the permanent condition of a pig fattened for the butcher. In its case, fat accumulated round the viscera pushes up the diaphragm against the lungs, and compels them to play in a contracted space. When the animal further distends its stomach with food, it gives a few grunts as an ineffectual attempt at a more active respiration, and is in a deep sleep in a few minutes. Obese men, from a similar cause, are also prone to sleep.

“The tendency to sleep in different animals is in inverse proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed by them, and to the amount of carbonic acid produced. Thus reptiles and the naked amphibia produce, relatively to their weight, according to the experiments of Müller, one-tenth the amount of carbonic acid evolved by mammalia and one-nineteenth that of birds. We have no numbers to express the tendency to sleep of these animals, but it is known that reptiles are peculiarly liable to be in a state of torpor or sleep, while birds are, on the contrary, wakeful animals. A reptile, such as a frog, will exist in a state of torpor for hours in an atmosphere of hydrogen, while birds die in a few seconds with the ordinary symptoms of asphyxia. The same circumstance of a diminished supply of oxygen, which induces sleep in reptiles, acts also in different mammalia in the promotion of this state, according to the relative size or activity of their lungs. It also operates in a like way with different men.”¹

¹ Dr. Lyon Playfair.

Having now seen that the proofs are tolerably conclusive that sleep is due to a diminished supply of arterial blood in the brain, or, in other words, to the inability of the brain-matter to undergo those changes through which the mind can alone manifest itself to the world, we now proceed to consider more in detail than we have yet done, the objects and purposes of sleep. These are mainly—

1. The restoration of wasted organs.
2. The storing up of force.

We have as yet no exact measure by which we can ascertain to what extent the general tissues of the body wasted in the day are repaired during the night, though doubtless much is done in this way. As urea is the chief representative of waste, we might expect some light to be thrown upon the subject by ascertaining how much passes away at the different periods of the twenty-four hours. A man who spent two days, one at rest, chiefly in reading novels, the other at work with a turning-lathe, passed in the first day 58 per cent. of the urea in the day-time, and 42 per cent. during the night; while in the day of work 54 per cent. were eliminated during waking and 46 after sleep. As about 20 per cent. of the total quantity would have amply sufficed for the waste of the involuntary organs, which are still active during sleep, the figures show that the renewal of tissues and the removal of wasted matter are actively proceeding during the night. The cells, in which all organized tissues originate, have an independent vitality, and are not influenced in the performance of their duties by the sleep of the brain, so that nutrition still continues to be active, probably more active than at any period of the day, for construction is now the chief work of the body, the animal, during sleep, having chiefly a vegetative existence. The quiescence of the brain, and its inability to receive impressions or to send forth the commands of volition, permit a complete restoration of parts by delivering over the body to the entire control of constructive nutrition. Sleep, in this sense, is not the brother of death (*consanguineus leti*), but rather the preserver of life. Somnus was very probably the son of Nox, for she gave birth to the day as well as to sleep; but the ancients may have been mistaken in making Erebus, a deity of hell, his father, for his birth betokens rather a celestial than an infernal influence.

During sleep force is stored up in the body in a remarkable manner, as has been shown by the experiments of Pettenkoffer. At Munich, the King of Bavaria has erected a chamber, supplied with every appliance for measuring the air which enters it and for ascertaining the composition of the air that passes from it.

This chamber is sufficiently large to enable persons to live comfortably in it during the time that they are made the subjects of experiments. Among other remarkable results which have flowed from the enlightened liberality of the Bavarian King, we have a series of experiments made on various individuals during their waking and sleeping state. A healthy man was put into this chamber, with the light occupation of taking to pieces the work of a watch. Of the total quantity of oxygen inhaled by him 33 per cent. only were absorbed during the day, and about double, or 67 per cent., during the night; while the exhaled carbonic acid, the gaseous product of transformation, was 58 per cent. during the day and 42 per cent. during the night. In the day of mechanical labour, the difference between day and night was still more striking. These remarkable results, if they are confirmed by subsequent experiments, for which physiologists are anxiously waiting, prove that night is the chief period for storing up oxygen in the blood, to be used during the day in the production of work, when volition finds it ready at hand to execute the voluntary motions, and to enable the mind to make its manifestations through changes in brain-matter. If it be established that night is the time for storing up oxygen, the importance of sleeping in well-ventilated rooms cannot be too strongly insisted on. The workman has to store up his force during the night, and should take every precaution to assist Nature in fulfilling this important function. Pettenkofer has compared this storing up of oxygen in the circulating blood to a mill-stream, which the miller can turn on one, one-half, or three-fourths, in exact proportion as the work requires. The will uses the blood-stream in the same way, having it always available for work. The miller has his mill-pond as a reservoir of force to supply the stream; while the will has its reservoir of force filled during the night, and amply sufficient to meet the wants of the day. But another analogy may perhaps explain the process still better, and serve to fix it in our minds. The little blood-disks sailing along in the stream of blood, with a vitality and motion of their own, may be likened to a fleet of tiny vessels in incessant activity. During the night they take in a cargo of oxygen in the lungs, and sail away with it to every part of the system. Some of them part with their cargo even during the night, and, laden with a return cargo of carbonic acid, sail back to the lungs, where they discharge it by exchanging it for a new supply of oxygen. But the greater number of our fleet are less active, and only discharge their oxygen during the day, waiting till night before they take up again a new cargo

of this gas, which has so many important functions to perform.

What we have now stated as to the rich store of oxygen laid up in the blood during sleep, may appear to be inconsistent with the theory that it is due to a diminished oxidation of brain-matter. A little consideration will show that there is no inconsistency. Sleep arises when work has diminished the oxidation of the blood, and increased the amount of carbonic acid in the system, or, in other words, the quantity of venous blood. It is not improbable that the excess of carbonic acid in the blood has a direct influence in the result, for the experiments of Liston have shown that this substance has a positive sedative effect upon the elements of the tissue, paralysing for the time their vital energies. The brain has diminished in volume by work, as a muscle does, and a flow of cerebro-spinal fluid takes place, helping at the same time to expel the blood from the cranium. The brain no longer being in a condition to oxidise, rapidly falls into unconsciousness, and the mind sending no commands to the voluntary organs, enables the blood to devote itself to constructive instead of destructive work, and to get rid of its excess of carbonic acid, renewing at the same time its oxygen. The increased supply of the latter, however, finds only partial access to the brain, from which it is shut out by the cerebro-spinal fluid. As the blood, however, becomes richer in oxygen during the progress of the night, it courses through the larger arteries still open to it (for many of the capillaries become, by their contraction, too small to admit the blood-disks, and pass only *liquor sanguinis*), and the increasing oxygen becomes the condition of a natural awaking from sleep. This explains the experiments of E. Smith, who found that towards morning more carbonic acid is evolved, even during sleep, than is the case in the earlier hours of the night. As the oxygen augments in the blood-vessels of the brain wakefulness follows, because that element acquires power to compel cerebral change, and the mind now finds the material, placed at its disposal for external manifestations, renewed and invigorated by constructive nutrition during repose.

Hybernation is that state of winter sleep to which certain animals are subject. Among the most distinct winter sleepers are the bat, hedgehog, the marmot, the hamster, and the dormouse. The bear and beaver pass their winter in lethargy, but may be active enough if aroused. Cold-blooded animals, including the chelonian, saurian, ophidian, and batrachian tribes, have a winter of lethargic apathy, as also have some kinds of fishes. Diurnal and winter sleep are periodical phenomena

differing only in degree. A bat sleeping during the day sinks in temperature just as it does in its long winter sleep. Hybernating animals have a degree of muscular irritability inversely proportionate to the activity of their respiration. Thus reptiles, with a sluggish respiration, have a high degree of muscular irritability, while birds, with active respiration, are much inferior in that respect. This provision is requisite during a long sleep to allow the low arterialized blood to stimulate the heart to action, otherwise the animal must die of asphyxia. In full hibernation very little respiration goes on at all. A bat during its sleep took sixty-six hours to produce $3\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of carbonic acid, its temperature being only half a degree above that of the air. The hedgehog, which wakes every three or four days to get snails and worms for food, in its waking state has a temperature of 95° , and in its sleeping condition only of 45° .

“Perhaps I might venture to throw out an explanation of the winter sleep of animals. In summer they accumulate fat in their bodies, probably from the very fact of the smallness of their lungs, which prevents the entrance of a sufficient supply of oxygen to convert the surplus unazotised food into carbonic acid and water. This fat, accumulating around the caul and loins, pushes forward the diaphragm against the lungs. The fat also gathers round the edges of the heart and lungs, and still further diminishes the space in which the latter ought to play. Thus respiration is greatly retarded, in consequence of which the animal falls asleep. This explanation accords with the interesting experiments of Saissy, who has shown that hybernating animals decompose most when they are in a state of the greatest activity, that they respire less during autumn, as their fat accumulates, and that the respiration becomes extremely feeble at the commencement of their winter's sleep, and ceases when that sleep becomes profound. There is not continued cessation of respiration, for during the long-continued sleep of hybernating animals the lungs play slowly, several minutes often elapsing between each respiration; the diminished state of oxidation in their bodies is proved by their reduced temperature, which is generally not higher than 4° above that of the surrounding medium. In this state, they may be aptly compared to lamps slowly burning, their fat being the oil, and the lungs the wick of the lamp. If this view of hibernation be correct, very fat animals should show a disposition to sleep, and it is known that pigs in the last stage of fattening are rarely awake. Instances have occurred in which pigs, being placed in a favourable condition, have actually proved their capability of being in a state analogous to hibernation. Thus, Martell describes the case of a fat pig overwhelmed with a slip of earth; it lived 160 days without food, and diminished in weight 120 lbs.”¹

¹ Dr. Lyon Playfair, p. 6.

We can scarcely take leave of our subject without alluding to the phenomena of dreams and wakefulness, although we now leave the region of science for that of speculation. Wakefulness, more or less in degree, is the experience of every one under certain conditions, such as overwork of the brain, mental excitement, or the stimulus of tea or coffee. In certain forms of insanity this insomnia becomes protracted; and, as a result, mania passes by subsidence into dementia, because the destructive processes in the brain overpower the constructive nutrition, which is allowed no repose of cerebral functions to enable it to repair the wasted parts. When we work too hard or too late, all of us feel that the brain has been put into too active combustion by the increased flow of blood, so that we have not the power to quell the changes, and permit the brain to seek repose. Tossing uneasily on the bed, our efforts are to draw the blood to some other part of the brain, so as to give rest to the affected part. If our work has been such as to demand our reasoning powers, we excite the imagination, or we seek a monotonous mental occupation by counting a certain number, or go through the dreary task of reciting the list of kings and queens of England. All this is for the purpose of directing the blood-current to some other part of the brain, and to extinguish the fire which burns in the excited region. If all these efforts fail, we place our feet, and in extreme cases our whole body, in a warm bath, which, determining a flow of blood to the surface, removes it from the brain, and enables us often, with magical effect, to secure the coveted repose. Narcotics, as Harley has shown, have a wonderful effect in preventing the oxygen in the blood from transforming organic substances, and in extreme cases are used by the physician to combat cases of insomnia. Wakefulness in health is the result of excessive transformation of brain-substance, induced by the activity of mind which compels the change to enable it to manifest itself to the external world. In disease, this transformation, proceeding as a primary part of the phenomenon, induces the mental manifestations without balance or order, and results in delirium or insanity.

Dreaming appears to be simply a wakefulness of one portion of a nervous centre, while the other portions, and most probably the other centres, are in a state of sleep. Hence particular feelings or special kinds of ideas may be called into action by the transformation of one region of brain-substance, while other feelings or ideas are asleep, and are thus prevented by comparison and reflection from modifying those which are awake. Milton clearly sees this in a fine passage in which he writes of dreams when Reason is asleep:—

“ Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams ;
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.”

It has already been mentioned that when a trephined animal is asleep, and appears to be disturbed by dreams, a blush starts over certain portions of the brain. During dreaming the face usually becomes flushed, from a greater access of arterialized blood. A phlegmatic person, whose heart beats slowly and whose lungs are inactive, rarely dreams. The greatest dreamer is the man of nervous temperament, whose heart and lungs do not move with the steadfastness of the pendulum of a clock. The states of dreaming may be likened to, possibly are, local states of brain-inflammation proceeding from a determination of blood to particular parts, but which, like the tissues in incipient inflammations described by Liston, “ have an intrinsic power of recovery from irritation when it has not been carried beyond a certain point.” In fever, the rapidly circulating blood, propelled with unequal velocity, produces a tendency to delirious dreaming. The convulsive starts which take place in sleep, often accompanied by oppression, are perhaps occasioned not by an excess, but by a temporary deficiency of blood in the brain, produced by some obstruction arising from inconvenience of posture or other cause. Epileptic convulsions are suspected to be due to a bloodless condition of the brain, and generally arise after extensive hemorrhage ; they are probably an exaggerated expression of the nocturnal starts in sleep.

Aristotle's treatise on Sleep contains many errors and some truths. Among the latter we class, though Lewes does not, his assertion that sleep is the period in which nutrition is most active. We do not understand that Aristotle limited the period of nutritive construction to sleep, but merely that then it was dominant. Undoubtedly nutrition proceeds all through the twenty-four hours—perhaps, in absolute quantity, in as great a ratio in the day as in the night. But we have explained that the manifestation of force is always accompanied by a degradation of tissue, and that, while activity continues, its waste must be at a greater rate than its reparation. If the destruction were exactly balanced by the construction, there need not arise fatigue or inability of tissues to continue their work ; we see this exemplified in the heart and lungs, which have no cessation from labour, from the birth to the death of the individual. The period of repose is required for the completion of such repairs as the nutritive process, though always at work, was unable to overtake during the period of activity, and for a thorough overhaul-

ing, as it were, of the whole animal machine, so that it may be in perfect order for the next day's labour. It is this which, in the language of Shakespeare, makes life "rounded by a sleep." Lewes in his work on Aristotle objects to this view on the following grounds:—

"Were it true, the longest sleepers should be the strongest animals, since their repair of waste would be most effectual. Were it true, many dreadful cases of slow atrophy might be cured by opiates. Were it true, the sleepless maniacs, and men who sleep but little, would show a rapid destruction of substance. To admit that muscular and nervous tissue require intervals of *repose* is not equivalent to admitting that their nutrition is only, or even mainly, effected during sleep."—P. 260.

These objections do not appear to have much weight. It depends upon the activity with which nutrition is carried on in an individual, whether he may require a long or short sleep for the purposes of repair. Jeremy Taylor, John Hunter, Frederic of Prussia, Napoleon, Wellington, Humboldt, and the elder Descroilles, could rise refreshed after two or three hours of sleep, while the average time required by mankind is eight hours. Long sleepers need not be strong men, as asserted in the above passage, even if nutrition is fairly active, for when the sleep is in excess of the requirements, as in the case of indolent and luxurious men who pass an inert life, the nutritive functions having done their work sink into abeyance, as there is no muscular or mental activity to cause further waste or to necessitate new construction. Nor would opiates in atrophy suffice to remove, though they might lessen, a disease which consists in the nutritive functions themselves being unable to fulfil their purpose. The protracted cases of wakefulness in persons afflicted with acute mania merely prove that nutrition still proceeds in that state; this no physiologist would deny, but the evidence that the destructive processes preponderate over the constructive is abundantly manifested by the physical and mental degeneration of the patient during the continuance of the insomnia.

We have written on the subject of sleep with a freedom which is justified by the present state of scientific inquiry. Though the mind acts through matter, the metaphysical writers on the insensative state of the mind, with the exceptions of such men as Bain, Laycock, Spencer, Maudsley, and Carpenter, dared not discuss the changes which notoriously influence its manifestations; and to say the truth, our feet have not yet crossed beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. Birth and death are the Alpha and Omega of man's earthly existence, which begins and ends with

sleep. Even the foetus in the womb of its mother reposes in a state of continued sleep, produced by the arterial blood with which it is supplied being adulterated with venous blood before it reaches the growing brain. After birth, the infant spends much of its time in the vegetative state of existence most favourable to its growth, for in its case the conditions of waste are subordinate to those of supply. In middle life these are balanced, the experience of mankind showing that one-third of an active existence is still required to keep the body in a state of repair through the constructive processes dominant during sleep. In the old man the nutritive processes of the body are less active than the causes of waste, and he therefore sleeps frequently in order to favour the action of the former. At last the destructive action seizes upon some vital organ, and the old man takes his last sleep in death. The sleep of death, from which there is no waking on this side of the grave, differs from the sleep of life by passing over existence at a period when the nutritive processes are not in a position to repair that which has been wasted.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne.* Selected under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and Photozincographed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey. With Translations and Notes. Parts I.-III. 1865-1868.
2. *Facsimiles of National Manuscripts of Scotland.* Selected under the Direction of the Right Honourable Sir William Gibson-Craig, Bart., Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, and Photozincographed by Command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., Director of the Ordnance Survey. Part I. 1867.
3. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* Aberdeen: Printed for the Spalding Club. 1856.
4. *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* Volume Second. Edinburgh: Printed for the Spalding Club. 1867.

PHOTOZINCOGRAPHY has two great practical advantages over photography—first in the far greater facility with which copies can be multiplied, and secondly, in the more durable nature of the impressions. Photozincography is in a word the translation of photography to the printing-press. The representations which it gives us are not in those mysterious chemicals which grow paler almost as we look at them; but they are embodied in those old familiar materials of paper and ink which have already proved themselves so good a match against the waste of time. It was a happy thought of Sir Henry James that such an agency might beneficially be employed to multiply copies of the most important national documents. To the Director of the Ordnance Survey the credit belongs, not only of having made photozincography what it is, but also of having demonstrated its capabilities in the service of literature and art. A twofold benefit has been achieved by the execution of his plan. A great public service has been rendered in placing these records beyond the reach of loss by accident. Their matter had been long ago secured by print; now their appearance and their form are guaranteed against destruction. And in addition to this public service, an excellent contribution has been made towards the studies of the historian. From the most advanced down to the beginner in the lessons of history, there is not one who may not derive profit from the contemplation of these beautifully executed pages. And when we say “history,” we use the word in that large sense which includes all manner of changes, whether in politics, commerce, art, costume, language, or education. Public thanks are due to all who co-operated

in maturing so desirable a work. Particularly is it due to Mr. Duffus Hardy that his very important share should be acknowledged, for it is to him that we owe the excellence of the selection, of which no more need be said than that it is worthy of his office and reputation. To Mr. Basevi Sanders, one of the Assistant Keepers of the Records, in whose charge the documents have been during the process, by whom the proofs have been examined and compared with the originals, and who has made the translations and explanatory notes, while we must in some matters of detail occupy the antagonistic position of the critic, yet we do not hesitate at the outset to declare that he has laid us under obligations by the way in which he has, on the whole, achieved his elaborate and multifarious undertaking.

Of all the antiquarian relics which serve as an aid to historical study by mere force of quickening the imaginative energies, there is perhaps none which has a more telling effect than handwriting. The contents of ancient historical documents may, no doubt, be learnt most readily through the medium of print; but it is an appreciable aid to the mind to see the guise of penmanship in which such a document was drawn, to see the signatures of prominent personages, or to see actual letters as they were written by the chief characters in history. To dwell over the lines which their own fingers traced, to look at that which they had under their living eyes, is quickening to the imagination and fertilizing to the mind.

We have seen it asserted that the reproduction of facsimiles was an idle labour, because the only value of ancient documents resides in their contents, and the originals are useful only as guaranteeing the genuineness of the contents. Were this altogether so, the study of old writing would still be useful as a preservative against false originals, and as a powerful aid, in many instances, towards the chronology of literature. There are cases well known to the literary student in which it becomes very desirable to know the date of ancient handwriting at sight. Many undated scraps of writing, such as marginal annotations in older books, and memorandums on blank leaves, have to be assigned to their true date by the practised eye alone; just as in so many remains of mediæval architecture. These are among the examples of utility which rise from an acquaintance with the general and prevalent form of penmanship as it existed at the various periods of history. But we maintain that, quite apart from all that connoisseurship which belongs to the archivist or keeper or interpreter of records, and quite apart from the materials of history contained in the records, it is desirable for the historian to be acquainted with the successive

forms of handwriting as an aid by no means contemptible, for picturing the development of humanity, and adding to those threads of continuity and cross-bands of association which are so strongly desired by the historian.

But these considerations are more obvious than serviceable. The difficulty which is felt by those who catch occasional glimpses of original writings is to get the practical faculty of distinguishing the penmanship of one century from that of another. It is easy to say that a readiness in knowing the date of ancient writing at sight is a most convenient acquirement for a historian; but it would be more to the purpose to show how such a familiarity may, without too tedious a process of study, be acquired. No man can afford to spend months or years in such a contemplation, even though he might expect to be rewarded by that kind of familiar knowledge which a shepherd is said to have of the physiognomy of every sheep in his flock. The forms of mediæval writing seem to the occasional observer too indeterminate or too much alike to supply differentiating characteristics. The fact is, there are very few persons who have ever had the opportunity which is now presented, of surveying from end to end the course of transfigurations which English handwriting underwent.

The perusal of the handsome volumes now before us has led us to a clue which we think will render it comparatively easy to recognise every stage of penmanship at a glance. We think that a natural course of sequence may be found, as truly as it has been discovered and acknowledged in architecture. It may seem strange to the younger half of the present generation to be informed that the time is not yet out of living memory when mediæval architecture presented to the bulk of educated men as disorderly a jumble of arbitrary forms as mediæval writing still seems to do to most of us. And as the one has been found by patient study to open out into a beautiful series of æsthetic developments, so it is not impossible that some shadow of a like phenomenon may be discovered in penmanship. In developing this idea we must assume a knowledge in outline of the general course of the history of Gothic architecture. This is perhaps not too much in the present day to expect of most of those readers who are likely to take an interest in mediæval penmanship. Almost every one of any historical taste has found it necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the characters of the Norman, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular, Tudor, Elizabethan, Laudian, and Italian styles of architecture, with their chronological relations to each other.

In the comparison which we propose to institute, we have a useful end in view, even though our theory should turn out to

be merely fanciful. There is hardly any subject more obscure, and at the same time hardly any more attractive and fascinating, than the unsuspected connexions which often exist between widely different branches of human art. What, for instance, is the real explanation of the coincidence between the development of Printing and the decline of Painting? Up to that time the bookmaking art and the graphic art had been the closest allies. The change which increased the diffusion of books, turned the artist writer into the artisan printer. The manufactured book dispensed with the aid of the draughtsman and the illuminator. A school of art was lost. This much is plain; but still this hardly seems an adequate cause for that marked decay. The connexion is more obscure than might at first sight be supposed.

It appears to us not improbable that in the radical relations of things there is a real connexion between the series of forms which developed out of each other in architecture and those which succeeded each other in handwriting. If such be the case, it makes a very interesting and remarkable example of a conscious and purposeful series of artistic works accompanied, as by a shadow, with a dimly similar succession of æsthetic products, unconsciously or half-consciously designed. And if there be nothing in the notion, if it be purely accidental or purely fanciful, still it may not prove absolutely useless for the practical purposes of the historian and archæologist, if it have only that semblance of reality which may lend itself as an artificial aid to the memory.

We are not aware that anybody has treated of handwriting in this artistic point of view, yet it certainly is quite capable of such treatment. That handwriting is something more than a mechanical work, is indicated in the familiar idea of guessing the character of the writer by his writing. When the mind is thrown into the form, the product begins to enter the realm of art. In our day, when everybody writes for himself, and the form of writing is little regarded, there is abundance of physiognomy in the various hands; but neglect of form prevents it from touching upon the borders of art. When writing was in a few hands, and the writers were an order or a profession, they became, more or less consciously, artists. Their calligraphy had a history, which is truly a branch of the history of art, and the changes which it underwent must be attributed to the working of some such art-instinct as that which leads to novelty in dress or in architecture. In these latter the type and standard of beauty is subject to variation, more frequently in the one case and more rarely in the other; and in like manner we see in writing not merely an infinite

variety, like that of physiognomy, which is due no doubt to the infinite variations of individual character; but we also see, as in the case of dress and architecture, a succession of standards or types of beauty which from time to time make their appearance, win their way, extinguish some former type, culminate, and then sooner or later retire to make way for the next innovation.

There is a general and comprehensive sense, to start with, in which the course of English mediæval writing corresponds to that of architecture. They both occupy the same space of time; they rise together and fall together. We lay no stress on the term Gothic as applied to both, except as a testimony to the above fact; because there is no doubt that it was applied to the one in consequence of its companionship with the other. Gothic characters were so called simply because they were found to predominate on Gothic monuments and in Gothic buildings. The term Gothic, as applied to art, is said to have been started in derision by an Italian writer of the sixteenth century. If so, it was a most appropriate inauguration for a word which was presently to stand forth as the antithesis, in so many respects, of that which was Italian or Roman, or (more generally) classic. It represents in a general way the outgrowth of the northern mind of Europe as opposed to that of the southern. In philology and ethnology it comprehends the two great subdivisions of the Teutonic and Scandinavian families, from whom has proceeded everything which has constituted the distinction between the modern European civilisation and that of the Roman empire. Gothic architecture was a product of the north, perhaps of Normandy; but it nowhere had so long a career, it nowhere was so thoroughly domesticated, it penetrated the nooks and glens of no country so completely, as of England. Gothic handwriting also was a northern taste, which developed in the north-west of Europe; but in no country did it pass through such a succession of delicate transformations as in this country. The main grand result, that of the black letter, is indeed common to many lands, in a form almost identical. This was through the great commerce of literature which connected the Universities of Europe, and which led to the possession of a common writing-character for literature. This is the character commonly meant when "Gothic writing" is spoken of, but we must vindicate that expression as belonging to the whole series of varieties of the pointed style in penmanship. We only grant to the black letter that it is "the Gothic" *par excellence*, or the "Square Gothic," or the "Monkish Gothic." The great Romance lands of Italy and Spain never lost the roundness of their hand, although it was not quite unaffected by the

influence of northern Europe. And it was this roundness which at length returned upon us with the revival of classic lore, and extinguished our native architecture and handwriting at the same time.

The three volumes of English historical monuments, extending from the Conquest to the year 1600, include the entire period of that peculiar mediæval style of penmanship, in which there is so much to explore. At the opening of the series (Vol. I. No. I.*)¹ we see the decline of the style which preceded the Gothic,—a style which was, in fact, a British type of Romanesque. At the close of the Third Part the last lingering traces of the Gothic are being effaced by the general preference for the Italian hand, at the time when the Renaissance was changing the face of all things (Vol. III. No. XXV.* and No. LV.*) The earliest specimens still belong to that round hand in which the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts are written, and which has from this circumstance been sometimes called the Anglo-Saxon character. But this is not a good designation, because the Irish, Scottish, and Saxon manuscripts are all equally written in this character, whether the contents are in the vernaculars or in Latin. What gives interest to this style of writing is the fact that it is peculiar to the British Isles, though not peculiar to the Saxons. It is the monument of that intellectual dominion which Ireland once exercised over the British Isles, and which extended itself beyond our seas to many parts of the Continent. This type of handwriting, whose origin we shall glance at by and by, begins to lose its character soon after the Conquest. Already in the two short Saxon documents with which the present series opens, we perceive a great declension from the bold round hand of the Saxon books. But in fact it was not a mere decline; it was a change in fashion. The same king who first imported the use of Norman seals, imported also the fashion of Norman writing. Not without justice has Edward the Confessor been styled by some historians the first of our Norman kings. The change which Saxon penmanship admitted in his day finds no parallel in our history, as a foreign innovation, until the entrance of the Italian hand in the sixteenth century. This is partially visible in the remarkable historical document with which the series opens, and which is given entire in the illustrations annexed to this article (Vol. I. No. I.) The continental manner is discernible as a modification, but there is no assignable instance of departure from the Saxon penmanship, except in the form of the f. But it is more evident in Domesday (No. III.*), a work of the last quarter of the eleventh

¹ An asterisk attached to any number indicates that a specimen of that number is given among the illustrations.

century. The penmanship of this great national record has been made largely known through the excellent and extraordinarily cheap facsimiles which have been issued from the Ordnance Survey Office, under the direction of Colonel Sir Henry James. It is now in the power of every one who has a taste for history or antiquities, to possess, for three or four shillings, the whole Domesday survey for his own county, separately bound. The writing of Domesday may almost be fixed on as the latest which still retains somewhat of the roundness of the earlier calligraphy. Nothing could have been better suited than this particular hand is for the preservation of such a mass of details as are enshrined in this voluminous catalogue. Whatever obscurity may hang over the interpretation of Domesday, it is hardly ever aggravated by uncertainty as to the reading. This period, which we now take leave of, corresponds both in time and æsthetic expression to that architectural period which is characterized by the semicircular arch.

To this state of things there succeeds half a century of transition, in which the old roundness is not quite lost; but there is a manifest tendency to grow pointed. Of this stage the present collection supplies two good specimens, of the reigns of William Rufus and Henry I. The former is a charter to St. Andrew's Church at Rochester; the other a confirmation of the convent at Wikes (No. XI.*). To the first of these is appended an illustrious list of signatures, in the sense in which the word was applied at that time. The parties contracting or consenting did not anciently sign by writing their names, but by making the sign of the cross with pen and ink. Our words *sign* and *signature* are thus derived from the *signum crucis*, which meant the standard or emblem of the cross. The scribe wrote the signer's name to his signature. And accordingly, in the facsimile before us, the writing does not change with each name, of Archbishop Lanfranc, Archbishop Thomas of York, etc., but the fashion of the cross is different for every one—so different, that it is not altogether unreasonable to suppose that such a signature might have been afterwards recognised or disowned, from its very form. It is in the reign of Henry II. that the tendency to seek beauty in a new direction is clearly pronounced. We observe a studied and delicate manipulation which makes it plain that handwriting was become a fancy. There is a progressive elegance in the body of the writing, accompanied by an outgrowth of the tall letters, which in the previous style hardly emerge above their fellows. Connected with this is the larger space now allowed between the lines, up through which, as if towards some lofty ceiling, the long letters shoot their graceful shafts, tipped off at their summits with a

gentle flourish, like the delicate chapter of an early English column. This progress is well exhibited in the present collection between the numbers VI. (Henry II.) and XIII.* (Richard I.) The numbers XII. and XIII.*, which fill one page, present an admirable and instructive contrast, which tends to carry on the history of penmanship one step further. For while the first of these two exhibits to the full the development already described, the second displays most strikingly the awakening consciousness of artistic effect, so that while utility reigns in the one piece, elegance is dominant in the other. No clear account can be rendered in description of the means by which this contrast is effected. Yet the contrast is palpable and obvious. A finer nibbed pen, a touch as of etching rather than writing, a subdued flourish (not luxuriant), an indulgence of fantasy in capital letters, but, more than all, an enlarged widening of the lines,—thus redoubling the effect of lightness produced by the inter-linear expanse. Here the last traces of Norman massiveness are abolished, and the tall ogival gracefulness of the first pointed style is fully developed. And if we look abroad to see how far these features are peculiar to our domestic history, and how far borrowed from foreign patterns, we shall see just what meets us in architecture,—that something like it is found in foreign specimens, but nowhere the very same thing. That which the course of history most naturally suggests a comparison with, is with the writing usual at the Court of Rome. Now if we compare a Bull of the same period (as we may do in the Scottish Series, No. XLVII.*), we shall see the same tallness, with some sense of gracefulness, but without the ogival pointedness. All through the mediæval period the Roman handwriting eschewed angularity, as Roman architecture never grew pointed. And it was that Roman roundness which was destined to overcome and extinguish the Gothic style by and by.

Hitherto we have had before us only examples of the most fastidious penmanship, but now our illustrations pass into a different region. The next few pages are occupied with Pipe Roll extracts, in which the general characters of the prevalent style are traceable, but much blurred by the habitual drudgery of the scribe. In most of the examples in this handsome collection we have the more choice performances; but here we have the hackneyed and monotonous penmanship of the office-desk.

The next example to be noted is the grand historical monument of the Magna Carta (No. XVI.*). Here we are arrested by a change in the style; we recognise a development distinct from that which we have thus far traced. In fact, we have stepped

aside into a separate department of caligraphy. The object was to get a long document into the surface of a single sheet of vellum ; and for this purpose it was not the ordinary business style of penmanship which was adopted, but that of literature, which naturally had preserved an archaic manner, and which had learnt the art of compression from the habit of dealing with large quantities of material. Hence the writing of *Magna Carta* (1215) carries us back a century or more, and indeed it is not very much more modern than that of *Domesday*. It is in the book-text of the day.

At this point we are at the root of one of the chief causes of difficulty to the student of mediæval writing. If all the varied forms which present themselves could be catalogued in one direct series, could be ranged in a single line on the same plane, as the variations of architecture may (with slight deflections for local peculiarity) be arranged, then it is probable that the history of writing would have been long ago cleared up. But the fact is, that there is more than one style in use at one time, so as to be distinct from each other, yet not without blendings and mutual influences. The business hand and the literary hand having once established a separate existence, took their own several lines of development, along which they travelled at very different rates of velocity. The one described a short course, and performed it very slowly and deliberately ; the other passed with comparative rapidity through a long succession of phases. So that in the middle ages, when there was but one way of multiplying books, namely, by the pen, there existed two fashions of written characters, as distinct from each other as our present manuscripts are from print. The one of these was cursive or running hand, and was used in business, the other was reserved for literature and the greater acts of diplomacy.

But to return to our æsthetics. By the middle of the thirteenth century, penmanship, no less than architecture, had entered into the florid mood. A very choice little example is No. xviii.*, a grant to Trinity House, A.D. 1256. It reminds one of the exuberant flourishes at the beginning of our juvenile copy-books, except that it is infinitely superior in taste. The next to it has the same character, with less careful execution, and more compressed ; perhaps it is a mere office copy, as the subject is a proclamation. It is one of the most curious bits of early English that time has spared ; if, indeed, it be not absolutely singular and without a parallel. It is the earliest specimen of English on the Rolls. As it has rarely been printed, and never before now published in a correct form

(even in Professor Craik's *Outlines of the History of the English Language* a few blots remain), it may not be considered superfluous to insert some of it here:—

"PROCLAMATION OF HENRY III. TO THE INHABITANTS OF HUNTINGDONSHIRE, A.D. 1258.

"Henr' thurg Godes fultume King on Engleneloande, Lhoaverd on Yrloande Duk on Norm' on Aquitaine and Eorl on Aniow send igretinge to alle hise halde, ilærde and ilæwede on Huntendon' schir'.

"Thæt witen ge wel alle thæt we willen and unnen thæt thæt ure rædesmen, alle other the moare dæl of heom, thæt beoth ichosen thurg us and thurg thæt loandes folk on ure kuneriche, habbeth idon, and schullen don, in the worthnesse of Gode, and on ure treowthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg the besigte of than toforen iseide redesmen, beo stedefæst and ilestinde in alle thinge a buten sende.

"And we hoaten alle ure treowe, in the treowthe thæt heo us ogen, thæt heo stedefæstliche healden and swerien to healden and to werien the isetnesses thæt beon imakede and beon to makien, thurg than to foren iseide rædesmen other thurg the moare dæl of heom, alswo also hit is biforen iseid.

"And thæt sêhc other helpe thæt for to done, bi than ilche othe, agenes alle men: Rigt for to done and to foangen. And noan ne nime of loande ne of eghte: wherthurg this besigte muge beon ilet other iwersed on onie wise. And gif oni other onie cumen her ongenes, we willen and hoaten, thæt alle ure treowe heom healden deadliche ifoan.

"And for thæt we willen thæt this beo stedfast and lestinde, we senden yew this writ open, iseined with ure seel, to halden amanges yew ine hord. Witnesse us selven at Lunden', thane egtetenthe day on the monthe of Octobr', in the two and fowertigthe yeare of ure cruninge.

"And al on tho ilche worden is isend in to ævrihce othre shcire ouer al thære kuneriche on Engleneloande. And ek in tel Irelande."

[“Henry, through God's help, King in England, Lord in Ireland, Duke in Normandy, in Aquitain, and Earl in Anjou, sends greeting to all his subjects, learned and lay, in Huntingdonshire.

“This know ye well all, that we will and grant that that which our counsellors, all or the more part of them, that be chosen through us and through the land's folk in our kingdom, have done and shall do, in honour of God and in loyalty to us, for the good of the land, through the providence of the aforesaid counsellors, be steadfast and lasting in all things aye without end.

“And we charge all our lieges, in the fealty that they us owe, that they steadfastly hold, and swear to hold and to defend the statutes that be made and be to make through the aforesaid counsellors or through the more part of them, in manner as it is before said.

“And that each help the other so to do, by the same oath, against all men, Right to do and take. And let no one seize land or goods,

wherethrough this provision may be let or weakened in any wise. And if any person or persons come here-against, we will and charge that all our lieges hold them deadly foes.

"And for that we will that this be steadfast and lasting, we send you this writ open, signed with our seal, to hold amongst you in hoard (store). Witness ourself at London, the eighteenth day in the month of October, in the two and fortieth year of our crowning.

"And all in the same words is sent into every other shire over all the kingdom in England. And also into Ireland."]

A marginal note on the original describes this document as *Carta in Idiomate Anglico missa ad singulos Comitatus Angliæ*.

Here Mr. Basevi Sanders has given the actual text in his accompanying illustrations, instead of, as in other instances, a modern version only. We think it would have been a better plan if the original words had in all cases been printed opposite the facsimiles, and we are glad to see that in the Scottish series this course has been adopted. It is much harder, however, to give a correct transcript of the original than to give a translation of it. Many little shades of doubt as to the actual writing may create no doubt at all as to the substantial meaning. We think Mr. Sanders has mistaken his text when he copies it as "King ov Engleneloande Lhoaverd ov Yrlande Duk ov Normandie ov Aquitaine and Eorl ov Anjow," and we believe that in all these cases the word is not "ov" but "on." The reader will understand that there being no proper "v" in the writing of this date, but only the letter "u" for both purposes of *v* and of *u*, a doubt may well rise as to whether a *u* or an *n* is intended by the writer. But as we have said, this is one of those little shades of difference which vanish when the piece is rendered into modern phraseology.

The beautiful writing, of which we have spoken above, with its tall shafts, light flourishes, and graceful foliations, lasted from Henry III.'s reign to the time of Edward III. Amid all its incidental variations it has one most constant feature, and that is the foliated growth of the long letters. This is so marked as often to make the line a row of leafage like border patterns on Wedgwood's porcelain. One of the best chosen illustrations in Astle's *Origin and Progress of Writing*, Plate xxv., exhibits this with great effect. In the reign of Richard II., that marked period of change, this elegant style gradually underwent degradation and neglect. Having culminated in the latter half of the thirteenth century, just at the very time when Gothic architecture reached the acme of its vernal beauty, it sank first into conventionalism and then into contempt, and knew no after-bloom.

But, as in the pointed architecture, when the decorated was growing florid and fulsome, there came in a style which may be said to represent the dignity and staidness of the well-balanced character in mature life, and which insured to Gothic architecture another century of fruitfulness and splendour, so also in mediæval caligraphy had there been a collateral provision made, whereby a sort of perpendicular style, of weightier character and steadier equilibrium, should succeed to the fugitive glories of the now deflorescent cursive or court-hand. This was the famous text-hand of literature and diplomacy, which has since passed under a variety of names, as Old English, Text-hand, Square Gothic, Monkish Gothic, Church Text, Book-text, Black Letter.

Already, in speaking of Magna Carta, we have noticed the early indications of a second style of penmanship. As we proceed from the middle of the thirteenth century the distinction becomes more pronounced between the cursive-hand of social and commercial usage, and the text-hand of learning and the higher diplomacy. At Nos. XXII. and XXIII.* (A.D. 1296) we have extracts from Ragman Roll, in which this contrast is well exhibited by comparison with the writing of Nos. XXI. and XXIV., which latter, as opposed to the scholar's text-hand, has been called the court-hand. As we proceed, the contrast becomes more and more pronounced. In the Ragman Roll the future black letter is by no means as yet formed, but there is an indication of what it was to be.

Of the two extracts here given from Ragman Roll, the first (XXII.) is in French, and the second (XXIII.) is in Latin. The former contains some of the forms of homage exacted from the Scots in 1296. The latter is the docquet or notarial attestation of the foregoing instruments. We have given a specimen of the latter only, not from preference, but because the facsimile of the former is in reduced size. The French part is of far more value and interest than the attending Latin clauses. Especially the recital of the oath of homage merits attention. It runs thus:—

“Jeo serrai feal e leal, e foi e leaute porterai au Roi Edward, Roi D'engleterre, e a ses heirs ; de vie, e de membre, e *de terrien honneur*, contre totes gentz qui purront vivre ou morir ; e jammes pur nuly armes ne porterai, n'en conseil n'en eide ne serrai contre luy ne contre ses heirs, en nul cas qe poet avenir : si m'eyde Dieus e les seintz.”

That is, in modern English :—

“I will be feal and leal, and faith and loyalty bear to King Edward, king of England, and to his heirs ; with life and limb and *territorial lordship*, against all persons who can live or die [i.e., all mortal men] ;

and never for any one will I either bear arms or be of counsel or aid against him, or against his heirs, in any case that may happen. So help me God and the Saints."

We have deviated from Mr. Sanders's rendering of "terrien honneur" by "earthly honour," because, though it is perhaps used with the right meaning, it seems hardly to bring out the peculiar territorial value of the "honor" of that time, which meant seigneurial jurisdiction, and from which so many great properties are still known as "Honours."

The full development of the Old English character does not appear in this series, from the fact that it became more and more confined to literature. The Ragman Roll offers a nearer approach to it than any other of the pieces here facsimiled. Of its reflex influence on business documents, we have an example in No. XXIX. (A.D. 1371), the deed which is so famous for the supposed sign-manual of the Black Prince. But although it is not strictly within the scope of these volumes, we may be permitted to follow out that most conspicuous and most permanent of all the sorts of alphabetic character which have flowed from the mediæval pen. By the middle of the fourteenth century this form of writing had reached maturity, as may be seen by a fine example exhibited under glass in the Bodleian Library. This is a noble folio Psalter from Norwich, containing the following inscription: *Psalterium fratris Roberti de Ormesby monachi Norwyc' per eundē assignatū choro ecclie Sce Trinitatis Norwici ad jacendū pro Suppriorē qui pro tempore fuerit in ppetuum.* The label attached to this splendid book assigns A.D. 1340 as a proximate date.

We may assume the middle of the fourteenth century as the date by which the black letter had attained such maturity of form as was to be attained with pen and ink. But another field lay before it, as we shall presently explain. It was the work not of the scribe, but of the engraver, to bring this character to that clean-cut and delicately-tipped outline which is its distinguishing perfection. When Caxton first used a fount of black letter in 1477, it had already experienced a metallic development of considerably more than a century.

It was in the fourteenth century that this character assumed its dominant position as the most dignified of all forms of writing. In the course of this century it became the received character for lapidary inscriptions and the legends of seals. At the beginning of the fourteenth century this letter had not yet been put to this use; at the close of the same century no other was recognised. Previous to this the character employed in epitaphs, seals, and coins, was the Lombardic capital, which was introduced about the time of, if not by,

Archbishop Lanfranc, the whilom Lombard lawyer. This fine round barbaric variation of the old Roman uncial is well known to the ecclesiologist in the lettering on the stone coffin slabs for that long period during which the leading words were rather GIST ICY than HIC JACET. This period closed in the fourteenth century. In that century, during which French yielded to English in courts of law and in literature, and during which Latin took the place of French in lapidary inscriptions, it also happened that the Gothic black letter superseded the Lombardic roman, in epitaphs and for the lettering of seals. And the date of this change may, for the convenience of round numbers, be fixed with sufficient precision at 1350. The seals of Edward III. have the round lettering till the date 1360, and after that the black letter. Mr. Boutell, in his *Monumental Brasses of England*, has indeed given an example of black letter on a brass as early as 1320, from Kensing Church in Kent, but it does not appear on what evidence that date is assigned. Our own experience seems to us to warrant the general conclusion that the transition in regard to seals took place about 1360, and with regard to monumental legends half a generation earlier. After this time the old Lombardic capital fell back into the position of a fanciful variety, for ornamental uses especially in initials. But there was one great exception to this. The coinage, on which this Lombardic letter had not fully superseded the ruder Saxon capital until the reign of Richard I., retained the Lombardic without change until the close of the reign of Henry VIII., when the revival of classical learning caused a return to the form of the original Roman uncials. Thus the black letter, though on seals it was universal, never appeared on the coinage at all, and we believe we are right in saying (with all deference to the better information of numismatists if we are mistaken) that the earliest British coin that ever has borne the black letter was the florin of 1853.

From this digression on the development and collateral expansion of the black letter, if we now return to our photographic facsimiles, we shall find that although, as before said, the mature black letter is not found here, yet there are various approximations to it, in the case of handwritings, on which it had exercised a main influence. In more instances than one we find the same page of the book containing specimens where one leans to the black letter while the other keeps to the more secular style. This contrast is well shown in the Nos. XLV. and XLVI., which are upon one page. Likewise Nos. LVI. and LVII., also upon one page, illustrate the same contrast. The first is a letter from Sir Simon Stallworthe to Sir William Stoner, describing the troubles in London A.D. 1483; and the

other, in book-text, is an ancient receipt for making ink. These two styles of writing had now a recognised distinction which was the equivalent for that which in our day exists between written and printed characters.

At No. XXXV. we come upon a new phenomenon in the story of handwriting. Hitherto, we have been concerned only with the professional scribe or secretary, now we see the writing of noblemen and gentlemen, beginning with the royal name-signature in autograph. It has been much discussed which of our kings was the first to write his own name. If the examples here produced may be considered as complete evidence on the question, we should assign that distinction to Richard II. (No. XXX.), in a document of the year 1386. The previous piece (No. XXIX.) has the manner of being signed by the well-known motto of the Black Prince. But as regards this signature our own impression is so exactly anticipated by Mr. Basevi Sanders that we cannot do better than quote his introductory note:—

“XXIX.

“Writ of Privy Seal by the ‘Black Prince’ for the grant of a pension to John de Esquet. Dated at Angoulême, 25th April 1371. It is difficult to say with certainty whether the curious signature attached to this document is really Prince Edward’s autograph or not. No other is known of his to test it by. From the instructions given, however, in his will, for the order of his funeral, we may infer that the mottoes, of which the signature is composed, were used by him to represent his name. By these instructions he directs that his body be borne to the grave, preceded and followed by banners bearing the words in question, ‘Homout. Ich dene,’ which words are also sculptured on his tomb at Canterbury. The meaning of the first is conjectured to be ‘High Courage;’ concerning the second, so much has been written that it would be superfluous to discuss the question here.”

But, however it may be about the signatures, we have in No. XXXV., for the first time, an entire letter written by a princely hand, technically termed a holograph letter. This term has been already applied by Mr. Sanders to No. XXXI., a letter from Lord Chancellor le Scrope; but it does not appear to us so obviously written by the Lord Chancellor as No. XXXV. does plainly appear to have been written by the Prince. It is from the Prince of Wales afterwards Henry V., to Richard de Clifford; and it is in French. A certain similarity may be traced between this handwriting and the stronger and bolder form in the fine characters from the hand of Richard III. (No. LVIII.*), where he, A.D. 1483, continues in a postscript the letter written by his secretary; also the large loose scrawl of Henry VII., of whose handwriting we have here four folio pages, A.D. 1503—

1506. The same writing substantially is that of No. LXVI. This latter is perhaps the most extraordinary document in the English language. It consists of Henry VII.'s instructions to his Ambassadors whom he sent to visit the young Queen of Naples, with their answers to the several parts of their instructions. All these are written in the princely hand which continued to be fashionable until the great innovation of the sixteenth century. In this hand we can only exceptionally and doubtfully catch traces of personal physiognomy. But it has a class character well and sharply expressed. It may for distinction's sake be called the aristocratic. This name will be appropriate, because, in the highest regions of society, it yielded very reluctantly to the next new fashion, that is to say the Italian, or rather (for we shall have to subdivide) the Italianish. In the hands of secondary dignitaries it proved less obstinate, and this is why we assign it the provisional designation of the aristocratic. This hand, which was emphatically the social and fashionable hand, prevailed so largely in the fifteenth century, that considerable volumes were written in it, more especially those of the lighter kinds of literature, and such as would be acceptable at Court. Several of the Chaucer MSS. are of this aristocratic handwriting. Meanwhile, books of logic and theology and history continued to be written in the text-hand, which had already begun to stiffen into immortal type.

Such are some of the chief outlines of the varieties of English handwriting up to the invention of Printing. But we have as yet hardly mentioned that particular hand which was the model of Caxton's first fount of metal types. It was natural that those who were the first designers of types, should choose the last new fashion of writing; so that our oldest printing corresponds to the latest development at the close of what may be called the proper manuscript period.

As we turn over and examine successively the pieces that are published in the National MSS., we come, in the middle of the fifteenth century, upon a hand (No. XLVI.) which seems entirely out of the lines of development that we have been tracing. It is in English, and of the year 1454 (33 Henry VI.), and is a petition to the Protector for letters of safe-conduct. The next piece (No. XLVII.*) is in a similar hand. If we now compare these with No. LXII., a letter from Anne, Duchess of Brittany, A.D. 1490, we shall easily see that this must be a French style, which had got into England as French fashions did pervade England in the fifteenth century. This French hand was in fact a modified Italian, which perhaps first entered this island through France, but which was destined to conduct the English taste towards a complete imitation of the Italian style. It is that

peculiar sort of penmanship which has above been touched upon as more fit to be called Italianish than Italian. It acted as the transition from the now degenerate and straggling Gothic to the round and regular Italian, which won its ultimate and perfect triumph in Queen Elizabeth's writing. This semi-Italian semi-Gothic style was in great favour with connoisseurs and admirers of fine penmanship, and was much affected by secretaries. In this hand some of our most beautiful English manuscripts are written; and, as an example, we may mention the Duke of Devonshire's fine manuscript of Chaucer at Chatsworth. This was the hand which served Caxton, or Caxton's instructor, as the first model for his type (A.D. 1474), and it went by the technical name of *Secretary*, a designation which indicates, as we presume, that it was copied from the writing most approved and practised in that profession. The selection of this latest novelty as the pattern of his types, is in perfect harmony with the subjects of his earliest books, which were books of pleasaunce and entertainment. Printing was at first regarded as a superior sort of toy, which would depend for its patronage on that leisurely class who could spend time on chess and romances and "Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers." To catch and please the eye of this class, "the Secretary" was pitched upon as the most appropriate model of type. But after his first two founts, he took to printing graver things, and had founts of the black letter.

We are not aware whether the Secretary has had a continuous existence from that day to this, or whether it has returned to use after a period of suspended function (as in the case of the black letter); but be this as it may, the Secretary is at this day one of the varieties of fancy type known to the printer. It is much altered from its original character, and looks like a mere decorated *Italic*. As an example, we will print in the modern Secretary a passage in the words of Caxton. It shall be a short notice on the invention of printing, written by Caxton himself in the last book of the *Policronicon*, 1482. Caxton, narrating the events of the year 1456, thus expresses himself:—

Also about this tyme the crafte of Prynting was fyrst founde in mayounce in Almayne, whiche crafte is multipliyed thurgh the world in many places. & lookes ken had grete chepe and in grete nombre by cause of the same crafte.

Before we quit the first volume we will quote a piece or two

out of the remarkable document we have referred to of Henry VII. :—

“ Item, they shall in like wise endeavour theym to undrestande whethre the yong Quene speke any othere langages then Spaynysshe and Italyone, and whether she can speke any Frenshe or Latene. As to thys article as farre as that we can understonde and knowe that the saide yong Quyn can speke no langages exessepthe Spanyshe and Italian, hit ys saide that she understondithe bothe Latyne and Fraynshe, but she spekithe none.

“ Item, specially to marke and note welle the age and stature of the said yong Quene and the feturys of hir bodye. As to this article as to the age of the saide yonge Quene, hit ys 27 offe yeres olde, and not muche more; and as to the stature of hir person, we can not perfetely understonde nor knowe, for comeunly when that we came unto hir presence, hir Grace was sytteynge on a pelowe, and other 2 tymes we sawe hir on hir foote goynge over thwarte a chambur that was not broode, wher she came yn at a dore, and came unto the Quyne, hir moder, beyng in the same chambur, and satt adoune by hir, at the whiche bothe the tymes she ware scippers, after the maner of the contrey, in suche wyse that we cowde not come to any perfite knowliche of the heizghte of the saide Quyne.

“ And as to the fetures of hir body of the saide yonge Quyne, for as muche as at alltymes that we have seyne hir Grace, ever she hadde a grete mantelle of clothe on hir, in suche wyse after the maner of that contrey, that a man shall not lizhtely persayve anythyng exsepthe oonly the visage; wherefore we cowde not bein centeyne of any suche fetures of hir body; but as farre as that we can persayve and juge, that she ys of no highe stature, but of a myddelle stature after owre jeugement, by the reasone of the heizghte of hir slippers, wherof we have seyne an ensampelle.

“ Item, specially to marke the favour of hir visage, whether she bee paynted or not, or whether it be fatte or leene, sharpe or rownde, and whether her countenance bee chierfull and amyable, frownyng or malincolyous, stedefast or light, or blusshing in comunicacion.

“ As to thys articule, as farre as that we can persayve or knowe, that the saide Quyn ys not payntede, and the favore of hire viasege ys after hir stature, of a verrey good compas and amyabille, and some whatt rounde and fatte, and the contenance cheirfulle and not frowneyng, and stedfaste, and not lizht nor bolde, hardy in speche, but with a demewre womanly, shamefast contenance, and of fewe wordes, as that we coude persayve, as we can thynke that she utterede the fewer wordes by cause that the Quyne, hir moder, was present, the whiche hadde alle the sayenge, and the yonge Quyn satte as demeure as a mayden, and some tyme talkeynge with the ladyes that satte aboute hir with a womanly lawzgheyng chere and contenance, and with a goode agravite alweys, the ladyes talkeynge with hir haveynge their contences towardes hir Grace with reverence and onor and obediens.”

The second volume of the National MSS. is made up of select documents from the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and forms a rich body of illustration for the handwriting used in this island and on the Continent during the first half of the sixteenth century. The pieces here given are, for the most part, in the handwriting of persons who are familiar to us. There are letters and autographs of Henry VIII., of Queen Catherine, Mary Tudor, Cardinal Wolsey, the Emperor Charles V., Queen Margaret and James V. of Scotland, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, Latimer, Catherine Parr, Edward VI., Francis I., Prince Philip (afterwards Philip II. of Spain), Cosmo de' Medici, the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, Gustavus Vasa, Lady Jane Grey, and other names of the highest distinction in history.

These documents have a manifold value for the historical information they afford, and for the light they throw on the English language. It is not perhaps generally known how great, and even insuperable, are the difficulties which attend the investigation of the mother tongue at any date prior to the eighteenth century. Almost all the older books which are in our hands have been so modified in the transition that they are utterly useless for the purposes of philological study. The true Bible of 1611 is one of our most valuable monuments of English, but it is very imperfectly represented, speaking philologically, by the current reprint of the authorized Bible. We do not say this by way of re-echoing the blame which, some years ago, was unjustly cast upon the privileged printers, for the multitude of little alterations which have been introduced without authority into the authorized Bible. The Bible of 1611 is practically for the bulk of the people at this day a book written in a dead language; and the minute reprint of that Bible some twenty years ago, by the authorities of the Oxford University Press, formed a decisive answer to all such complaints. But the fact remains that we have not, in our Bible, a book which carries us back to the English of 1611. Then, if we go to Shakespeare, how very few of the readers of the national poet have ever seen a dozen lines written and spelt as he wrote and spelt them! Until quite lately, that is to say in 1864, when Mr. Booth gave us his pretty reprint of the folio of 1623, and still later when Day and Son brought out the handsome facsimile of the first folio, executed in photolithography (a portion of which folio was copied by photozincography, as we understand, at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton), the original English of Shakespeare was absolutely inaccessible to the student who did not happen to live within reach of one of the great libraries. To this we may add further, that every extract that was made from a writer

of the sixteenth century or earlier, was more or less modified when it assumed the form of a quotation.

So that it is not too much to say that a good domestic library in England shows its poverty in nothing so much as in its want of genuine examples of the early English language. We are not forgetting such excellent and careful reprints as Mr. Thomas Wright's *Canterbury Tales*, or Professor Reinhold Pauli's *Gower*, but with these are mixed, in larger proportion, works which, like the small edition of the *Paston Letters*, give the reader a mixture of modern and ancient utterly useless for all purposes of study.

We have said so much on this subject, because it might not otherwise be apparent to the reader how new a thing it is to have a collection of written English of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries set before our eyes with *facsimile* exactness.

The second piece (Vol. II.) is remarkable for its signal interest both in minstrelsy and in history, as well as for the illustrations of genuine English which it offers. It is the report of the Battle of Flodden (1513) which was brought to King Henry VIII. as he was laying siege to Tournay, in France. Underlined are the words—"and the Chesshire and Lancasshire men never abode stroke, and fewe of the gentilmen of Yorkshire abode, but fled." This representation makes a figure in the Ballads, as may be seen in Bishop Percy's collection of Ballads, lately published by the Early English Text Society. But as an example of the interesting bits of English which may be found in these State Papers, we quote the following little paragraph: "The Lord Hawarde caused his vawarde to *stale* in a lytelle valey tylle the rerewarde were joyned to oon of the wynges of his bataille, and then both wardes in oon fronte avaunced against the Scottes, and they cam downe the hille and mette with them in good ordre after the Alnayns maner withoute spekyng of eny worde." We have put the word *stale* in italics, because it is a word of unusual literary interest in our language. The meaning is,—“he caused his vanguard to rest or (perhaps) to camp in a little valley until,” etc. To show how significant this word is, we will venture to propose a correction of Sir Frederic Madden's version of the *Layamon*, at a place where this word is concerned. After Arthur's victory at Bath, the beaten Saxons are in retreat, and moving hastily up the slope of Hampton Down. There the Saxon leader “at stod and æc stal worhte,” which the learned editor has rendered “withstood and eke battle wrought.” We suggest that it means that he “came to a stand-still, and even made a camp,” or at least, a rest, a bivouac. To the reader who knows how great a place Sir Frederic Madden's *Layamon* holds in the modern restitution of decayed English knowledge, it will hardly be necessary to

add that any correction of such a work must be offered with diffidence.

As some further example of the beauty of this genuine English, we will take a couple of extracts from No. XXIX., a paper which the editor entitles as follows:—

“INSTRUCTIONS to the ENGLISH AMBASSADOR at the FRENCH COURT for Answer to certain Overtures made by the Count of Nassau, and referred to the King by Francis I. through Monsieur de Brion, Admiral of France, his Envoy Extraordinary; and also in reply to a communication made to His Majesty by the Admiral on behalf of King Francis, with reference to his renouncing the title of ‘King of France.’—[March 1535.]

“Forasmuche as Monsieur de Brion, Admyral of Fraunce, nowe here in Ambassiade to the Kinges Majestie from his goode Brother and perpetual Allye, the Frenche Kinge, hathe, syns his arryval here, on the Frenche King his maisters behaulf, aswel opened unto the Kinges Highnes certain overtures made unto the Frenche King by the Countie of Nasso at his late being in Fraunce; wherunto the said Frenche King hathe, he wil, make any directe answer without the counsail, consent, and agrement of the Kinges Majestie, forasmuche as their moost firme and assured amytie frendship and intelligence dothe soo require; as also commened with his Grace touching his resolucion in some thinges moved to his Majestie by his saide goode Brother the Frenche King at their late entrevieu at Calays. The Kinges Highnes, moost thankfully accepting the gratuitie and kindness of his saide good Brother in this behaulfe, hathe thoughte convenient to answer to every part of the saide Monsieur ladmyralles credence in maner and forme ensuyng. First, where the said Monsieur Ladmyral hathe declared howe the Countie of Nasso at his late being in Fraunce made overture unto the Frenche King on themperours behaulfe for 2 mariagies to be treated on; thone betwene the Dolphin and the Lady Mary the Kinges Doughter; thother betwene themperours Sonne and the said Frenche Kinges yongest Doughter. The Kinges Majestie, as his Grace cannot but moche mervayl to see, perceyve and considre herin themperours malice, which, devising to enfeble and dimynyshe the strenghtes and puissance of bothe Princes by the dissolucion of the moost entyer ande assurede amytie, wold tak his begynning in suche a mater, as neyther he hathe any maner of interest in (as in dede he hathe not in the Lady Mary) nor the Frenche King canne with his honour harken unto it; being the thing soo openly and manifestly grounded uppon rancour and malice, bothe towards the Frenche King and the Kinges Majestie, as therby it evidently apperethe he only myndethe the dissolucion of this amytie for the better achieving of some of his oune purposes, without consideration or respecte of his old frendes, conformably to his accustomed maner of dealing. whiche sekethe only to the dishonour of al Princes, as the saide Frenche King, who hathe susteynede greate and sundry dishonours at his hande, dothe wel knowe, his present commoditie and

advantage with an insaciable appetite aspiring to the hole Monarchie of Christendom. Soo, his Grace nothing doubtethe but the synceritie of his goode Brother is suche towardes him as neyther he wil give eare to any pece of this overture tending to the dissolucion of their moost assured amytie, ne yet soo lightly passe it over but that he wil with himself depely perpende and waye bothe what dishonour he hathe susteynede at themperours hand and also howe, by the only harken-yng to this mater, he wold procure yet more dishonour to him, bothe by the moving of him to set fote in a mater certainly voide of al honour, and also by covert meanes and untrue suggestion to incense him to the violacion, or at the lest to the interrupcion, of his amytie and frendship with his moost certain and assurede frende the Kinges Highnes, to the great dishonour of his name and corone for ever in the opinion of al the worlde. Whiche the Kinges Majestie doubtethe not his said goode Brother wil of his highe wisdomes consider as appertayneth to his honour and utterly to surcease any further to commune in this behaulfe.

“The Kinges Highnes befor he shal answer to this pointe, wil moost entirely beseeche his good Brother that, in like maner as his Grace at the last determyned entrevue, was contentede, at his saide goode Brothers desire, not to have pressed him to the making of any semblable lawes to those agreede uppon here by the hole Realme for preservation of the rightes and priveleages of the same, assaulted by the injuries of the Bishop of Rome. soo, albeit his saide goode Brother, aswel for the zeale he berethe to truthe and justice, as therby to shewe unto the Kinges Highnes gratuitie, shuld percase desire the Bisshop that now is, who hathe ever confessede the justice of his cause, for thoner of his See to revoke and denounce voyde and frustrate the unjust and slaunderous sentence given in prejudice therof by the late Bisshop disceasede. Yet the Kinges request and desire is to his saide goode Brother, that he, treating with the saide Bisshoppe herof, for correspondence again on his part, shal in noo wise move or desire his Grace to the violacion of any lawe passed in that behaulf, as a thing wherunto he wil in noo wyse condesende or agree. For, to be frank and playn with his saide goode Brother, his Majestie woll in noowise, directly or indirectly, confesse the Bisshop of Rome to have any jurisdiction in Princes. And therfor to conclude, the Kinges Highnes, obteyning this request of his saide goode Brother, and the saide Bisshop pronouncing by his meane the saide sentence voyde, woll not only be content to treat with him for his satisfaction in the renouncing of the said title but also to commune uppon a mariage to be concluded betwene the noble Princesse, his moost entirely beloved Doughter and Heir the Lady Elisabeth, and the Duke of Angoulesme his goode Brothers yongest Sonne; whiche overture his Highnes doubt not his saide goode Brother wil esteeme as appertayneth.”

Equally curious is the diction and orthography of one of the martyrs of the English Church, as exemplified in No. xxxi. :—

"HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester, to LORD CROMWELL,
October 19 [1537].

"Ryght honorable. Saludem in Christo Jesu. And syr here ys no lesse joynge and rejossynge in thes partees for the byrth of our prynce, hoom we hungurde for so longe, then ther was, (I trow) inter vicinos att the byrth of S. J. Baptyste, as thys berer Master Evance can telle you. Gode gyffe us alle grace, to yelde dew thankes to our Lorde Gode, Gode of Inglonde, for verely He hathe shoyd Hym selff Gode of Inglonde, or rather an Inglyssh Gode, yf we consydyr and pondyr welle alle Hys procedynges with us from tyme to tyme. He hath overcumme alle our yllnesse with Hys excedynge goodnesse, so that we ar now moor then compellyd to serve Hym, seke His glory. promott Hys wurde, yf the Devylle of alle Devylles be natt in us. We have now the stooppe of vayne trustes ande the steý of vayne expectations; lett us alle pray for hys preservatione. Ande I for my partt wylle wyssh that hys Grace allways have, and evyn now from the begynnyng, Governares, Instructores and offyceres of ryght jugmente, ne optimum ingenium non optimâ educatione depravetur. Butt whatt a grett fowlle am I! So, whatt devotione shoyth many tymys butt lytelle dyscretionne!

"Ande thus the Gode of Inglonde be ever with you in alle your procedynges.

"The 19 of October.

"Youres H. L. B. of Wurcestere

now att Hartlebury.

"Yf you wolde excytt thys berere to be moore hartye ayen the abuse of ymagry or mor forward to promotte the veryte, ytt myght doo goode. Natt that ytt came of me, butt of your selffe, &c.

(Addressed)

"To the Ryght Honorable Loorde P. Sealle
hys synguler gode Lorde."

With faithful specimens of this kind before us for the later period, and with the excellent reprints of the Early English Text Society for the early period, there is now a chance even for a man living in the country to trace the history of his mother tongue if he be so disposed. Perhaps it may gradually come to be considered, whether as a subject of study and a medium of education, the English language does not offer equal, or even greater, advantages than the classic languages of antiquity. Those languages we study in one brilliant portion of their career, the age of Pericles or Augustus: and however great the benefits we may derive from that study, one thing is certainly not attained, namely, the knowledge of the manner in which a language develops itself through the long centuries of its formation: a kind of knowledge which, more perhaps than any other, imparts to the student an insight into the spirit of history.

If we turn now to consider this second volume in relation to the penmanship it displays, there are two features which commend themselves more prominently to our attention. These are the development of individualism in handwriting, and the gradual discontinuation of Gothic characteristics.

As a useful example of the first, we may refer to Nos. IV., V., and VI., which contain three letters from Thomas Ruthall (A.D. 1513), Bishop of Durham, to Cardinal Wolsey.

The first of these is in a professional hand, corrected by the Bishop, the other two are in his own cursive writing; and they have in their way as much individuality as the human countenance itself. This is a new feature of the second volume, one which can be very slightly illustrated from the first. It is a thing which could only grow when writing had become a life-long habit, and the manner of its execution had developed itself with all the other traits of the personal character; and above all, where men write for themselves, and with the *abandon* of men writing their own thoughts. Even in the present day the clerkly hand of those who write officially is, except in the upper grades of the profession, chiefly characterized by this lack of individuality. It would be easy to multiply examples from the volume before us, but it would be unprofitable for the reader who has not the illustrations at hand, and unnecessary for him if he has. No. IX. is, though a secretary's writing, strongly marked with this individuality—as we might indeed expect from a secretary of such degree as was Dr. Richard Pace, whose fame is immortalized in a salient passage of Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Act II. Scene 2. Of this "one Doctor Pace," Cardinal Campeius says to Cardinal Wolsey,—

"They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man still, which so greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide."

The piece before us is dated July 5, 1518, and is addressed to Cardinal Wolsey. The character of the "forraigne man" is seen in his handwriting. By means of it alone we are able to divine that he had been prepared for continental diplomacy by an Italian education, even if it were not known as an historical fact that Thomas Langton, Bishop of Winchester, had sent him to Padua, and furnished him with the means of completing his studies there. On his return to England, he settled at Oxford, and afterwards accompanied Bainbridge, Archbishop of York, to Rome, in the latter part of the year 1509. These particulars are all useful as illustrative of Dr. Pace's handwrit-

ing. It is the first sample in this collection of which we may say, that if not absolutely free from Gothic touches, it may yet be safely pronounced an Italian hand. This hand now begins to prevail more and more, while the Gothic turns and twists and angles are gradually eliminated. But it appears that we have in this letter of 1518 a remarkably early example for so ripe an Italian hand. We find nothing of the kind to compare with it until we come to Nos. XXXVII. and XXXIX., which are two of the most perfect specimens of this kind in existence. The first of these, which is a letter of congratulation from Cosmo de' Medici to Edward VI. on his accession, is as perfect as the most regular italic prints of the time; and the second, written in the same year (1547) by the Princess Elizabeth, is a pretty specimen of young-ladylike caligraphy. The example of Elizabeth's handwriting which is given in our illustrations is taken from the third volume, No. XXV.* It was written to Queen Mary, 1553-4, when the Princess was twenty years old. It bears marks of great care and study to write the Italian hand (or, as it was then denominated, the Roman hand) to perfection. Editors and critics of Shakespeare have taken pleasure in discovering allusions to the Virgin Queen in some of the incidental features of his heroines; and it might not be absolutely absurd if we were to ask whether he had the penmanship of Queen Elizabeth in view, when in *Twelfth Night*, Act III. Scene 4, he makes Malvolio comment on the letter of Olivia in the following terms: "I think we do know the sweet Roman hand." This is a charming and appropriate epithet for the fair penmanship which is now under view, as contrasted with the ragged arachnæan scrabble which the degenerate Gothic now exhibited in the writings of those who still kept to the old aristocratic style (see Vol. II. No. XLI.*). Between the two numbers on which we have last commented stands a letter in the handwriting of the Princess Mary, which exhibits a graceful admixture of the two elements, the old and the new. By the next number, No. XL., which is a letter from King Gustavus I. of Sweden to the Lord Protector Somerset, May 20th, 1548, we see that the Italian handwriting was now well established in the northernmost Court of Europe. This letter is, moreover, interesting from the fact, that here, for the first time in the whole series, we meet with Arabic numerals.

The Arabic numerals have an almost unparalleled combination of interests clustered about them. No problem is more curious for the philologist than the origin and development of these figures. Professor Max Müller has gone into this particular aspect of the Arabic numerals, in one of the Essays lately republished under the title of "Chips from a German Work-

shop." To the mathematician and astronomer they are the alphabet of his vast calculations. Those who desire to fathom their remote history must read Professor Müller. Here we deal only with their introduction into the modern European system of writing. This is involved in great obscurity. Hallam's researches led him as high as the year 1282 for the first known example of an Arabic numeral in English writings. In this instance, which he calls the first indisputable instance of the employment of these figures in England, a 3 was inserted in a public instrument for want of room to put in III^{um}. For a long time these numerals were regarded as a sort of technical signs pertaining to abstruse study, much as algebraic marks are now regarded; and the knowledge of their peculiar use was designated *Algorism*. At length their great convenience gradually won popularity for them, and we may suppose that they were very generally familiar when they were first used in the legend of a coin in 1513.¹ It was one of the triumphary mints struck at Tournay, on the conquest of that place. It is a silver groat, bearing on the obverse HENRIC 8, and on the reverse CIVITAS TORNACENCIS 1.5.1.3. But the use of these figures on the coinage was rare and exceptional until towards the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, when its more general use entered, together with the change from Lombard to pure Roman lettering. And this is very closely identifiable with the date of 1548, at which we come upon the first Arabic numerals in the *National Manuscripts*.

The two next numbers illustrate, in a very striking manner, how wide was the divergence between two types of writing which were both familiarly known at this time in the best society. Both of them are of the year 1548. No. XLI.* is from the Lord High Admiral Seymour, and it looks at the first glance like a page of short-hand, or of Arabic; it forms a good example of the latter end of Gothic handwriting. It is curious to observe that he signs his name in the Italian hand. We may conclude that he had learnt the old aristocratic hand in childhood, and wrote it with ease, but had acquired the Italian later in life. No. XLII. is in the "Roman hand" of Lady Jane Grey, and is as regular as a printed book.

If, as they say, the German ladies are now beginning to discontinue their traditional Gothic caligraphy, and to write in the "Roman hand," then we may expect to see in that country the co-existence of two styles of handwriting in the latter end of the nineteenth century much like that which is observed in England in the middle of the sixteenth. German typography

¹ A groat of Henry IV. bearing Arabic numerals is suspected to be a fabrication.

has already declared itself in favour of the Roman type, and it is hardly possible that the reformation of their handwriting should be long delayed.

In the Third Part we have many cases of well-marked contrast between the two rival forms of writing. The very first page exhibits that contrast by two well-selected examples. In the same month of July 1553, a patent for appointing a certain person Sheriff of Wiltshire was signed by Queen Mary; and another in the same form, ordering the identical man's appointment, was signed by Lady Jane Grey. The professionally written instruments are in the Gothic court-hand, and "*Marye the Quene*" is in a sort of Secretary hand, while "Jane the Quene" is in pure Roman.

The despatch of the English ambassadors at the Court of Charles v. to Queen Mary (No. viii.) is a fine example of the "aristocratic." The next number, from Cosmo de' Medici to Queen Mary, is in the most perfect Italian hand. So are the hands of most of the European potentates, or of their secretaries, which are here reproduced. It is plain that the English Court lagged far behind in the fashion of writing. While Cosmo Duke of Florence, and John III. of Portugal, and Sigismund Augustus of Poland, and Mary Duchess of Cleves, and Ferdinand King of the Romans, and Maximilian King of Bohemia, and others of the same class, either write, or cause to be written, letters which might be mistaken for printed italics, the English magnates still scrawl in the downright barbarian Gothic style, except the Princess Elizabeth, whose round boyish juvenile hand we see at No. xxv.*, already preparing for that "sweet Roman hand" for which she was afterwards distinguished. The most masterly and overpoweringly perfect example of Italian caligraphy, however, comes from the Burgomaster and Magistrates of Dantzic to Queen Mary, No. xxx. Mary Queen of Scots, from whom there are several letters, writes an excellent Italian hand in 1561, No. lv.*; but the beauty of it is greatly impaired by 1565, in the next piece; and still more so by the year 1576, when she wrote the piece numbered lxxvi. John Knox wrote Gothesque; but James VI. writes a carefully formed Italian hand. At the close of the sixteenth century the two rival forms of penmanship still face each other; and such is the state of things with which the third volume ends. We are, therefore, not yet arrived at that stage in the story of English writing at which we may hope to test for ourselves the value of Mr. Darwin's recently published observation:—

"On what a curious combination of corporeal structure, mental char-

acter, and training, must handwriting depend! yet every one must have noted the occasional close similarity of the handwriting in father and son, although the father had not taught his son. A great collector of franks assured me that in his collection there were several franks of father and son hardly distinguishable, except by their dates. Hofacker, in Germany, remarks on the inheritance of handwriting; and it has even been asserted that English boys when taught to write in France naturally cling to their English manner of writing."—*Animals and Plants under Domestication* (1868), vol. ii. p. 6.

In the above remarks, we have thought to trace some semblance of a relationship between the penmanship and the architecture of the Middle Ages. Thus much can hardly be disallowed; that there is a succession of styles, which may fairly be characterized as the Round, the Pointed, the Decorated, the Perpendicular; and that these, or what survived of them, were sooner or later swept aside by that preference for Roman forms which is known as the Renaissance. Black-letter books ceased sooner in some lines than in others, the Bibles being among the latest that were printed in black letter. By the year 1700 black letter was almost in absolute disuse. Through the whole of the eighteenth century it is rare to find even a line of a title-page or a heading in black letter in the ranks of respectable literature. It is said to have still continued in the cheap and rude popular prints. Not even in Bibles or Common Prayer-books does the black letter make its appearance, or only quite exceptionally. This corresponds to the period when Gothic architecture was held in contempt; until Mr. Rickman, a Birmingham architect, and a Quaker, had re-kindled the taste for mediæval remains, and all this was altered. With the revived taste for Gothic architecture, the black letter also has returned to use. In Pickering's beautiful prints of Biblical and Liturgical works, the black letter was freely used. He printed a folio Common Prayer-book entirely in black letter. This was in 1844. By that time the taste for Gothic, both in print and in architecture, was fully re-established. The movement had taken about twenty years. The earliest instance that we have met with, of Gothic headings in a modern Prayer-book, are in that beautiful 18mo, which issued from the Clarendon Press in 1829. It is known to book-lovers as the Prayer-book of Bishop Lloyd, because he was then one of the Delegates of the Press, and took a special interest in the type and paper of it. Bibles and Common Prayer-books are among the best examples of public taste, regarded in the bulk. In a small and select circle of amateurs, the black-letter had long been regarded with interest. The Roxburghe Club had for some fifteen years been making a free use of it in their

sumptuous books. This aristocratic society had a keen eye for the costume of literature; and exhibited it more in the æsthetic than in the scientific aspect. No doubt they did much to revive mediæval sympathies, and particularly to recall the black-letter from its banishment. Thus the Gothic type is true as a shadow to the fortunes of Gothic architecture. The admiration and zeal of our day has carried Gothic architecture to a great pitch of perfection, and has perhaps almost equalled any former age in this respect. And as to the Gothic letter, it was advanced in 1853, as we have observed above, to a position which it never held before in this country, or, as far as we know, in any other, namely, to encircle the coin of the realm. Another little parallelism may be noted:—As the revival of Gothic architecture has produced many novel and strange results, by the attempts which have been made to play variations upon it, so our day has seen the appearance of a new variety of Gothic black letter, which is known as the “Victoria type.” Already one edition of the Book of Common Prayer has been sold off in this type, and a second issue is expected. Those who, with an eye practised upon the ancient and approved forms of alphabetic beauty, shall turn their contemplation to this “Victoria type,” will be led to praise the taste of the mediæval penmen, and to appreciate the vast difficulty of improving upon the types which we have inherited. The line in which improvement is to be sought by the man of taste in the business of a printer or typefounder, is not by the hopeless attempt to devise new shapes, but in the search for symmetry in the old shapes. This was what made the types of the Elzevirs and of Baskerville so admirable. This aim at symmetry was the leading excellence of Pickering, but now it seems to be found only in Paris. Cheapness and showiness dominate in English books, and taste is neglected.

We had already made some progress in our review of the National MSS. of England, and had derived from them a great deal of information and æsthetic enjoyment, when we were agreeably surprised by the first volume of a far more splendid publication. The *National Manuscripts of Scotland*, Part I., is now before us, and it is the most magnificent of all the productions of photozincography. The ample size of the folio, the beauty of the paper, and the excellence of the type, unite to furnish a worthy framework for the setting of this masterpiece of the new art, and makes the photozincographic facsimiles themselves either more perfect, or appear to greater advantage. To one of the documents, the beautiful charter of Kelso, which is the property of the Duke of Roxburghe, the art of the illuminator has been called in for the initial letter; and, in a

word, we may say of this volume, what we could not say of those before noticed, that it has a truly monumental and national grandeur.

The later publication has had over its predecessor the advantage which experience brings. It is a serious defect in the English volumes that they are cramped for want of space. Several of the plates exhibit the writing on a reduced scale. This is highly detrimental to their effect. In penmanship the magnitude is as inseparable from a true facsimile as the form is. A facsimile has none of the advantages which perspective gives to the higher forms of pictorial representation. The larger size of the Scottish volume is not to be regarded as a piece of luxury and unprofitable expenditure, but rather as a necessary means to produce the desired effect. Here the documents are given in their natural size.

We wish to record our gratitude to the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland for a publication which we hope will be widely instructive, claiming the interest of readers of very various tastes and objects of study. His Lordship holds in his own country the same general control of the national records which the Master of the Rolls so worthily exercises in England. The duties of the Lord Register were once more extensive. The *Clericus Registri et Rotulorum* was clerk of Parliament and Privy Council while Scotland had an independent government; and in those days the high office was held by a succession of distinguished lawyers and statesmen. The formation of the national records was his province, as well as their custody, and that is so still. The registers of land rights, charters, seisins, and all that give security to land tenures in Scotland more than in less favoured countries, are still formed and kept under his charge. In the old time it was not only an office of high dignity, but it was highly paid. It was reserved for our time to see the office accepted only on the condition that there should be no salary.

And Sir William Gibson-Craig has not taken the place as a showy sinecure. From the first he has devoted himself to its duties with great energy, and in a most enlightened and liberal spirit. Not content with looking to the security of the treasures under his custody, he has organized many plans for making the more interesting of the historical records known to the general reader. Of one of these, concerted in conjunction with Sir Henry James, the first fruits is the noble volume now before us. It would be difficult to figure any more worthy employment of Sir Henry James's beautiful invention than in bringing within the reach of moderate fortunes these materials of history, true as the originals themselves, without neglecting the artistic effect for the eye

that seeks first for beauty. This volume ought to find its way not only to the drawing-room and library of the wealthy, but also to the table of every literary society and public reading-room. It will do much to diffuse a correct idea of antiquity, and to cultivate the historical sense. While the Chronicles and Registers, and other learned works, now issuing in both countries, may be more welcome here and there to some advanced and solitary student, this kind of picture-book is welcome equally to the learned and the ignorant—lighting up the elaborate studies of the learned, and kindling sparks of curiosity in the ignorant. There is, moreover, a sort of justice in the destiny which has apportioned so goodly a lot to the archives of Scotland. This country has something of a traditional and even prerogative interest in diplomatic studies. The earliest national undertaking of the kind was Anderson's *Diplomatum et Numismatum Scotiæ Thesaurus*, folio, Edinburgh, 1739. This work was undertaken in 1706, under the patronage of the Scottish Parliament. But Anderson, with much taste and ability, was a weak and unsteady man, and it was reserved for that great and industrious scholar, Ruddiman, thirty years later, to bring the work to maturity. This solid and earnest labourer, the son of a Banffshire farmer, was a man of whom Scotland may well be proud. He was one of those who laid the wide foundations of modern philology. His famous Latin Grammar was conceived upon a scale which in his day, was unexampled, and it has been studied and valued by the chief scholars of Europe. At this day, after more than a century and a half of progressive research in the same line, it retains an honoured place in the library of the philologist, mostly through German reprints. Thomas Ruddiman, at the age of sixty-four, performed more on the *Thesaurus Diplomatum* in a twelvemonth than Anderson had effected in a period of thirty years, including the best years of his life. Ruddiman is the author of the learned preface, the chronology, the indices, the identification of the localities, and the disquisitive notes. In short, the truly "diplomatic" part belongs to Ruddiman. Anderson had furnished little more than the palæography. Ruddiman, in his preface, laid down the general principles of the relations of charters to history, and their value to the historian as a thing of primary necessity. He showed also how charters might be tested, and the genuine distinguished from the fictitious. He sketched in outline what Mr. Kemble has more minutely developed in his introduction to the *Codex Diplomaticus*.

It will probably be a surprise to many historians to find how great the wealth of Scotland is in regard to her earlier

archives. The present volume contains seventy-nine documents, of which the latest is as early as 1298. The Norman and Early-English writing may therefore be traced in these Scotch manuscripts far more completely than in the English collection. The ground occupied by these seventy-nine documents is represented in the National Manuscripts of England by twenty-two specimens only. And, whatever the explanation may be, certain it is, that as feats of penmanship, the Scotch documents far surpass the English. Something may be due to the better materials and execution of this volume, and especially to the absence of "reduction" in size; but, quite apart from this, there is a degree of ingenuity and originality visible in these writings, which invests them with special artistic qualities to the eye of the inquirer,—in so much that, with these superb pages before us, we seem called upon to enter, somewhat more at large than we did above, into the peculiar conditions and fashions of penmanship in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This will tend towards the completeness of our sketch of the history of writing, because in the former part of this article we have been less full on the early than on the maturer stages, and have chiefly been expansive on the outgoings of writing into printing. Here, however, we shall have to consider the peculiar writing of the Norman period, and to observe the historical relation which it bears to the Karlingian Empire. Moreover, as this collection includes specimens of the Book of Deir, we shall be led by the ninth-century penmanship to fetch a glimpse back into those more remote, obscure, and fascinating regions of twilight, before the revival of the Roman Empire in the West, with its new standards of civilisation.

The caligraphy of the Franks is not much less distinct and characteristic than that of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. And as the one was called "Saxon," after the foremost of the races and nations which used this insular style, so the other is "Frankish" only in a like sense, as it was in fact the writing of the whole north-west or Gothic part of the Continent. The Cottonian manuscript of the "Heliand," or old Saxon Harmony of the Gospels, is in this hand. The alphabet of this style is figured in the first volume of Hickes's *Thesaurus*, in a plate prefixed to his *Grammatica Franco-Theotisca*. This is the penmanship of the whole Old High German literature. This Frankish writing was in nearer relationship to Rome than was the Saxon. The true distinction would perhaps be, that the Frankish drew its descent from Papal Rome, and the Saxon from Imperial Rome. The Frankish handwriting underwent in the tenth century a sensible modification, which made it more Roman in its char-

acter. This change took place about that juncture in history at which we cease to talk of Franks and Gauls, and begin to speak of the "French." It corresponds to the rise of the Capetian dynasty. Accordingly, the French writing of the tenth and eleventh centuries used to be styled "Capetian," and by that name it goes in Astle. Modern palæographers have called it "Ludovician," after those two Ludovici, viz., Louis le Gros and Louis le Jeune, who pretty nearly parcel out the eleventh century between them. Perhaps the former name is truer to chronology, inasmuch as the style was already formed in the tenth century. But the latter is more in vogue now; and relatively to the history of British writing, it is more convenient. A few tangible distinctions between the Anglo-Saxon and the Ludovician writing may be useful. In the character "a," that upper member which distinguishes it from *a*, was now first introduced into Britain. The letter *r* now began to be a short letter instead of a long down-shafter, as the Anglo-Saxon *p*. The letter *s* in Anglo-Saxon was down-shafted (*j*); it now began to be up-shafted—thus, *f*. The *th* was now introduced, and it superseded both the old Runic "Thorn" (*þ*), and also the Romanesque *ᚠ*. The Saxon *p* disappeared, and was replaced first by *uu* and later by *w*. These were some of the chief innovations, but their triumph was not equally rapid and complete in every part.

It is this style of writing that, as we have noticed in the former section, Edward the Confessor was charged with the innovation of introducing into England. It came into England in the middle of the eleventh century, but it does not appear in Scotland till very near the close of it. In England it got mixed up with the previous native style, but predominated notwithstanding. In Scotland it established itself in its Continental purity. This is only one of the repeated instances known to history in which a more effective sympathy with the Continent had been established in Scotland than in those parts which lie over-against the shore of France. Accordingly, the Capetian or Ludovician writing is seen to greater effect in the Scottish than in the English manuscripts. It may be traced very plainly, amidst various oscillations, from No. II.* down to No. XLII., the date of which is past A.D. 1200. These oscillations indicate, what the English series fails to show, how it was that, from this Ludovician hand, the branchings took place—in the one direction towards the cursive and chameleon-like court-hand, and in the other direction to the erect, slowly-forming, and more constant text-hand of the black-letter books. Of this Capetian or Ludovician hand we will take as a sample No. II.,* the charter of Duncan to the monks of St. Cuthbert,

not only because it is good as a specimen, but also and more especially because of the interesting "diplomatic" questions of which it has been the subject. The consideration of this matter will afford an occasion of noticing the distinction between palæography and "diplomatique," and the relations which they bear to each other. George Chalmers, the biographer of Ruddiman (1794), has blamed him for acknowledging the authenticity of Duncan's charter:—

"The charters, which Anderson has exhibited with such splendour and accuracy, extend in their dates from the year 1094 to 1412. He did not publish more ancient charters, because older he could not find. He did not publish more recent charters, except indeed the charter wherein Francis and Mary styled themselves, in an unpropitious hour, King and Queen of England; because, from the epoch of 1412, he had observed the general character of writing to continue nearly the same. [?] In order to gain for his country all the honour which can be obtained from the earlier, or the later use of charters, Anderson published a charter of Duncan, that stands the first in his series, though there be engraven on its front the manifest characters of forgery; for Duncan herein styles himself '*filius Regis Malcolumb constans hereditarie Rex Scotie*.' Now, the *constans hereditarie*, and the *Rex Scotie*, are two circumstances which are repugnant to the usage of the times, and are inconsistent with the invariable titles of the Scottish kings. By these objections were doubts raised in the mind of Ruddiman, who was yet willing to assent to the authenticity of Duncan's charter, because it carries the use of diplomas in Scotland one step farther into the regions of antiquity. It is to be lamented that such a judgment as Ruddiman's should have been somewhat perverted on this occasion by the love of his country—a noble passion indeed—which, however, ought not to enter into competition with the more sacred love of truth."—*Life of Thomas Ruddiman*, p. 161.

After all this solemn lecturing at the moral and literary memory of Ruddiman, we naturally look with interest to see what Mr. Cosmo Innes has to tell us about this long-ago condemned charter; and we find, to our great satisfaction, that the judgment of that eminent scholar is confirmed:—

"The second of our specimens was engraved in the great work of Anderson, *Diplomata et Numismata Scotiæ*, and, with some hesitation, admitted by Lord Hailes as 'the oldest original charter concerning Scotland that is now known.'—*Annals of Scotland*, A.D. 1094.

"Several circumstances have been thought to throw doubt on the authenticity of this charter. Duncan's careful assertion of his hereditary right to the Crown—*constans hereditarie Rex*—may merely help the argument for his illegitimacy, or it may be one more symptom of a new order of things recognising the absolute law of primogeniture instead of the old use—Saxon and Celtic alike—by which the member of the family of full age, or otherwise fitter to rule, was preferred to

an infant or imbecile heir; or finally, it may be an affectation of style of which that age was not incapable. Hickes and Ruddiman, followed by Mr. Raine, seem to have suggested the true reason for this form of words, namely, that Duncan was imitating the Conqueror, who loved to found upon his hereditary right to the throne of England. Two charters of his, granted to Durham a very few years before the accession of Duncan, run in the style,—‘*Ego Willielmus Dei gratia Rex Anglorum hereditario jure factus.*’ Another objection was founded upon the manner of authenticating the charter with the crosses of the granter and witnesses, as well as with the granter’s seal; but a better acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon charters, in which this practice was common, has destroyed the weight of this objection.

“This is the first of a series of charters to the monks of St. Cuthbert, which have been so fortunately preserved for us in the fine air of Durham.”

The diplomatic reasons, then, are in favour of the genuineness of the charter. To these we can add, that the palæographic evidence is consentaneous. If the charter be fictitious, it must have been forged at a time very little removed from its professed date, while yet the Ludovician handwriting retained its pristine characteristics.

One of the earlier charters in this volume, No. VII., provokes that old and vexed question concerning the early feudal relationships between the Crown of England and the Crown of Scotland. In the excellent and scholarlike Introduction of Professor Cosmo Innes, which is prefixed to this volume, the notice of this charter is accompanied with some observations which will justify a quotation:—

“After these, another charter of Edgar to Coldingham would have followed, if the original had not unfortunately been lost. From good and unsuspected copies, we know that that charter contained the words where Edgar set forth his right to the land of Lothian and the kingdom of Scotland by a double title, the gift of King William of England, and his hereditary right as heir of his father; and thus made his grant of Lothian lands—‘*consilio predicti domini mei Regis Willelmi.*’

“Following upon this lost charter of Edgar, we have the charter of King William II. of England (VII.), which narrates the gift of those Lothian lands by Edgar, made with King William’s consent—*me concedente.*

“The controversy which once raged upon these words rages no longer. It is now held, without much difference of opinion, that Edgar may have wished to acknowledge, or was not minded to dispute, some claim of property or superiority of William in these Berwickshire lands, and that the monks of Durham were well pleased to hold them by the grants of both Kings. Neither party dreamt of giving or taking a right of superiority to the King of England over the kingdom of Scotland. Sir Francis Palgrave, in his Anglo-Saxon zeal, had worked

himself up to be of a different opinion, but, *pace tanti viri*, the question has been settled by more temperate historians; and an Englishman, who knew more of the evidence than any man of his time, has wound up his argument thus:—‘That homage was paid from time to time is certain, but it was for territories held of the English Crown, and not for Scotland at large.’—(Raine’s *History of North Durham*, p. 377.)”

Of this verdict of Mr. Raine’s there can hardly be room for doubt in the mind of any one who is acquainted with early records. Only then it so far leaves open a question, as it does not define what were the “territories held of the English Crown.” That Scotland was ever legally regarded as a fief of the English Crown, with all the feudal liabilities of escheat and forfeiture, is a position quite groundless and untenable. When Rufus demanded of the Scotch king that he should submit to be tried by the English peers, as if he were himself but a peer of the southern realm, this appears to be a mere flourish of wanton arrogance, for it was contemptuously refused, and no pretence was made to enforce it.

Passing over seven charters, we come to No. xv., where we enter on the reign of David I., 1124-1153. This is the king who is so famous as the founder and benefactor of Holyrood, Melrose, and many other religious foundations. He impoverished the Crown by the number and largeness of his royal benefactions. He is best known as *Saint David*; and one of his successors said of him that he was “a sair sanct for the Crown.”

In this charter he grants Coldingham and many lands in Lothian to Durham. The next number (xvi.*) is the great foundation-charter of Holyrood. It exhibits the roundness of the Ludovician hand beginning to assume that angularity which led to the form of the book-text. A segment of it is given among our illustrations. Concerning that distant time we find some very interesting observations in the introduction. Scotland had as yet no recognised capital or established seat of government. The King had his rude dwelling-places in walled strengths like Edinburgh or Stirling; but there was nothing that could be called a Royal Palace till long after this period. The whole economy of our early kings was at variance with fixed palaces. There were laws even requiring them to move their household frequently to avoid excessive burden on the poor commons, who were harried for *prisæ* and *carriagia* by the Court functionaries. The Court moved from place to place, lodging for the most part in the great abbeys. And hence we trace a sort of natural affinity between the abbey and the palace. The palace sprang up by the side of the abbey, as at Dunfermline; and the Abbey of Holyrood, also in the course of

time, became the parent of the palace. When the monks had improved the royal grant, and had made a comfortable establishment there, the kings were often their welcome guests. Not till the fifteenth century came the erection of the palace. It was built by three successive Jameses, and finished by the father of Queen Mary, who put his mark upon it. The abbey, which had for generations been the chief hostelry of king and court, now stood coupled with the palace, offering to the observant eye a significant indication of the early relations of Church and State. We may compare in England, not only the Abbey and Palace of Westminster, but also the grouping of church and manor-house in the rural scenery almost everywhere. This feature was produced by that alliance and reciprocity of benefit between the secular and religious elements, which have constituted the basis of national life throughout Christendom. So the simple chapel on the Castle rock of Edinburgh is the representative of an early royal residence there, and reminds us of the time when Malcolm Canmore, with his Queen Margaret, dwelt in the Castle. The King dwelt on the rock, for the security which it afforded against surprise. David I. gave to the monks of Holyrood the little church on the Castle which is known to all the world as St. Margaret's Chapel, so called after the good Queen of King Malcolm, the English Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling. Not that it is the actual building in which the sainted Queen retired and heard mass and prayed for death when she heard that her husband and son were slain. It was built later, but it represents the elder and still ruder edifice, and has inherited the great association which is native to the spot. This chapel is so regularly visited by tourists as to be one of the recognised stations of their pilgrimage. David also gave them the Church of St. Cuthbert, in the valley below, and some land under the Castle rock, where the King had a garden, one of the boundaries of which land was "the well at the corner of the King's garden," which apparently gave rise to the name of the Well-house Tower.

We have at No. xviii.* another facsimile from the Book of Deir. It is introduced in this place for the sake of a marginal entry of King David's confirmation to the clerics of Deir of their right of exemption from secular duty. This also may be seen in our illustrations.

The great religious houses which are connected with the name of this king are now mere wrecks of time. But they are the monuments of institutions on which the early civilisation of Scotland was founded. David I. availed himself of the best opportunities which he had for the civilisation of his country. Another part of his policy, which was rich in after consequences, as is well pointed out by Mr. Cosmo Innes, was the

hospitable reception he gave to the southern strangers, Saxon and Norman, whom the distractions of England, which was precisely then passing through the most miserable period of its history, sent in rapid succession across the border into Scotland. Among these we may reckon the Bruces, who had been settled in Yorkshire since the Conquest, but now moved the chief seat of their family to the valley of Annandale, which the Bruce received as a gift from King David. No. xix. is a "charter by the King to Robert Brus, of Annandale and its castle," and No. xx. is "a charter by the King to Bruce, of Annandale in free forest, by boundaries extending from the Forest of Selkirk as far as his land reaches towards Nithsdale and Clydesdale."

The show-piece of the volume, as regards art, is No. xxxii., King Malcolm's great charter to the Abbey of Kelso. The initial M, which, in the Lombard uncial here adopted, forms a couple of elliptical picture-frames, is filled with two royal figures enthroned and crowned. This is what the French writers would call "historiated," as far as we can rudely copy their easier turn of expression when they speak of "*Lettres Initiales historiées de figures d'hommes.*" We have spoken of this illuminated letter as Lombardic, and the same designation will apply to a few other capitals in the course of the writing. These are used to indicate the sections, as it were heads of paragraphs. This illustrates the sense of the term "Capital;" a letter that stands at the head. It expresses not form or size, as "Uncial" does, but function, like the term "Initial." A "Capital" is a chief letter, a letter that makes a new *caput* or *capitulum*; chapter, or section, or paragraph. Besides these massive Lombardics, there runs through the charter another strain of uncials, namely, the elegant Ludovicians. These latter are far more numerous. Thus in the opening word, the King's name, MALCOLONVS, the initial only is Lombardic, the remainder are Ludovician, as indeed is the whole body of the smaller lettering. This painted initial affords us occasion to observe how intimately the two arts of caligraphy and painting began now, in the twelfth century, to be allied. As to the identification of the personages represented, and other particulars concerning this most splendid document, we must fall back on the assistance of the editor. Mr. Cosmo Innes says:—

'The most remarkable charter of Malcolm now extant is the great charter of Kelso (xxxii.), which collected under one general confirmation all the benefactions hitherto made to the great Abbey, the greatest of the monastic houses of Teviotdale, if not the richest in Scotland. David the First, before he was king, had founded the abbey at Selkirk, but when he found that that was not a proper situation for an abbey, he moved the foundation to Kelso, with great

taste certainly as well as prudence. Malcolm had succeeded to his grandfather when twelve years old; he was in his nineteenth year at the date of this charter. I mention his age to account for the remarkable initial letter which distinguishes it. There are represented, not without some pictorial skill, two figures, both royally crowned, both with the sword and symbols of sovereignty. When we consider that the charter sets forth the foundation by David, and the confirmation by his grandson, it is impossible to doubt that the old bearded King with the sword and ball of sovereignty represents King David, whilst the smooth-faced stripling, with gold sceptre, and sword still sheathed across his knees, is the picture of Malcolm the Maiden. As a work of art these miniatures are not contemptible, but we regard them with tenfold interest as the first efforts of portraiture in Scotland. The Duke of Roxburghe, now the lord of Kelso, has not hesitated to place at the disposal of the Lord Register, for a national collection, this, which by so many titles may be considered the most interesting charter of Scotland.'

The date of this charter lies between 1153 and 1165; but on the matter of chronology we do not find this work quite so accommodating as it might be. We have claimed for it many points of advantage over the English series, but this is an exception. Mr. Basevi Sanders has given the date at the head of each translation, facing the facsimile; but in the Scottish volume we have the oft-recurring inconvenience of having to turn for the date back to the table of contents.

The Scottish charters are what the English would have been had there been no Conquest—except that the English archives would probably not in any case have presented so large a chapter of endowments at this particular period. The great Benedictine foundations of England were already long established. They dated from the reign of Edgar (960-975) or earlier. So that many of these magnificent Scotch charters, which range chronologically with Domesday or Magna Carta, have their English analogues in that earlier time which is represented in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*. The centuries with which we are now engaged were in fact the stormiest of times in English history, while in Scotland things were comparatively tranquil. It has been said, Happy are the people whose history is not sensational. In the English memorials of the two earliest centuries of the zincographed period, there are contained four documents of the highest constitutional interest. They represent transactions which were caused or hastened by the Conquest and its train of consequences. In the northern kingdom these agitations were felt as waves whose first great shock had been already broken. New and influential families crossed the border and obtained settlements, who later on were to play important parts in Scottish history. The bulk of these charters represent a comparatively peaceful

process of distribution of land and territorial power, and the growth of the constitutional elements. In great part they correspond rather to the highly-prized documents of the Saxon era than to the contemporary archives of England. And how nearly allied they are, even ethnologically, comes out now and then through the chinks of the Latin panoply in which they are clothed. Thus, in No. xxxiv.*, a charter by which the little Culdee abbey in Loch Leven is absorbed into the Priory of St. Andrews, the rents are measured in strange and archaic terms, for the explanation of which recourse must be had to Anglican antiquity. Mention is made of twenty "mel" of cheese, and four "mel" of malt, and twenty "mel" of barley. There is hardly a word that can be named which has its roots more deeply imbedded in Gothic antiquity. It is hard, and perhaps impossible, to say whether this "mel" should be regarded as originally signifying time, or mark, or measure. But, in fact, these three ideas are but different aspects of one. And it is enough for the present purpose, to note that the word "mela" occurs in the Gothic Gospels as the translation of *μῶδος* in St. Mark iv. 21. The word figures in every-day English use when we speak of the times of food as the "meals;" and a far older example of the word is in the adverbial compound, "piecemeal." But the Anglican side of the island has a special property in this word. In these parts, the yield of milk which a cow gives at one milking is spoken of as "a meal of milk." Here it seems rather to mean time than measure. It is a great saying in Norfolk, by way of admonition to any one to give heed to their conduct: "Mind your seals and your meals!" This in literal English is no more nor less than, "Mind your occasions and your proportions;" or, "Mind times and degrees in your conduct," which it will be allowed is a good summary of discretion.

The material of these charters is not confined to the growth and territorial endowment of religious houses, which, though important in a historical point of view as standing at the head of the development of the country, both in its temporal and its religious interests, is yet not the whole of a country's history. The other constitutional elements are here seen in their early development. David I. had done the part of a great legislator in organizing and protecting the Third Estate, but the first charter to a burgh given in this collection, is by his grandson William, to the burgh of Ayr (No. xl.), where William had built a Castle, probably as a barrier against the men of Galloway. The burgh privileges and freedoms extended over a very wide district. This glimpse of the establishment of a military burgh is followed in the next charter, No. xli., by indications of a different class of

towns. Here we see the building of the Bishop's burgh at Glasgow, wherein Jocelin, the bishop of Glasgow, grants a toft of land to the monks of Melrose. In No. XLIII. we have a peep at the commerce of the great religious houses. Philip, Count of Flanders, granted to the brethren of Melrose entire liberty of passing through his land in security, free from any toll or exaction whatever, either in port or in land; and he speaks of them as merchants of Anglia—" *si qua forte dissensio inter Anglie et Flandrie mercatores pro qualibet causa oriatur* "—"If any dispute arise between the merchants of England and Flanders, no one is to take advantage of the opportunity for laying hands on the brethren, or impounding their goods." This is a fine illustration of the importance of the export of wool from this country in the twelfth century. The charter No. XLVI. is in a lamentable condition. It is an acknowledgment by Richard of England of the independence of Scotland. It is dated the first year of the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. Richard was eager for the Crusade, and was willing to leave as few quarrels as possible behind him. He was therefore ready to appease the jealousies of his northern neighbour, especially as the Scottish king engaged to pay him the sum of ten thousand marks, which at this moment was a valuable consideration to Richard. Thus the independence of Scotland was established, and the effects of William's homage to Henry II., while he was a prisoner in the Norman Court at Falaise, was thus obliterated. The charters of homage were delivered up and cancelled. All things were restored to the state previous to William's capture. Richard delivered to William his castles of Roxburgh (Rokeborc) and Berwick (Beraich), and restored his fees in the earldom of Huntingdon (Huntedon). This transaction was the means of preserving unbroken peace between England and Scotland for more than a century. The charter No. XLIX. records a decision in the King's Court of a quarrel between the Avenels Lords of Eskdale and the monks of Melrose. Roger Avenel had granted to the monks certain forest pasturage, reserving his game-rights,—*salva dicto Rogero salvagina*. The monks complained that Roger had used his privilege to make encroachments. It was determined that the Avenels should have only hart and hind, wild-boar and sow, roe and doe, and the eyries of the hawks, which latter were not to be molested by the monks. The Avenels were to take their sport without damage to the buildings, agriculture, and cattle of the monks.

This series presents some remarkable instances of capricious and elaborate variations of the standard types of writing. For example, in No. xxxiv.*, the elevation of the upshafts is carried to the point of extravagance. This was, as we have

already seen, the prevailing fancy of the day; but it reaches its extreme in the Scotch documents. In the Nos. XLIV. and XLV.*, A.D. 1200, we see a capricious and sportive tendency to decorate these excrescences. The marks which indicate elision, or, as the palæographers call it, "suspension," of a syllable at the end of a word (as in *omnib' fidelib'*), are especially made the subject of reiterated flourishes or zigzags. We have only to look onwards to No. XLVII.*, the Bull of Pope Honorius affirming the independence of the Church of Scotland, A.D. 1218, to see whence the first hint was derived which led to the indulgence of this kind of dilettanteism. It would seem as if the further men were removed from Rome, the more diligently its suggestions were adopted and improved upon. The Scotch writing is indeed remarkable for this characteristic, that it seizes an idea and carries it out to an exaggeration hardly less than that by which we are amused or worried in the ingenious variations of musical composition. If it had been intended in the charter of Alexander II. to St. Andrew of Pluscardin, No. XLVIII.*, to caricature the penmanship of the Papal Chancery, as exhibited in the preceding number, it could not have been more effectually caricatured. But the intention, no doubt, was merely an elaborate ornamentation, to the end that the very writing of the charter should do honour to the bounty of the King. This peculiar whim of decorating the upshafts like May-poles being developed to the utmost in No. XLVIII.*, we find the succeeding examples of it somewhat more moderate. And yet No. LVI.* is in its way hardly less peculiar. Zigzags of six or eight degrees rise above the line to signify suspension of a final syllable, or to ornament the sides of a capital letter, until an appearance is produced like heraldic invecting.

Nor is this elaboration of the tall letters the only peculiarity of the Scottish writing. A great feature of the twelfth century was that which gave a leaf-like turn to the upshaft letters. A trace of this fashion lingers still in our day, when we write the letter *d* with a bowed upshaft. In some respects this was a companion ornament to the elongation we have been last speaking of, but it gradually, and it would seem as a reaction from those elongations, came to usurp their place. We have many very fine specimens of the foliated writing in this volume, beginning with the remarkable example, No. LXI.*, a charter of the King's right in churches of Annandale, the lordship of Bruce, during the vacancy of the see of Glasgow. This form of writing also was developed to a point of conventionalism which probably was nowhere reached but in Scotland. As an example of this we may appeal to the document, which, though latest in date, is put first in order, as it were a frontispice to

the volume. It is the charter by Sir William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland, to the Constable of Dundee, 1298. In this piece the marks of contraction and suspension are developed into very perfect leaves, as rigidly defined as those in the adamantine foliage of a church-door. An example is given in the last of the illustrations. We cannot help observing on the greater tendency to conventionalism in art, which is found where the art is in few hands.

We are not informed by the Editor concerning this last-mentioned document, or the plate by means of which it is here represented. In the absence of information, we must fill up the void by our own conjecture. In this emergency we are inclined to surmise that it is the identical plate of Anderson's *Diplomata Scotiæ*, or a reproduction of it. If we are in error, there are instances of equal error to keep us in countenance. We have known learned connoisseurs, in our own day, mistake a manuscript for print, and determine the printing-press which must have produced it.

This little circumstance leads to a further observation. The *Diplomata Scotiæ*, when regarded as a sort of ancestor of the volume now before us, calls up the interesting question of the comparative merits of engraving and photozincography. The plates of Anderson are a noble production of the art of that age. Their outlines are clearer and more sharply defined than in the photozincographic plates. They would perhaps be generally preferred, as being more beautiful productions; but the eye which has given itself a special training in palæography would discern the modern tooling. There is a metallic rigidity about these beautiful copperplates which contrasts strongly with what we may call the weak and picturesque humanity of the originals, which is given with remarkable fidelity by the new art. In the great bulk of engraved facsimiles you would say it had been written by machinery, but when you look at the photographic plate you see all the pliancy and variability of the hand of man. It must, however, be acknowledged, that of late years we have had specimens of engraving against which this charge of hardness cannot be made. There is an example in one of the books on our list, in the second volume of Mr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. The plates from the Book of Deir exhibit the graver's art at its highest perfection, and must be allowed to leave the photozincography in its rear.¹

¹ But in favour of the latter it may be observed that engraving has had centuries of cultivation, whereas photozincography is in its early infancy; and lest any one should think that the art of making literary facsimiles was already perfect enough to satisfy all competent judges, we will quote the testimony of Mr. Blades in his recent *Life of Caxton*:—

“Only those who have endeavoured to obtain a real facsimile,—one which, for identity of types and exactness of measurement, will bear the closest

Thus far we have been chiefly concerned with those developments in the style of penmanship, which may be traced to Papal Rome through Capetian and Carolingian courts. We have now to look back to a style of higher antiquity, of which we have two small specimens in the English series, and a rather larger proportion in the Scottish. The first four figures of the Scottish volume plunge us at once into that higher antiquity. They represent a culture and a school far older than Charlemagne. They are taken from the Book of Deir, which dates from somewhere about 900 as regards its text, and goes down to 1150 as regards its later marginal entries. It is one of those books of Latin Gospels, written in a Scotian hand, of the ninth or tenth century; with memorials and memorandums and charters of Royal gifts inserted in the blank spaces by hands of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and in the Gaelic language. This curious little volume was discovered in the University Library at Cambridge, by Mr. Bradshaw, "the present lynx-eyed librarian," as Mr. Westwood admiringly writes. The four openings of the book here exhibited present examples of both kinds. We have in the text the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel in Latin, and in a narrower, more angular, and more recent penmanship, filling a blank half-page or crowding the margin, we have the monastic *notitiæ* in Gaelic; so that the same pages exemplify the progress of that type of handwriting, which is the peculiar property of the elder branch of the Keltic family. Not only are these two forms interesting by mutual comparison, but they indicate the source and original derivation of that which has been popularly termed Anglo-Saxon characters. These facsimiles alone, if other proof were not extant, would go far to demonstrate that the so-called Anglo-Saxon characters must have been learnt directly or indirectly from some Keltic source, while other historical evidence coming in would naturally suggest that it was from the Albanian Scotch they were derived. The recorded fact that the earliest Christian culture of Anglian people was of Scotian derivation, is amply supported by the evidence of Christian art in manuscripts and on stones. The Irish, the early Scotch, and the examination by the side of the original,—know the excessive difficulty of procuring an artist clever and patient enough to execute the tracing, and workmen skilful enough to print it, without clogging or some worse distortion. If an engraving on wood be the medium chosen, the opportunities of error are numerous, first in tracing the tracing on to the face of the block, and then from the engraver's tool. On copper, the difficulties, though of the same nature, are still greater. Lithography affords the only means of obtaining a real facsimile, as there the transfer is direct from the original tracing on to the stone. This method, however, is liable to two sources of error;—the stretching of the tracing-paper while in the act of being transferred to the stone, and the gradual clogging of the letters in working, to avoid which requires the greatest care and attention."—Vol. i. p. ix.

early Saxon manuscripts evidently belong to one family. There flowed a stream of teachers and artists from Ireland through Scotland into England. This current can be traced, and has been traced, by the antiquarian relics which it has left. We may name Mr. Westwood as a gentleman who has made a study of this interesting subject, and who has imparted to it that increased certainty and definiteness which might be expected from his well-known accuracy.¹ But there remains a separate department of [this inquiry, which deserves more general attention than it has yet received. The course of Irish art through Scotland brings us into contact with a class of remains of a very independent and distinct character. These have been collected in Mr. Stuart's magnificent work on the SCULPTURED STONES OF SCOTLAND.

The two superb folio volumes of the Spalding Club, in which Mr. John Stuart has collected these remarkable monuments, may almost be said to open a new world before the eyes of the historian. Here we find a series of figures and patterns cut upon stones, which have been found within a definite geographical and historical area corresponding precisely with ancient Pictland. A nest of ancient life and special culture seems here to discover itself to the attentive student. That which, by its strangeness, is at first deterrent, comes, by persistency and frequency, to waken curiosity and inquiry.

In the first volume, which was published in 1856, we have the problematical objects themselves, presented in 138 Plates, containing engravings of a much larger number of sculpturings. The second volume, which appeared in 1867, besides more examples of the same class of symbolic work, which have been discovered since 1856, offers a rich assortment of illustrative objects, both in other carved pillars, Irish crosses, and especially analogous drawings and ornamentations from manuscripts. Useful as this body of ornamentation is, for comparison and illustration; it yet leaves entirely out, and offers nothing approaching to the peculiar figures or symbols for which the stones have attracted attention.

Strange and unassociable as these figures and devices at first sight appear when considered in regard to other European remains, they have been found, under the analysis of Mr. Stuart, to betray remote traces of Byzantine art, on the one hand, and of a native style, on the other. But the first thing is to establish a bond of kindred with some works whose place in history is already well ascertained, and here the Irish manu-

¹ *Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts*, executed by J. O. Westwood, M.A. Drawn on stone by W. R. Tymmes. Chromo-lithographed by Day and Son, Limited. London, Quaritch, 1868.

scripts come in with great effect; for they have a type of ornamentation which is also found on the stones. The Book of Deir, though in all probability written in Scotland, belongs to the Irish family of manuscripts. The border framings in that and other books of its class exhibit a series of patterns which are plainly to be identified with some of these Pictish stones. And it is not only by means of their drawings and designs, that the Irish manuscripts come into association with these remarkable stones. There is on one of these sculptured stones an inscription, which, by its lettering, tends to bring the whole class to which it belongs into still more assured relationship with Irish art and palæography. The Stone of St. Vigean's alone, when the sculptures on the same stone are taken into consideration, might suffice to establish a link of connexion between the otherwise mute relics of Pictland and the manuscripts which remain to us in Irish, Scottish, and Anglo-Saxon workmanship.

Everybody who has had a glimpse of early Irish art is aware how indescribably singular it is, and seeming to abound in the most remote combinations. The figures present a mixture of almost Oriental conventionalism, with a degree of *minutiæ* in the drapery which has provoked a historical interpretation. The frames and borders are of a pattern which suggests to the passing glance a blending of Etruscan and late Roman and Runic; but which, when analysed, as Mr. Westwood has analysed them, are found to be unlike anything else but Hibernian or Scoto-Keltic. They may be seen in all the fidelity of their outline and colour, and in a large assortment of examples, in the facsimiles of Irish and Anglo-Saxon manuscripts lately edited by Mr. Westwood; and they belong to one and the same chapter of art as the entwinings on the sculptured stones which have been so admirably edited by Mr. John Stuart.

Dr. Waagen has remarked:—

“It may be assumed as a settled fact, that the style of ornamentation, consisting of artistic convolutions, and the mingled fantastic forms of animals—such as dragons, snakes, and heads of birds—of which we discover no trace in Græco-Roman art, was not only invented by the Celtic people of Ireland, but had obtained a high development.”

Mr. Westwood reminds us, that of the copies of the Holy Scriptures sent into England by St. Gregory with the mission of St. Augustine, two are still preserved, and that they are different in the character of the writing from the Irish, as well as remarkable for their wanting the ornamentation which is so prominent in these. “All the most ancient Italian manuscripts are entirely destitute of ornamental elaboration.”

Here we have to eliminate carefully a school of art which has often been confounded with that of the true Irish work. The interesting patterns which are associated with Runic inscriptions, and which are commonly spoken of as Runic knot-work, produce at first sight an impression not unlike the true Scoto-Anglian work. But they are different. For the details we must refer to Mr. Westwood. It is enough, in general terms, to say that they are Scandinavian, and that they belong to the age when Norsk influences were coming in from the North and East. The Alfred Jewel in the Ashmolean Museum, the patterns on the crosses in Iona and the Isle of Man, and some of the drawings in the later Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, such as *Cædmon* and the *Benedictionale* of *Æthelwold*,—these are of one character, which may be called Scandinavian or Runic. On the other hand, the Gospels of St. Chad at Lichfield; the Book of Deir now before us; the Book of Durrow, one of the treasures of the Library of Trinity College, Dublin; and the Gospels of MacDurnan at Lambeth, belong to the Scoto-Anglian work. It is this work that is capable of being identified with the ornamentation on the sculptured stones of Scotland, the date of which may be proximately fixed by means of this manuscript evidence.

One of the most remarkable features of this work is a peculiar effect of the double spiral or (as it has been called) the trumpet pattern. Concerning this, Mr. Kemble, addressing the Royal Irish Academy in 1857, said—

“The trumpet pattern is neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Oriental. There is nothing like it in Etruscan art; there is nothing like it in German or Slavonic art; there is little like it in Gallic or Helvetian art; it is indigenous, gentlemen;—the art of those Keltic tribes, which forced their way into these islands of the Atlantic, and, somewhat isolated here, developed a peculiar, but not the less admirable, system of their own.”

This ornament occurs on the stones of Scotland, but not on the stone crosses of Wales. A solitary instance has been noted of its occurrence in sculpture in England, and that is on the font of Deerhurst Church, which is probably the oldest ornamented font in England. This remarkable pattern is found in stone, in bronze, and in manuscript.

It tells of the time when Christian art, moving along with Christian instruction, overflowed the exuberantly productive island of “Scotia,” pervaded Great Britain, and passed forth to found schools of learning in the central recesses of the continent of Europe. From this movement some of the English towns derive their origin, and one at least is reputed to retain the trace of it in its name; that is, the town of Malmesbury,

anciently Maidulfes-burgh, in which there lies embalmed the name of a once honoured Irish teacher, Maidulf. In East Anglia we have the missionary Furseus about A.D. 640, whom Beda describes as "*de Hiberniâ vir sanctus.*" About the same time, and in the same author, we read of "*monachus quidam de natione Scottorum,*" who was called Dicul, and had his "*monasteriolum permodicum*" at Bosanham, where he lived with five or six brethren, shut in between the forest and the sea. Others of the same missionary class were held worthy of mention by the Anglian Church historian. Beda himself owed much to Irish teaching; for, as Mr. Stubbs says of the father of our ecclesiastical history, "his education was gathered, no doubt hardly and painfully, from the instructions of the professors both of the Roman and the Irish learning,—from Trumbert the disciple of Saint Chad, and Acca the disciple of Saint Wilfrid." It is this transition period, while Rome was not yet triumphant in Britain, but the British churches were looking towards Italy with curiosity and nascent fondness, which Mr. Stuart seems to regard as the point of history at which he can find anchorage for his collection of symbolic pillars. The following is only one among several examples by which he has illustrated this ecclesiastical movement:—

"The church of Benedict Biscop at Wearmouth was erected by him of stone '*juxta Romanorum morem;*' and the fame of this structure having apparently reached the ears of Nectan, the Pictish king, he, in the year 710, despatched messengers to Abbot Ceolfrid, the successor of Benedict Biscop, with a request that he would send him architects '*qui juxta morem Romanorum, ecclesiam de lapide in gente ipsius facerent,*' promising to dedicate the church, when erected, in honour of the chief of the apostles."—Vol. ii. Preface, p. 13.

But when we have found a link whereby these stones may be connected with Irish art, we have only grazed the outside of the subject. We have only indicated the stream upon which the remains are found, and have not yet spoken of their own peculiar characteristics. Such an association is indeed valuable as contributing towards the right historical placing of these works; it is an external and chronological evidence. But the true problem has yet to be looked at. The stones contain a series of symbols, which are repeated with minor variations of detail on a large number of pillars through the length of Pictland, and which are never found elsewhere on crosses or in books which in other respects belong to the same school of Irish ornamentation. There is a mirror and a comb; an ornament like a pair of spectacles, but with a double bridge; a long and wide Z-like figure, with floriated extremities; an object like a sceptre; a dog's head, as it seems; a highly conventional animal, which has been called an elephant, its four legs terminating in scrolls instead

of feet ; a crescent ; and, besides these often repeated and apparently symbolic figures, a number of more pictorial drawings of men and beasts. It is the symbolic figures around which the interest chiefly gathers. Many persons have tried to interpret them. They have generally treated them as religious emblems, indicative of mystic rites or heathen beliefs ; and such interpretations have mostly ended in speculations concerning Druidic or Helio-Arkite mysteries. Others, who tried a more historical line of explanation, could find no race to own them except the Danes. Mr. Stuart's work is a grand illustration of the right way to begin all such investigations. It is astonishing how cloud-dispelling a thing it is simply to collect the objects, and to arrange in a lucid order the attendant facts. The skeleton-map alone which is given in the first volume, whereby the geographical area of these stones may be taken in at a glance, is enough to explode all the above vagaries, and to raise a strong presumption that they are the property of the ancient Picts. Between the fifth and the tenth centuries, we have to take account of five different races in Scotland. The south was held by the British kingdom of Strath-Clyde on the west, of which the chief stronghold was Dumbarton ; while the remaining and larger portion was called Saxonia. This Saxonia extended north to the Firth of Forth, beyond which, as Beda tells, lay the kingdom of the Picts. This kingdom occupied the bulk of the eastern coast, and ran inland to the sources of the great rivers. On the west side of the mountains, and in the western isles, were the Scots. The northern extremities were, in the latter part of the period we are sketching, occupied by the settlements of the Northmen. The remains with which we are at present engaged line the coast and the river-valleys between Edinburgh and the Moray Firth. One only has been found so far south as Edinburgh, and that was on the Castle Hill. None has been found west of the Grampian watershed, nor any in the Scandinavian district to the north ; so that their area agrees entirely with what was ancient Pictland.

And it is not on stones only that these peculiar designs have been found. At Norries Law in Fifeshire, on the estate of Mrs. Durham, there was dug up some silver plate-armour, having these same devices engraved upon them. This will probably be to many persons one of the most convincing facts that Mr. Stuart's interpretation is the right one. He regards them as, in all probability, symbolic of personal condition, rank, or dignity. Thus they would have much in common with the symbolism of heraldry. Many of the same devices are still extant among the conventional devices of heraldry. The stones on which they are found must be regarded as sepulchral monuments, corresponding to the modern hatchment on the house of

the dead, or to the graving of his arms on the tablet over his tomb.

What the objects represented are, and how they came to be selected for the service of this symbolism, is another, and perhaps in some respects more obscure part of the inquiry. The fact of a symbolism is often patent and its meaning obvious, while the origin and explanation may be lost. Such is the case, in fact, with the more conventional parts of heraldry. Everybody knows what is symbolized by the striped pole of the barber; but comparatively few are aware that the stripes represent the bandages which were used by the barbers when they were also surgeons, and practised the surgical letting of blood. So here it is most difficult to fix with confidence on the objects pictorially expressed. The sceptre-like figure is much doubted by Mr. Stuart, for reasons which seem to bring it into close relations to the "spectacle-ornament," and this is supposed to represent originally some sort of fibula or clasp. The so-called sceptre might then be the tongue or pin of the buckle. That which we, following Mr. Stuart, have called an elephant, has by others been called a walrus. Others, again, have seen in the same figure the degenerate chariot of the British coins. The horse-shoe ornament looks in some instances like a stone arch. There are, indeed, two objects over which no uncertainty hangs, namely, the mirror and the double comb. But the others are highly equivocal. And this arises, not from inability to draw, but from a manifest neglect of the pictorial, to the preference of the conventional outline. This circumstance speaks plainly that the objects are symbolical. The oft-recurring hand-mirror and comb suggest that this symbolism is of the nature of personal description. It is generally admitted that these represent a woman. In Spenser the mirror indicates a vain woman:—

" And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne."

But such was not the general sense of antiquity. Articles of this sort passed as complimentary presents between princes and royal dames, and they must, therefore, have been emblematical only of honourable distinction. By the long consideration of the subject, and the extensive comparison of probable analogies derived from every likely quarter, Mr. Stuart seems to have been led to the general conclusion, that the other problematical objects are, in like manner, articles associated with personal attire, and thus indicative of personal rank or dignity. The two rings with a double bridge, which have been called "the spectacles," and also other varieties of ring-grouping, seem to be most reasonably interpreted as fibulæ. The horse-shoe ornament also is probably the open ring of precious metal with

which the dress was looped together. We meet with mention of such objects in early poetry, as descriptive of rank, and indeed of kingship. In the *Beowulf*, the king is *hringa pengel*, that is, the lord of rings. It is a royal office, *hringas dælan*, to distribute rings. We read of the golden ring on the neck; and it is treated as an honourable distinction or meritorious decoration, in the term *hring-weorsung*, that is, as one may say, *ring-worthy-ing* or *annuli dignatio*. A very significant word in this connexion is *beag* or *beah*, a word which lives on in the modern French *bague*, and in the English *badge*. This word is of the verb to *bow*, and at first indicates that which is bowed or bent, and so included all manner of ringed or spirally-twisted ornaments—circlet, frontlet, bracelet, necklace. It is a royal attribute to be called *Beahgifa*, the giver of circlets. The Danes in the ninth century had a ring or like object which they held in special veneration, and on which it was said they had constantly refused to take an oath for the confirmation of their treaties, until in a negotiation with Alfred (A.D. 876) *him pa apas sworon on pam halgan beage*—they swore to him their oaths on the holy beah. The nobility of this word is further exemplified by the use to which it was put in the diction of faith. In Saxon theology the crown of glory was called *wuldor-beah*; and he who has earned it was described as *gewuldorbeagod*. Egilsson in his Poetical Norsk Dictionary gives *Baug-eisr* as the name of the ring-oath, and it may be added that solemn ring-oaths are still in use with us, in association with those holy badges, tokens of holy pledges, the royal crown and the wedding-ring. Those who have seen the collections of barbarian ornaments, which are in the Museums of Copenhagen and Dublin, know how largely primitive wealth was invested in rings and spirals of the precious metals. Illustrations might be multiplied to an indefinite extent, all tending to confirm Mr. Stuart's interpretation of these symbols, as, first of all, personal ornaments, and, secondly, characteristics of rank and dignity, which identifies them, in an elementary sense, with the blazon of heraldry. Heraldry, we know, cannot be documentarily traced back to an earlier date than 1300, the date of the Roll of Caerlaverock. The Heralds' College was not founded till 1483. These dates represent respectively the maturity of heraldry as a system of family symbolism, and the public recognition of it as a matter of national, or rather aristocratic, order. But these dates can by no means be taken as leading us near to the rise of heraldry in its primitive sources. The use of devices on shields to distinguish individual warriors is older than history. *Æschylus* wrote the *Seven against Thebes* in the fifth century before Christ, and the subject of that piece was already

in the stock of things legendary and heroic. There we find all the seven chieftains in possession of *cognisances*; and they are described by the devices on their shields. This was one source of heraldry. But this was pictorial, and would hardly have engendered all that mass of conventional symbolism which forms the more intimate and essential part of heraldic expression. We must find something which had in it the classificatory element, for it is by this alone that picture-writing would tend to conventional symbolism. And that seems to be provided, for the first time, in this remarkable collection of monumental quarterings, which Mr. Stuart has here accumulated. We say "monumental," because we are inclined to agree with him that they are of the nature of sepulchral monuments. At the same time, we hesitate to go with him so far as to say that all such pillared remains, including the rudest stone circles, are sepulchral. In such an opinion Mr. Stuart is supported by high authority. He can call in the judgment of Montfaucon, who ridiculed the interpretation of Stonehenge and Abury as temples or places of worship. He has a letter from Mr. Dasent to the same or a similar effect. These are strong authorities. But in this we prefer to suspend our judgment, and we are the less inclined to go into that question, as it is quite outside the present scope. Only this we may observe, that a large proportion of these stones have been discovered near churches, and not a few under their foundations. This may of course be explained by the supposition that churches were built on sites rendered venerable by the graves of ancestors; or the stones themselves may be held to have marked early Christian interments, before the Pagan habits of cairn-burial were abandoned. But it is also open to the theory that the sites were sacred to religious worship before the conversion to Christianity. And the intimate local association of these pillars with present churches can hardly, as it seems to us, be divested of such a signification.

As regards the probable date of these remains, it is to be observed that some of them have been found applied to a secondary use in kists, which in the judgment of Mr. Stuart and Mr. Rhind of Sibster were Norsk burial-places. This suggests a limit at the modern extreme of the series. As to the other extreme, Mr. Stuart would not be inclined to place them in high antiquity—no higher than the later Pictish times,—were it not that in one instance a symbol-stone has been found associated with an urn and an article in bronze. The general probability seems to be that the symbols are older than the Pictish conversion, that the mixture of Irish art is the badge of the conversion, and that the Pictish cross sculptures, which are only crosses designed in outline, are the germ of the more

fully developed Irish and Scottish crosses. The Stone of St. Vigean's with its remarkable inscription in the Irish character has been interpreted by Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, with a high degree of probability, as a Pictish sentence: DROSTEN IPE VORET ELT FORCUS; that is, *Drosten ap-Voret of the family of Fergus*. The annals of Tighernach record the death of a Pictish King Drosten, in 729. Some peculiarities in the lettering are also found in a manuscript at Durham, which Professor Westwood considers an autograph of Beda himself. Thus a very strong series of evidence seems to fix the date of this singular inscription—the only sentence (if it be rightly interpreted) known to exist in Pictish. In regard to the chronological evidence of this monument, the author says:—

“It seems to me that we may regard ‘Drosten’s Cross’ as furnishing one standing-point for approximating the date of monuments of a like character and style of art, and from it may reasonably believe that the erection of crosses combining the two symbolisms prevailed in Pictland in the eighth century.”—Volume ii. Preface, p. 10.

There is among these stones one which bears a mysterious inscription, in letters which have been generally felt to have an Oriental cast about them, but which has hitherto baffled interpretation. The late Professor Mill of Cambridge had nearly completed a monograph on this stone, in which he maintained that the characters were Phœnician. To our eyes they appear to suggest some of the more archaic forms of the early Greek alphabet, which has always had the reputation of a Phœnician origin. It may not be altogether out of place here to recall to mind that Cæsar when he saw the native alphabets of the Gaulish tribes held them to be a sort of Greek alphabet, and with this we might combine the reflection that there were on the south of the Loire a maritime people called Pictavi or Pictones, who seem by their name to claim a sort of relationship to our ancient Picts. It must have struck many scholars that the derivation of the latter name from a participle of the Latin language is, if true, a thing unparalleled in history. If it is not impossible that an emigration from Gaul is the real explanation of that mystery which surrounds the Picts, then we might easily imagine that the inscription on the Newton stone is a specimen of the early alphabet of Gaul.

Another stone has an inscription in Roman characters, which Mr. Stuart conjectures to belong to the time of St. Martin of Tours. This was found in Galloway, at Kirkmadrine. Among the later pillars given in Mr. Stuart’s second volume, we have instances both of the Lombard character and also of the black letter. The Kilkerran pillar has Lombard letters, and so has the cross at Kilchoman, and the cross at Oransay, and a fragment at Iona: while the Soroby pillar has its legend in black letter.

But more important even than the varieties of character exhibited in this collection of monuments, is that gradation of art which supplies the key to the tendency whereby human iconography has, in one of its branches, resulted in the invention of alphabetic writing. Some of the stones bear sculptured groups of figures which appear to be narrative, to tell their own tale by the fidelity of their representation. Others, as we have already noticed, make no attempt at fidelity, but rather court conventionality. Such are the symbols on the Pictish pillar-stones. This indicates that a special and arbitrary sense has become attached to the picture-writing. It shows that the picture has long become a familiar token. The pictorial is wont to fade where it is made the instrument of a fixed idea. This is the account of the peculiar style of drawing used in heraldry. Another step gives us the hieroglyphics, where the pictorial is not entirely dropped, although they have admitted the spirit of the alphabet. The alphabet is conventional drawing in its extreme form, where the idea represented being very elementary, a proportionately wide power of combination is attained. Into the details of this most interesting subject we have not now space to enter, and we touch on it merely to indicate that in examining Mr. Stuart's great work we have all along been following on the skirts of our main subject in this paper, namely, the History of Writing.

We are loath to close the studies into which we have been led by these important publications of the Ordnance Survey Office, without reiterating our conviction that they have in them the seeds of discoveries valuable even for advanced historians; and that they possess withal a general attractiveness which will tend to diffuse historic tastes and to enlarge the history-loving public. We are glad to learn that preparations are making for a second volume of the Scotch Manuscripts, and that the fourth of the English is nearly all in print. We hope that the series will by and by be rendered complete by a selection from the great examples of our insular pre-Ludovician penmanship. An Irish series would afford special opportunities for the attainment of this result. The Irish, Scotian, and Anglo-Saxon church manuscripts present a most instructive group, which now can only be seen by wide travelling or in highly expensive works. These might appropriately be grouped together under the name of that people with whom the type of writing was originated. Not so the Saxon historical documents; these are inseparable from England. The originals of the charters printed in the *Codex Diplomaticus*, where the originals exist, would for double reasons be worthy of a place in a future volume, to stand at the head of the English Manuscripts.

Excellentissime domino Edwardo dei gratia Rege Anglie Illustris-
simo, dominus Antonius permissione divina, dominorum, et valentium eadem

Edw

VOL. I. N^o XLVII.

Let it openly be known and well understood that on the xxij day of the month of August the xv year of the
reign our said Edmund Lord being xx his selfe beside a villay: called Seyntes within Bermondsey a lictell space
one of Gloucester his brother and one of Norffolke one of Suff the Bishop of Lincoln his Chancelor the

VOL. I. N^o LVIII.

Sufficient Difference in that behalf given under our signet at our shire of Lincoln
the xxvj day of June the most gladly ye knowe yos

VOL. II. N^o XLI.

my lady of Bermsbur the xxij day
myselfe sent the with the xxij day

If any ever did try this olde saynge
 In nother māns othe I most humbly
 me and to remeber your last pro

Ma Dame ma bonne sœur ayant
 Oncle monsieur de quise se doit

SCOTTISH SERIES

Ego dunecanus fili' regis Malcolumb constant
 rex scotte. dedi in demofina Sō Cuthbeto & suis seru

In nomine dñi nr̃i ihu xpi. & in honore
 & ep̃oz regni mei. Comitum quoq;

⁊ tam abundanter ⁊ agebant m̃p̃n
 Indignat⁊ temptabant adhibulo...
 David. rex scotte oib⁹ p̃b̃is hoib⁹ s̃. salutes.
 Sciatis qd de rici. deder. ēē dea ⁊ imunes

Omnes l̃a m̃a s̃c̃e filij. R̃e d̃i g̃a l̃p̃ s̃i d̃yone⁹ apt̃ sat
 dedisse & concessisse & p̃sentia s̃c̃a pagina confirmasse deo ⁊ eccl̃ie

VOL. I. N° XLV.

Unusquisque vestrum sit et faciat ad hoc bene
 et in domino. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

VOL. I. N° XLVII.

Cum universi fideles apud

VOL. I. N° XLVIII.

Dei gratia per totos omnes homines tota terra

VOL. I. N° LI.

Dei gratia per totos omnes homines tota terra
 et in domino. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

VOL. I. N° LVI.

Unusquisque vestrum sit et faciat ad hoc bene
 et in domino. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

VOL. I. N° LXI.

Alphonse par la grace de Dieu Roi de France
 Comte de Flandre et de Artois de Bruges le pape

VOL. I. N° LXVIII

Sit rusticus ille burgensem calumpniat id
 go manent. burgensis et rustici se lego

VOL. I. PREFACE.

Unusquisque vestrum sit et faciat ad hoc bene
 et in domino. Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

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